PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1976 $2.00

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS ISSUE

BRITISH PET OF THE YEAR

EXCLUSIVE:
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TOYS FOR DEGENERATE CHILDREN

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MAO'S POISONED LEGACY

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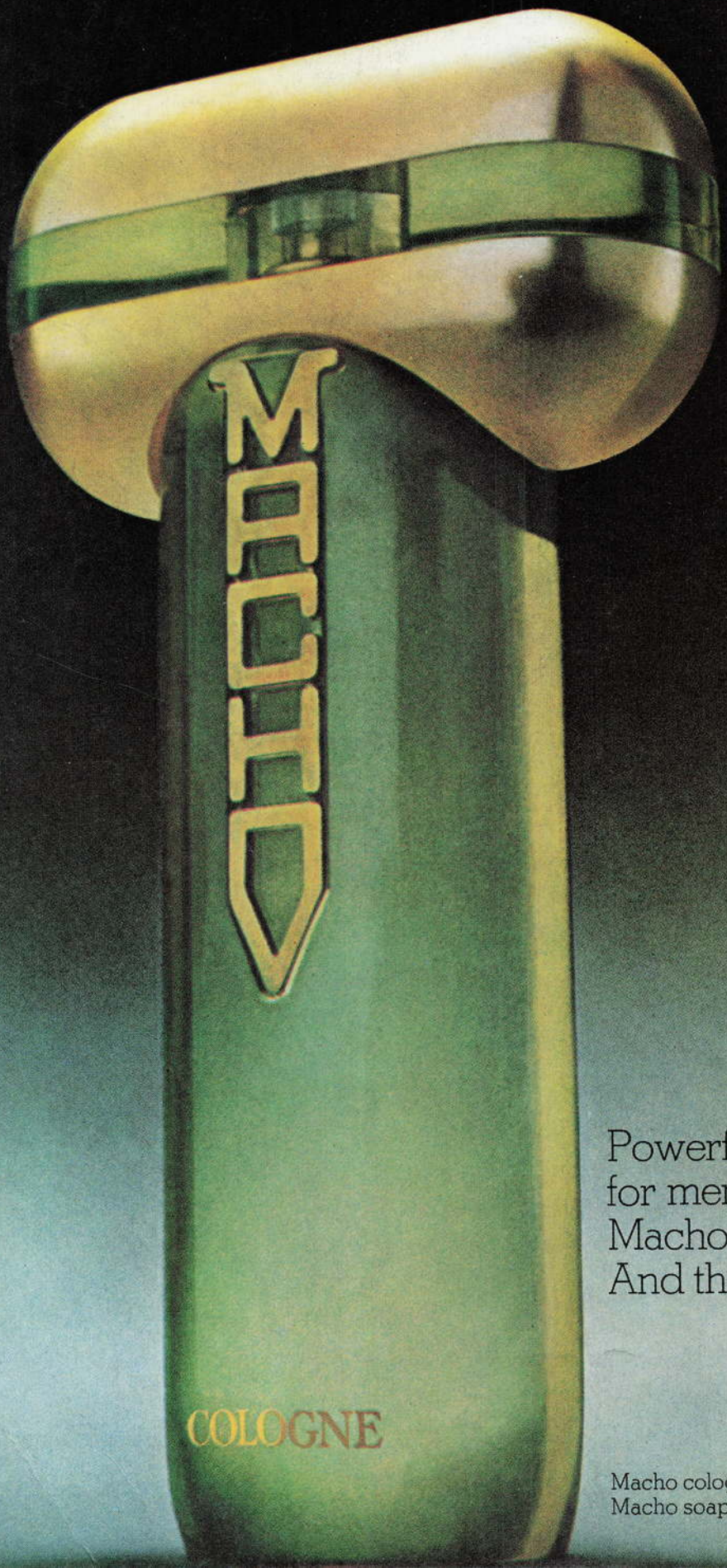

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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men / DECEMBER 1976
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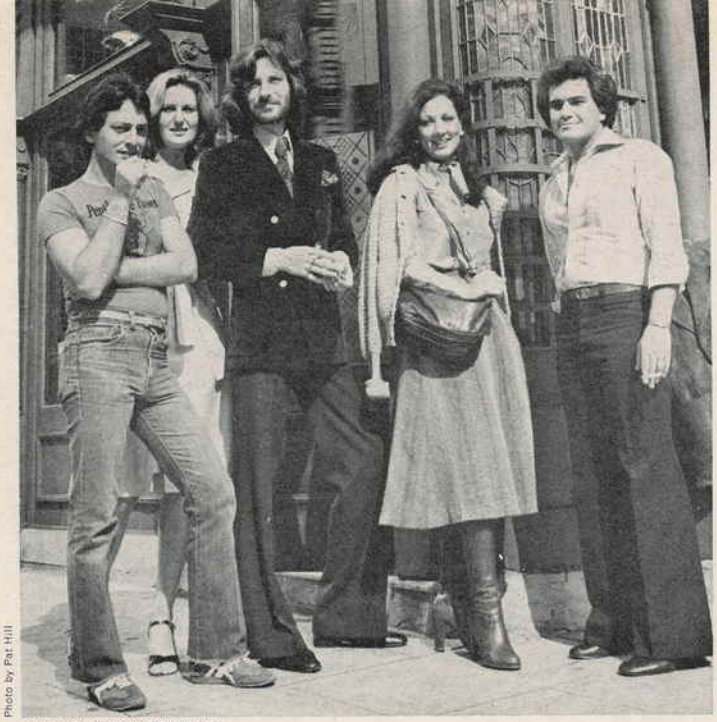

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KINGSLEY AMIS

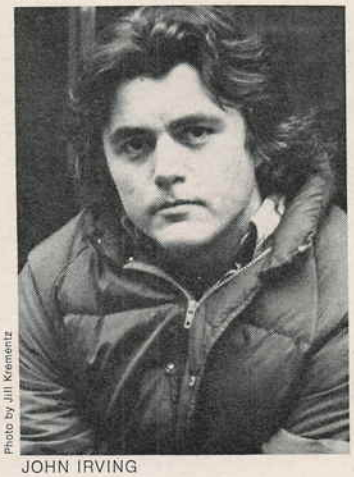

Photo by Jill Krementz

JOHN IRVING

Photo by Wally McNamee—Newsweek

STANLEY KARNOW

HOUSECALL

Agents from "Hawaii Five-O" do it. The Littleton, Colo., cops do it. Even the Okies in Muskogee County do it, not to mention Los Angeles. They all belong to a police-spy network of terrifying, Orwellian dimensions. It's called the Law Enforcement Intelligence Unit, and it's a very secret society with a very active computer. Composed of more than 225 police departments throughout the United States and Canada, the LEIU is a private organization. In this exclusive account *Penthouse* regular **George O'Toole** ferrets out the facts on this arrogant organization which does as it damn well pleases.

Some big brothers, of course, are bigger than others. And the biggest, baddest brother of them all was Mao Tse-tung, the most revered—and feared—leader in the world. But *Newsweek* columnist and veteran China hand **Stanley Karnow** argues that Mao has come a cropper, and in "Mao's Poisoned Legacy" he explains why The Chairman's historic legacy may well be world chaos.

None of this, however, should deflect you from the real joys of the Yuletide season. 'Tis the time to drink and be merry, both of which objectives are handled with customary aplomb by our new liquor expert **Kingsley Amis**, author of *Lucky Jim* and celebrated wit and bon vivant. His drink columns appear regularly in the British edition of *Penthouse*, he has written a volume *On Drink*, and now he begins a regular column just for you.

Also in this issue you will find "The Curs of the Upper Class," a sneak preview of **John Irving**'s new novel, *The World according to Garp* (to be published by Dutton). And you won't want to miss our interview with Alex Haley, the author of *Roots*.

You may have noticed a degenerate-looking bunch of people staring at you from the top of this page. In its alternate guise this rogue's gallery of inarticulate wastrels is none other than the *Penthouse* art department. Why are we asking you to look at faces usually best hidden behind an art director's door? Because this illiterate bunch keeps winning awards. And there's little we can do about it. The Society of Illustrators, the art directors' One Show, Graphic's Annual, Art Annual, the Los Angeles Art Directors' Show, the American Institute of Graphic Arts—is there no end to this shameless approbation?

Quite obviously, all this attention has gone to our art staff's collective head. We know that they're not so pretty as a *Penthouse* pictorial, and not nearly so bright as most junior editors, but we thought you'd like to meet them anyway. First, we have that long, mean-looking hombre with the narrow, furtive eyes and dirty-blond beard, Executive Art Director **Joe Brooks.** But Joe wasn't always like this. He once held a semi-respectable job on the *London Sunday Times* until he met "this crazy American" named Bob Guccione, who offered him a job —with no security, no fringe benefits, and a near-terminal cut in salary—on a magazine that existed exclusively in Guccione's head. Three years ago Bob wrenched Joe from his native England and ensconced him in our New York office. Joe has not given up all his English habits, however. He still takes his Boodles and tonic at neighboring P. J. Clarke's, where he works up most of his better ideas on cocktail napkins.

The smooth-looking character with the T-shirt is a native New York Italian, Associate Art Director **Frank DeVino**. Frank burst out of the School of Visual Arts to go to Scholastic Magazines, where he served as art editor of two separate publications. Then he took a *breathless* job at *Cosmopolitan*, became restless, and packed his bags for American Express's *Travel and Leisure*. From there he got religion and came over to *Penthouse*, where he helped design the first few issues of *Penthouse*'s sister publication, *Viva*.

Gwenn Lewis Norman, who is part American Indian, wears two bonnets—one as Joe's personal assistant and the other as *Penthouse*'s new service features editor. Then we have Assistant Art Director **Lynda Moss**, who began her career at *Seventeen*, remaining there until a postpuberty identity crisis brought her into the *Penthouse* fold. And here she is sharing office space with Designer **Robert Luzzi**, who fled the terrors of Norwood, N.J., to work on *Penthouse Forum* before Joe press-ganged him onto his personal staff ...The girls are here aplenty this month, and by way of enhancing the festivities, we draw your special attention to Miss **Jane Hargrave**, runner-up in our United States edition's Pet-of-the-Year competition and runaway winner in our British edition's competition, which split the Pet-of-the-Year award for the second time in seven years. And for those of you wishing to deck the halls, office, den, or bedroom with something more than holly, we offer our enclosed (but detachable) seasonal calendar and the dazzling dozen damsels within as our way of wishing you all a very Merry Christmas and the happiest of all possible New Years to come.

"Why Viceroy? Because I'd never smoke a boring cigarette."

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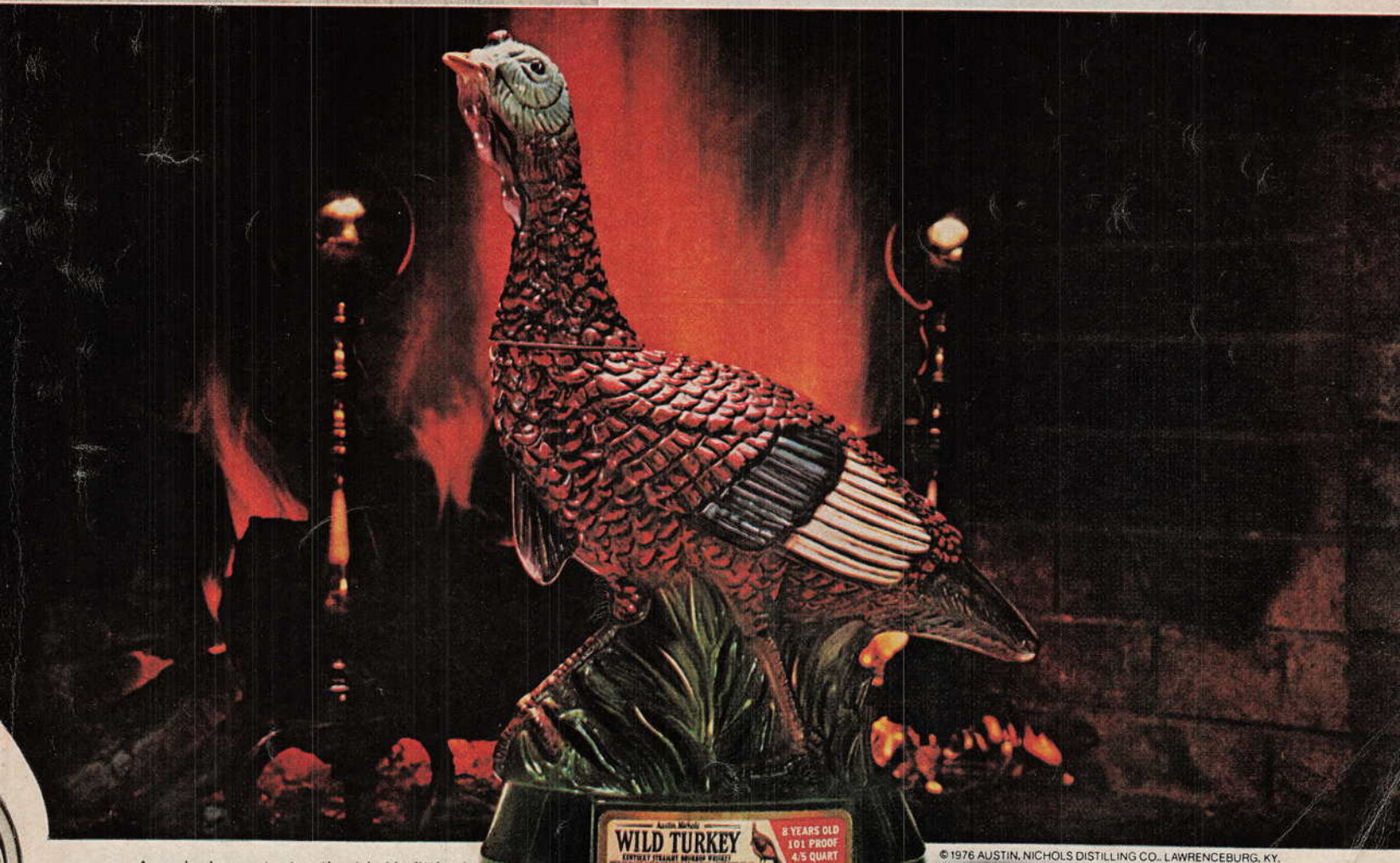

America's greatest native bird is fittingly commemorated in this limited-edition ceramic decanter containing 101-Proof Wild Turkey (No. 6 in a Series). Ideal for holiday gift giving, the decanter is a valuable collector's item, exquisitely boxed.

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PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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DECEMBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

In a stew

I've enjoyed your Forum for about three years now and feel that I must relate a recent experience to your readers. On a recent trip south for a job interview, I had an extraordinary experience. I had spent two days at a southern university interviewing for a job, only to be told that one of the other applicants would be offered the position. Needless to say, I was disappointed, but what could I do? As I flew back to Chicago, where I would change planes, I slipped more and more into depression. Upon arrival in Chicago I discovered that my flight out to Michigan would be delayed; so I sat and people-watched. Other passengers for the flight began to arrive also. Among them was an absolutely beautiful woman. She had dark brown hair, was built to perfection, and was dressed exquisitely. I stared for a few moments, but she never glanced my way.

Soon it was time to board. I had asked for a window seat in the no-smoking section and discovered that I was sitting in the first set of seats behind first class. There is a bit more room here with no seat in front of you. There were no other passengers in either the middle or aisle seats. While waiting for departure, I looked out the window. As it was almost time to take off and no one else joined me, I resigned myself to a rather dull flight home. However, just as this thought occurred, who should appear and take the aisle seat but my fantasy girl. I looked at her dumbfounded as she adjusted herself into her seat. She glanced at me and smiled, and I returned her smile and glanced away. As we were taxiing out on the runway, I busied myself looking out the window. I thought I heard someone say "Excuse me," but thought it couldn't be her. Then I felt a tap on my shoulder and "Excuse me." I turned, and she was talking to me. "I'd like to look out the window also and thought that if you'd sit back I could see as well." I did as she requested, and we chatted. Next she said it would probably be easier for me if she sat in the middle seat because then I wouldn't have to sit back so far. As she slid from the aisle seat to the middle seat, her skirt rose up her thighs and exposed almost all of her lovely legs. She smiled invitingly and told me her name was Kathy; and after what seemed like years, I mumbled my name. I was beginning to feel like a freshman out with an older woman. She said, "Oh look, a 747!" Then she pointed out the window and pressed her soft breasts against my arm. I looked, and she continued to press. And she held my hand during takeoff.

After we were airborne, the flight attendants came around with drinks. We chatted some more, and I eventually explained my depression about not getting the job. She lent a most sympathetic ear. Since our seats were directly behind those in first class, a special tray attachment had to be placed on the seat. The tray effectively covered up our lap and legs. As it was a late night flight, all of the cabin lights were extinguished except those required for safety, and those which passengers had lighted.

I was getting rather high, not having had anything to eat since breakfast, and I didn't realize at first that Kathy had her hand in my lap and was resting it there. When I did look down at my crotch and then at Kathy in disbelief, she just smiled and continued talking. She then told me that she thought she could get my mind off my disappointment; then she proceeded to slip her hand into my pants, ease out my cock, and give me a fantastic hand job—all the while making small talk! I was just trying not to look too excited, but I did groan when I came. She leaned over and said, "Oh, you're right. It is a breathtaking sight." She then licked her fingers clean and used her handkerchief on me. After I had rested, I said I'd like to reciprocate, and she told me that could be arranged. She sat forward in her seat and turned toward me. She spread her legs and guided my hand up to her already wet pussy. I found her clit and gently rubbed it, using my fingers as deftly as I could until she had a spasmodic orgasm. After a brief rest, she leaned over and kissed me and said, "Thanks."

In order to possibly meet her again, I started to ask her questions about where she lived, but she stopped me short and told me that this was a one-time thing and I shouldn't get any ideas about further meetings. She had done it for sheer sexual pleasure, and that was it. She told me she didn't want any long relationship, she was just visiting her sister, and, furthermore, I should remember that I was married.

Just before the plane landed, she excused herself and went to the bathroom. She didn't return, and the plane landed. I waited in my seat, believing that after she had come out of the bathroom she had been detained by the flight attendants. When it became obvious that she was not returning, I began to make my way toward the exit. Someone behind me said, "She's not coming back, you know." I turned around, stunned. It was one of the stewardesses, smiling. She looked at me and said, "Don't be so surprised. She told you

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

aramis. peppery and potent.

A complete collection of grooming aids, from cologne to shampoos, from shaving needs to deodorants.

Aramis Inc.: Aramis, Aramis 900, Herbal & Chromatics.

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PORS

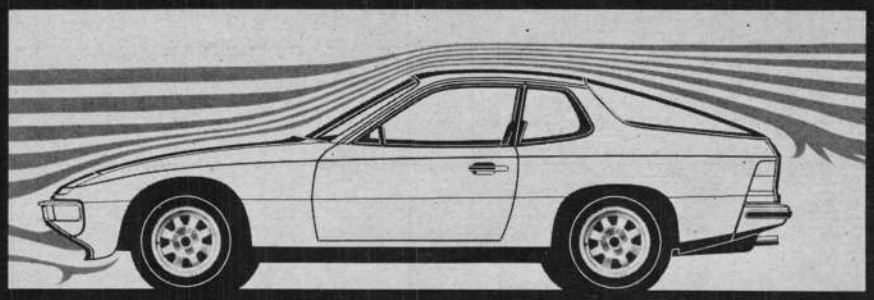
CREATES A NEW PORSCHE

THE 924

SCHE

One look at the new Porsche 924 and you'll realize this is no ordinary automobile.

The dynamic design of its clean, flowing lines instantly proclaims it to be unlike any other car you've ever seen.



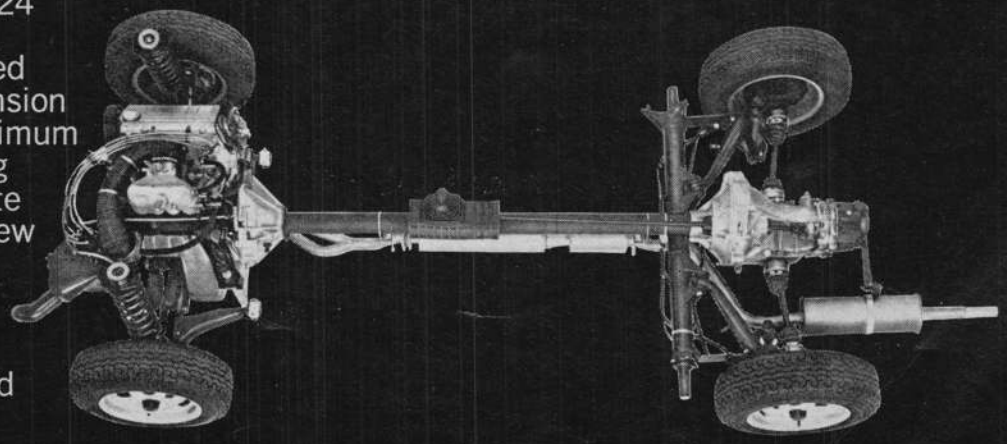
Here is a perfect blending of the designer's search for beauty and the engineer's desire for efficiency. The shape of the new Porsche 924 not only pleases the eye, but it slices the wind so cleanly that it registered an incredibly low 0.36 drag coefficient in wind tunnel testing.

But the true innovativeness of this new Porsche lies much deeper than the sheet metal. It lies at the very heart of the car in a unique arrangement of the engine, clutch, and transmission, known as a "transaxle" system.

In this transaxle arrangement, the engine, a water-cooled overhead cam design with a continuous fuel injection system, is mounted in front. The clutch is placed directly behind it, giving quick, positive clutch action for rapid shifting.

The transmission, however, is mounted in the rear, at the driving wheels (hence the name rear "transaxle"). Rather than a conventional, heavy drive shaft with universal joints, there is a solid drive shaft in a hollow torque tube connecting the front-mounted engine with the rear-mounted transaxle. Thus, the entire drive train and differential is a single rigid unit which does away with universal joints and allows for more direct power transfer. Response is virtually instant. In addition, the gearshift is mounted directly on the torque tube, providing a short, precise throw.

But this unique transaxle system yields more than preciseness. It also results in an almost perfect 50-50 weight distribution which improves braking efficiency and enhances handling characteristics. The new Porsche 924 takes corners smoothly, in balance. McPherson struts in front, combined with a wishbone torsion bar suspension in the rear, keep body lean to a minimum in curves. Rack-and-pinion steering assures the driver of quick, accurate response to every command. The new Porsche 924 is designed to be the most driveable Porsche ever.

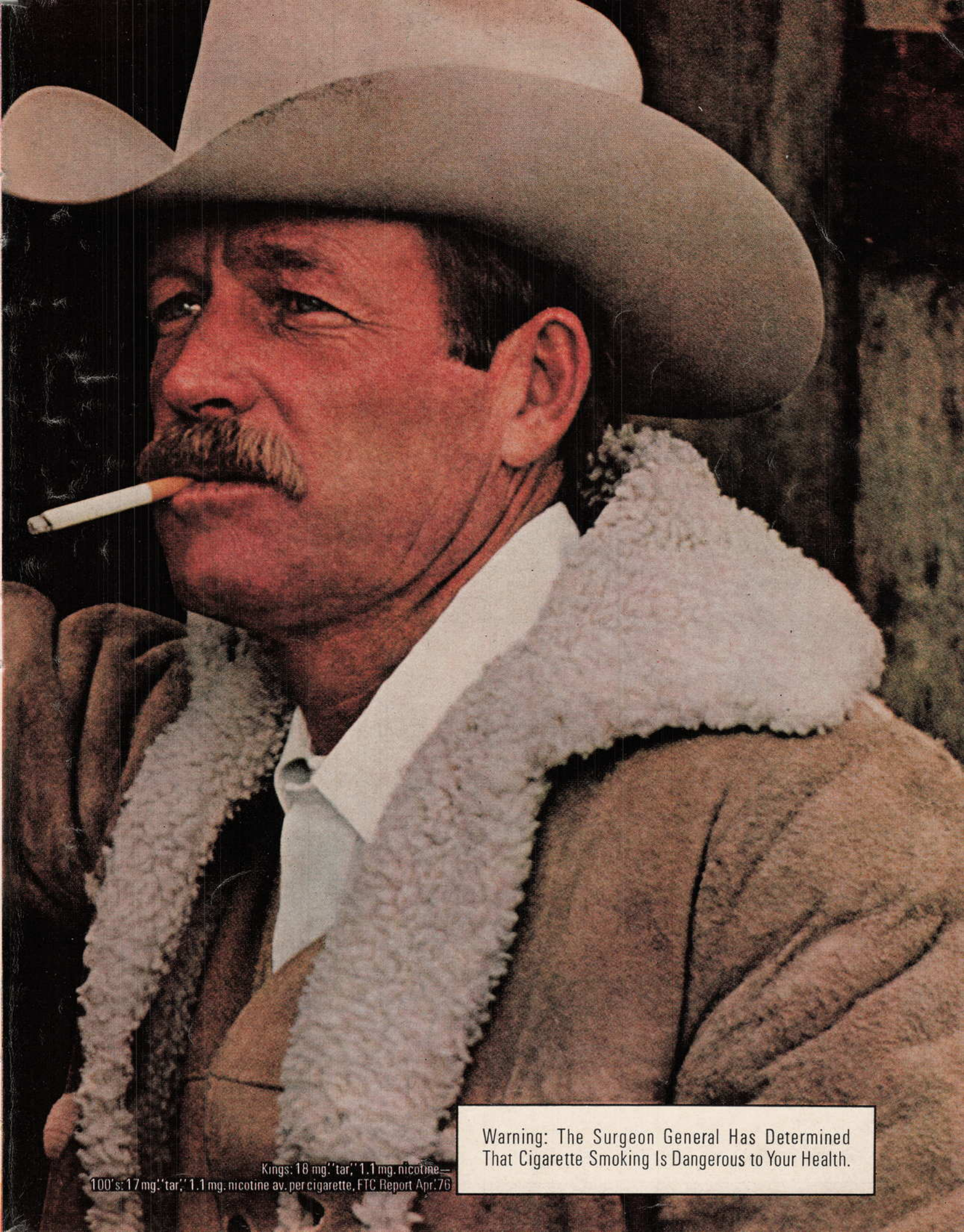


The new Porsche 924 is not inexpensive. But it is less than you'd expect to pay for a Porsche.

Come to where the flavor is.

Marlboro

Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine—
100's: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76

she was a stewardess, didn't she?" "Yes." "Well, we all knew what was going on, and we all watched. You got very excited!" I was shocked, embarrassed, and dumbfounded! "This sort of thing goes on all the time," she continued, "and she just used the normal getaway. You go to the bathroom just before landing, and sit in a stew seat, and are one of the first off the aircraft. It saves embarrassing moments." I just continued off the aircraft. As I left, the last stewardess, addressing all departing passengers with a good-bye, smiled at me and said knowledgeably, "I *know* you had a good flight! See you again!"

I walked in disbelief into the airport, met my wife, and waited for my luggage. While waiting, I looked for Kathy but could not find her anywhere. I presumed she had left. After gathering my luggage, we proceeded to leave the airport, and there to the left of the door was Kathy, looking out into the drive. I decided that the best alternative was that of innocence and did not make any attempt at contact. However, as I went out the door, I heard her say, "Bye, I hope you enjoyed your flight as much as 'we' did!" I just waved my hand.

So if any of you people find yourself seated next to a pretty, sexually aggressive, young woman next time you fly, just remember, it's happened before.—*Name and address withheld*

Let's have a big hand for that little stew.—The Editors

I Am an est Dropout

Never have I been so motivated as to write a letter to a magazine, praising its contents. However, about an hour ago, after reading Mr. Krispien's fantastic article (should I say exposé?), I had to voice my appreciation.

Personally, I have never had est training, but from what I've heard from others and from the article itself, I must say that est bears a strong resemblance to Scientology. As a matter of fact I would give odds that Mr. Erhard is, in fact, an ex-Scientology fan.

I got myself into Scientology a while back, probably for one of the worst reasons imaginable. I was trying to please my favorite woman, who is still climbing her ladder in the Scientology organization. I underwent some "processes," which sound very familiar whether you call it est or Scientology, but to no avail. I was just the class clown, cutting up in class, distracting other suckers who were actually trying to swallow some of that bullshit, and worst of all, using *reasoning* with the instructors. The Scientology people tried to convince me that my problem was that I was totally insane, but added that they could fix my minor problem if I had enough time, understanding, and—*money*!

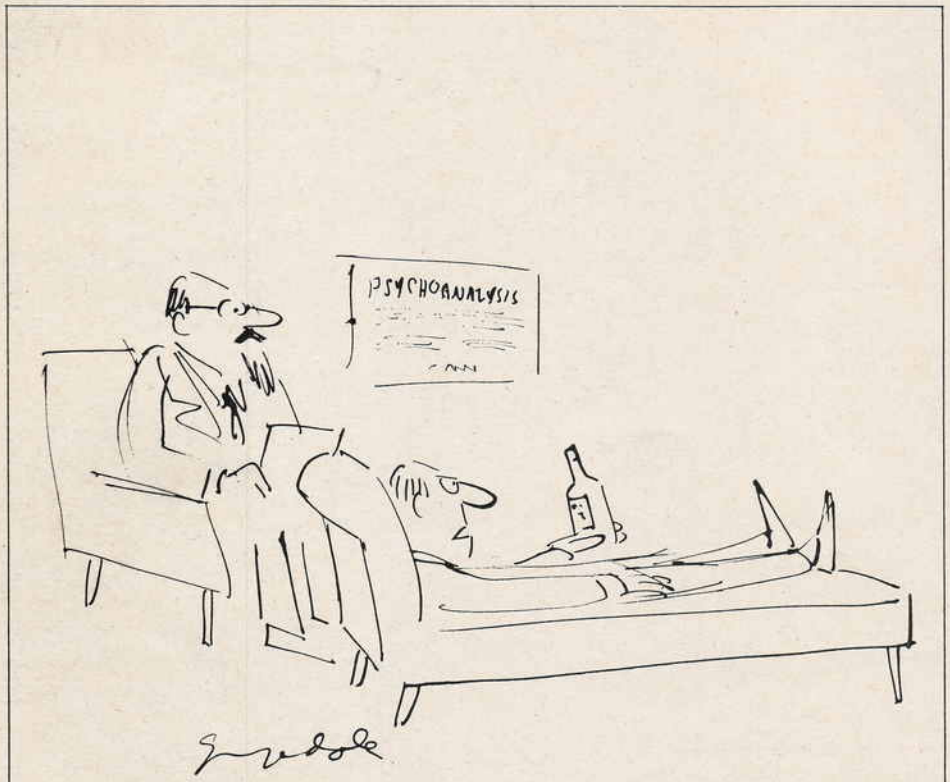
Well, I decided to hang on to my money and my new-found insanity, and to forfeit my lover and my good standing in the Scientology organization. Somehow it didn't feel too bad losing either. No, I take that back. She was a wonderful lady before she underwent the process they call "curing."

Many thanks to Mr. Krispien's humorous writing. At least now I am assured that I'm not the only dropout. Dropouts have more fun, and by the way, if you send me $500 in tens and twenties, I will sign you up for a course in my organization. I am the founder. We are dedicated to the sanity of the world through the further study of man- and womankind. All copies of *Penthouse* will be furnished. Absolutely no disrobing, unless you insist upon it. You will find our meetings highly stimulating, and remember —everyone comes!—*Name and address withheld*

G. H. Krispien ("I Am an est Dropout, September 1976) is apparently a journalistic dropout as well. By reporting on only the first of the two est weekends, he can tell your readers of his own experience but can't explain his own statement that "almost every day I seem to meet people who had been through est, and all of them were delighted with the results." It's something like a drama critic who heard about a mystery play that the audiences loved and then wrote a negative review based solely on the play's promotion and its first act.

Mr. Krispien has yet another talent that suggests a need for editorial scrutiny. He claims the ability to sit in a room of 250 people and detect what the others are thinking and feeling at any given time. And as for his alternate feelings of freezing and roasting, which led him to ask if an assistant was fooling with the thermostat, an inquiry to est would inform him that the assistant in charge of the thermostat is instructed to keep the temperature range to within four degrees. As est says, the training is nothing more than an experience. Perhaps Mr. Krispien and *Penthouse* readers would benefit if he completed his experience and then reported more completely and more accurately.—*Joe Lesly, New York City, N.Y.*

Krispien would have liked to "complete his experience." Unfortunately, he found it physically and psychologically unbearable; this is all that his article was about. As the article's title indicates, it describes one person's reaction to est. Neither Mr. Krispien nor Penthouse *pretended that he was telling the whole story of all of the esties' experiences; in fact, Krispien, as Mr. Lesly points out, did report that many people are "delighted" with est.*—The Editors



"How long have I had what *problem?"*

Welcome wake-up

I recently moved from Los Angeles to Portland, Oreg., which in itself is somewhat of a culture shock. However, the real shocker was yet to come.

Having spent the first twenty-two, formative years of my life in Los Angeles, I thought there was very little in the way of sex, music, or drugs that a smaller city (like Portland) could supply me with. Wrong!

Two days after I had my phone installed, Ma Bell's jingle woke me out of the most detailed dream I've ever had. Even Port-

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If you consider yourself a serious music lover who wants brilliant sound reproduction, consider BSR first. For full details see your dealer or write: Consumer Products Group, BSR (USA) Ltd., Blauvelt, N.Y. 10913.

*Suggested manufacturer's retail prices including ADC induced magnet cartridge, base and dustcover.

land's annual rainfall was no match for its wetness. Picking up the phone, I was greeted by such intense breathing that the very mouthpiece of the phone began to fog up. I shook my head a few times and looked around the room to make sure I was awake. Having assured myself of this, I put my ear back to the voice that was now not just breathing but also talking to me. It was a female voice saying things like, "I want your cock deep down my throat . . . I want to taste your sweet come. . . ."

Well, being new to the area, I wanted to be as friendly as possible to the natives; so I urged her on, asking for her name, phone number, social-security number—*anything*! But she went on, seemingly unaware of my desire for, among other things, a two-person conversation.

The phone finally clicked, and I was left hanging, or rather standing, with one of the biggest hard-ons of my career. I lay there dazzled, holding on to the tool that had been the hit of my request call—when again I heard bells.

It was her—only this time she spoke to me. She explained the story of her late husband and of her loneliness since his death. She also apologized for waking me so early, but I assured her it was all right. I also asked if we could meet.

As it turned out, after we met for lunch in a crowded, but good, restaurant, my obscene-calling widow lived three houses up the street from me. She has since spent many mutually satisfying hours at my house, eating her words.—*Name withheld, Portland, Oreg.*

Executive suite

The author of the Forum letter, "The new era" (September 1976) finds that a liberated woman, after achieving personal status, becomes even more feminine and feels quite free to be herself. I totally agree.

I joined a big firm when I was twenty-five, with my MBA and two years experience in marketing. The assistant vice-president for my area was a tallish, slender, dark-haired woman named Gail, who was twenty-eight. She was pretty, with a good figure, but was dedicated to business. The other men joked about her, saying she was promoted only to appease affirmative action. I found she had brains and initiative, and I had never felt inferior about working with a female.

Three years later the firm created the post of associate vice-president for marketing, and Gail got the job. One day she asked me to be her administrative assistant. I had done my work well, she said, and had never sneered at her. She needed someone she could trust. Despite the jokes now made about *me*, I took the job, and we worked well together.

A year later the firm explored moving into a new area. Gail was assigned to do a study, and it was a demanding task. We worked very late each night for a week to wrap it up, and she gave it to the boss on a Friday afternoon. By 5:00 P.M. he said it was a success. Gail asked me to her place for a

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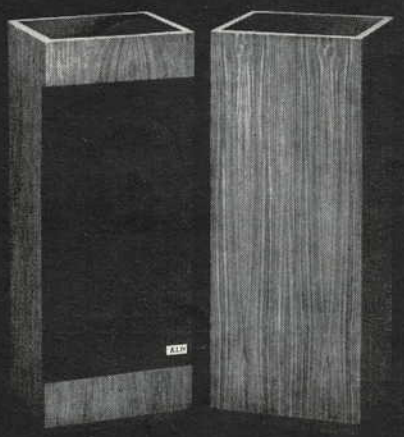

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victory drink. Outside the building, we began laughing. We'd been so busy we hadn't realized it had been snowing all day. The streets were clogged with drifts and stalled cars; so we left my car in the building garage, turned up our collars, and went eight blocks on foot to her new, expensive apartment complex. As we paused in the lobby to shake the snow off our coats, I realized I'd never seen her in anything but a business situation.

In her apartment she told me to kick off my shoes and socks and let them dry. We padded around barefoot, I mixed drinks, and she gave me a happy kiss on the cheek. We sat down, drank a toast to ourselves, and talked a bit. Then we watched the snow gliding down outside. When I looked at Gail again, she was asleep.

I turned her bed down, carried her in, and realized her pants suit was damp from the snow. She had already removed her hose; so when I slipped her suit off, she was left in a thin bra and bikini panties. I didn't even try to resist the basic male urge. I unhooked the bra, slid off the panties, and looked at her naked body. High-set, firm breasts with small, pink nipples. Taut midriff. Flat, firm stomach. Triangle of light brown hair. Smooth, lovely legs. I covered her up. I don't mind looking at a beautiful woman while she sleeps, but I've never believed in taking advantage of one.

My shoes and socks were still wet; so I had another drink. I relaxed, sitting by the window, and don't even remember falling asleep; but I do remember dreaming of my lovely lady boss. I woke up to the smell of coffee. Gail appeared, set two cups on a table, and smiled at me. She wore a man's shirt, and her bare legs were beautiful. "It's noon," she said. "I've been up just a short while." The coffee woke me up some more, I had a cigarette, and I apologized for sleeping there. Gail laughed. "Nonsense. But you should have stretched out somewhere, not slept in a chair. Slip into the shower, then decide what you want for breakfast."

I was under the spray, wondering why she hadn't mentioned my undressing her, when the glass door opened, and Gail stepped in. "Don't be surprised," she laughed. "You've already seen me. Now it's my turn." She looked me up and down. She ran her fingers over my cock, and I felt it respond. "I wondered if this thing worked. You didn't do anything to me last night." I told her I didn't believe in assault, especially on sleeping beauties.

Gail put her arms around my neck, pressed herself against me, my cock sliding naturally between her legs. "I'm awake now." She kissed me. I said, "I've just decided what I want for breakfast," and pushed her shoulders gently against the wall, spread her thighs with my hands, and rubbed my cock up against her while my fingers roamed over her breasts. Before long she was on her toes, I was up inside her, and we had a lovely, mutual climax.

We finally used the soap, cleaned up, and dried each other. Naked, we had more

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coffee in the kitchen and talked. She said that waking up and finding herself nude had scared her, but a quick check showed no rape. Then she wondered why I hadn't done anything. Was she unattractive? The shower scene had washed away her doubts.

We spent the day making love. She knelt before me by the window, the snow still falling, and in that dim afternoon light, she gently sucked me to an erection and slowly, beautifully, brought me off, and drank down my semen. I had her lie on the floor, where she held herself spread-eagle, and I kissed her from fingertips to toes, saving her delicious cunt for the last, long, probing set of kisses. On the bed she straddled me, my cock up inside her, riding gently, with one hand behind her stroking my balls while I reached up and caressed her breasts. Like everything else we did, that was lovely.

That evening, sitting naked on the floor with drinks and sandwiches, we talked. She had spent several years now, Gail said, proving herself as a person and also proving that a woman can really do a demanding job in a man's world—and can really succeed. She had all but avoided men socially, as if fearing she might slip back by becoming attached to one. Lately, her attitude had changed. She was her own person, and knew it, and could relate to a male on that basis. Having sex with me was not a thank you from a lady boss, she said. The reason was that she liked me as a person. In fact, she could forget about being the boss now and just be herself, Gail, a woman. And she pushed me down on my back, bent over me, and her tongue licked my cock. When I was hard, I pushed her onto her back and mounted from above. "Not the dominating male position at all," I said. "Just a natural one." We damn near laughed even while we came.

Since then, we sleep together regularly. At the office she is Gail, the boss doing her job. At the apartment she is Gail, the woman, pleasing her man. But above all, she is a very wonderful person.—*M.G., address withheld.*

It's nice to get a raise every day.—The Editors

Special male delivery

I live in a small apartment that looks directly into another apartment located on the wing. It is occupied by a young woman who gives me an instant hard-on, just to get a glimpse of her.

I have seen her on the elevator and spoken to her, but her response, while courteous, gives me no hope of getting to know her better. I have reconciled myself to getting my kicks by watching her through my curtains and jerking myself off. I have never seen her naked, but occasionally I have caught a glimpse of her fantastic tits when she's wearing a negligee.

On a couple of occasions, I have put on a bathrobe and got my cock as big as possible without having a hard-on and then "accidentally" let my robe fall open while passing the window. After a few drinks I've also thought of showing off my hard cock, but I've been deterred by fear of her filing an indecent-exposure complaint.

The other day I got an idea that would at least partially satisfy my desire for her to see my cock, without running any risks. I got the biggest hard-on I could, took a Polaroid photo of it, and mailed it to her. She has a habit of reading her morning mail while she's having a cup of coffee; so I knew I could watch her reaction.

The next morning I saw her with the mail, and I recognized my envelope because I had written a big "Personal" on the front and back.

My cock was really throbbing as she tore it open. She looked at the picture in amazement for a moment, then threw it aside, and read the rest of her mail. But when she got through, she picked up my photo again and examined it carefully. I had to rip my fly open to avoid going off in my pants.

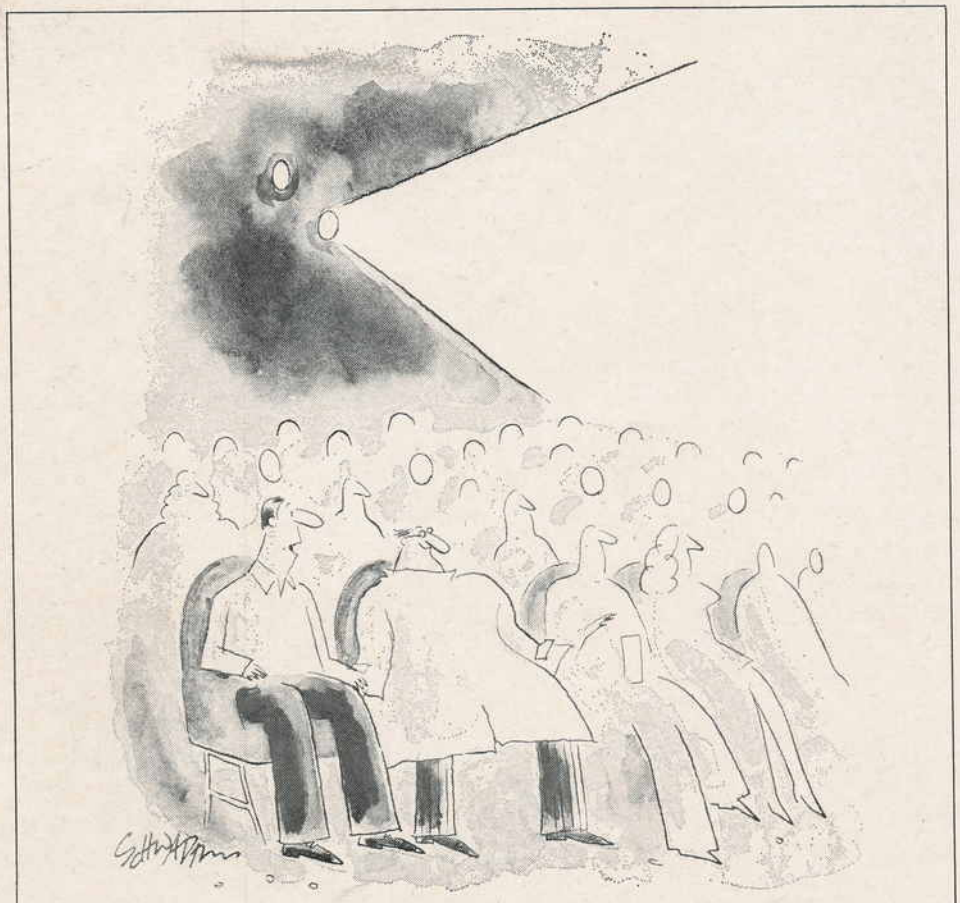
When she finished her coffee, she took the photo to the phone and dialed. For a moment, I was afraid she might be reporting it to the police or postal authorities, but it soon became evident by her manner that she was talking with a friend. She was serious at first, but apparently her friend changed her mood because she picked up the photo again and began to laugh. I don't know, but I imagined she was giving her friend a description. Although I had shot off less than fifteen minutes before, I was hard again and jerked wildly until I shot off again.

My next step is to take a photo of myself shooting off. I know when I see her open that one, I'll practically masturbate myself to death.—*F.K., address withheld*

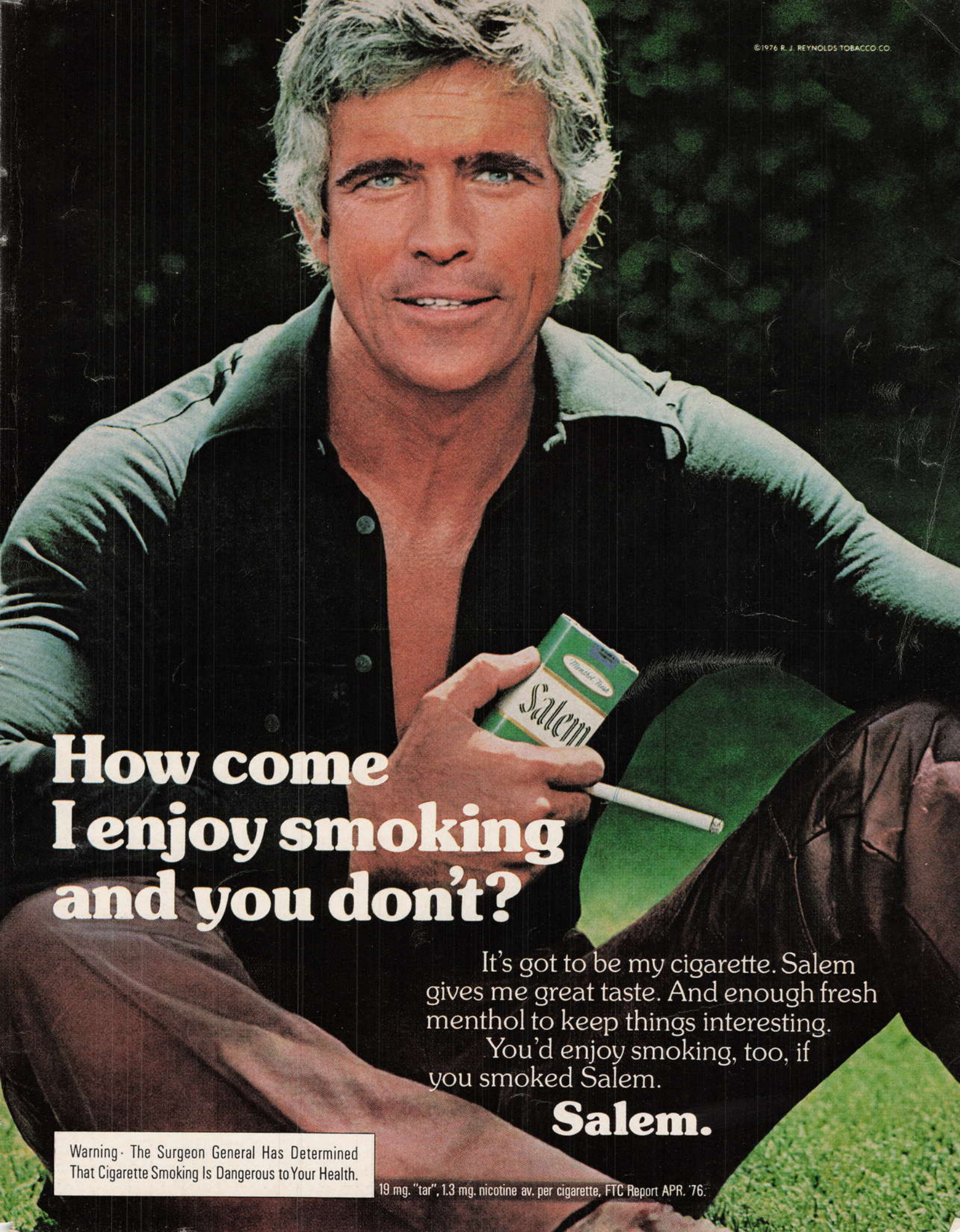
Conventional fare

I was in Paris, France, last month, attending a business meeting. We do get some work done during the day, but these conferences are notorious for the good times that follow.

The second night of the convention, I was at a cocktail party where I struck up a conversation with a French woman from a large travel bureau in the south of France. I was immediately fascinated with her. She was in her early forties (forty-four, I later found out), and she had the kind of face that reaches its peak of beauty in middle age—very strong and self-confident. She had bright, gray eyes and thick, jet-black hair, evenly streaked with strands of silver-gray, which she wore in a simple pageboy that she parted down the middle. She wore a modest, navy-blue dress that came just below the knee, but the movements of her body were graceful, and her walk was athletic. Best of all, she possessed an intelligent warmth that put me at ease with her. We wound up leaving the cocktail party and spending a thoroughly enjoyable "night on the town"—dinner, some wine, dancing, and a walk through the still-romantic streets of Paris. Then she asked me, quite conversationally, if I'd like to come



"Good God, man! It's 'The Sound of Music'!"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back to her hotel for more conversation!

By the time we got to her room, we were holding hands and pecking each other on the cheek. Once we were inside, she kissed me deeply on the mouth, then backed off a few feet and said, "Let's get undressed." I was mesmerized.

As she pulled her dress and slip off, her large, pendulous breasts bounced and swayed and settled low on her chest. She had dense masses of black hair under her arms and an abundant growth between her legs. She smiled sweetly when I dropped my pants, revealing my erection.

She sat down on the side of the bed and cradled my head as I licked and kissed her moist pussy. Before she could come, I climbed up on the bed and sat on my haunches. She slid over to me, straddled my hips, and slid my cock deep inside her. She leaned back on her hands, and my fingers played with her cunt until she was breathing heavily and breaking into beads of perspiration. When she came, I could feel her vagina pulsing and gripping my rigid shaft. She quickly pushed me onto my back and rode my cock with long, slow movements of her hips. I soon came in powerful spurts.

We stayed up the rest of the night. She loved talking about sex. We would sit, face-to-face, and she would take my soft penis in her hand and talk about it and tell me how it made her feel when it was buried between her legs. We would soon be quietly masturbating each other, holding each other off as long as we could. Only when I could feel her lovely body tense, and then go limp, would I let myself go, spending my seed all over and in between her fingers.

We finally fell asleep around dawn. But I woke up in a few hours to find this beautiful woman taking my cock in her mouth. I pulled her legs around so that her thighs straddled my ears, and she lowered her sweet pussy to my lips, burying them deep into all that thick, come-matted hair. Her soft, warm mouth caressed my prick until I was coming again, filling her mouth with my climax.

The rest of the week was heaven. She is the most sensual, loving woman I've ever known. She has an incredible imagination and refuses to quit after only one or two orgasms. She is constantly thinking of ways to excite me long after I've thought I was through for the night (or the morning or the afternoon!). She is so comfortable with her sexuality that she enjoys an orgasm like no other woman I've ever fucked. And she is so loving that she derives an incredible amount of personal satisfaction just from giving me pleasure.

She'll be in Denver next month on business, and I can already picture myself nestled between her soft, well-aged tits, plowing her warm cunt, thoroughly exhausting myself—and her—with our pleasure.—*J.C., Denver, Colo.*

The Snoop Business

Peter Weaver's article entitled "The Snoop Business" (September 1976) is an affront to many things that it presumably did not intend to offend—ethical journalistic standards and *Penthouse* creditability among them.

I sincerely doubt that many of your readers believe that your article paints a true picture of the insurance and investigative consumer-reporting industries. A society in which any legitimate business was actually "out to get" its own consumer would present a dismal picture indeed.

The basic economic reality is that American business is able to offer lower rates to the majority of consumers because it can identify the individuals who are likely to involve higher costs to business—and charge them accordingly.

Two successive Senate subcommittees have determined not to add to existing consumer-reporting regulations, largely because they could find only a handful of consumer complaints against the consumer-reporting industry—including those listed by Weaver—since passage of the Fair Credit Reporting Act in 1971.

Just a few weeks prior to the appearance of your article, the Federal Privacy Protection Study Commission received convincing testimony that the consumer-reporting industry goes to great lengths to avoid the kind of gossip in its reports that your article attempts to portray as typical. Senator Garn of Utah, testifying as a member of the Senate's Consumer Affairs Subcommittee, stated that the hearings held by his subcommittee in regard to proposed Fair Credit Reporting Act Amendments "tended to establish that the present law is working well. The proponents (of additional legislation) relied heavily on the allegations of the Federal Trade Commission that it had received 20,000 complaints since the Fair Credit Reporting Act went into effect. However, a Freedom of Information Act disclosure revealed that only 682 could be defined by the most generous classification as being actual valid complaints. Less than 100 of these involved investigative reporting, and there were 343 actual complaints against credit bureaus. . . . When one considers the millions of reports made by these agencies each year, this record is not a disturbing one which would prompt the need for changing the law."

It is my sincere belief that unnecessary legislation is a direct cause of inflation. It is my further belief that distorted journalism can be a direct cause of such unnecessary legislation.

Distortion of facts can be grounds for dismissal in my company because of the serious consequences such distortion can have on an individual business transaction.

Distortions such as those in "The Snoop Business" have serious consequences throughout our society.—*Hal Arnold, Director of Public Relations, Equifax, Inc., Atlanta, Ga.*

Peter Weaver replies:

The investigative companies hired by the insurance companies have always

"Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer . . ."

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claimed that the best way to keep down insurance rates is to weed out the "individuals who are likely to involve higher costs to business. . . ."

As I pointed out in my article, this "weeding out" process, on occasion, can pose a serious threat to an individual's right to privacy. How much money is being saved for the consumer in this weeding out is not clear. Actually, an increasing number of insurance companies are dropping the contract investigators and are doing the job themselves or, more important, are dispensing with gumshoe-type investigations for most policy applications.

The Equifax letter dwells on the claim that "two successive Senate subcommittees have determined not to add to existing consumer-reporting regulations. . . ." The reason, according to Equifax, was that there were only a "handful" of complaints. "Sackful" would be a better word—but let's not quibble.

You can't base the need for investigation on the complaint numbers game. The vast majority of consumers do not complain. They give up or do not know how to complain. The latest Senate investigation was by a full committee, and there was no determination that complaints were insufficient. It was late in the session, and the investigation was terminated for the time being.

But the impression that the Senate committees have not done anything to curb investigators' excesses since the passage of the Fair Credit Reporting Act is a false one. The mere fact that the committees dragged Equifax and others on the carpet has produced a flurry of reforms in the insurance-investigation industry. The Medical Information Bureau, a repository of information on prospective insurance clients, tightened up its security procedure; Equifax itself now gives copies of investigative reports to consumers; and prospective insurance customers are given advance notice on how to get information on their files from the MIB. Also, many of the insurance companies that have been cutting back on their use of outside investigators might not have done so had it not been for the Senate's extensive investigations and the resulting publicity.

As for the Federal Privacy Protection Study Commission receiving "convincing" testimony that the consumer-reporting industry shuns gossip, Equifax uses the old ploy of distortion by selection. Equifax naturally chooses Senator Garn as its model for rebuttal. Senator Garn lists in his biography the fact that he was an "insurance executive" from 1960 to 1968. He has always been the champion of the insurance companies and the investigative companies in debates on consumer-reporting abuses.

How about Senator Proxmire's "convincing" testimony before the same commission that the investigative industry, as far as insurance and employment are concerned, has a serious problem that needs correcting? There were equally "convinc-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

What the well dressed man is wearing.

Pierre Cardin Man's Cologne

Accessories courtesy of Tiffany & Co.

ing" reports from victims, insurance agents, doctors, and others that an individual's rights to privacy can be seriously trampled in the insurance-investigation process. The commission will make no official determination until some time in 1977.

Margo St. James

I just finished reading your interview with Margo St. James (September 1976). She comes across as a fine lady who has a lot of meaningful things to say. All I can say is, Bravo for Ms. St. James.—*Mrs. Jennifer Davies, Vancouver, British Columbia.*

Feet, do your stuff

Although we don't consider ourselves to be a particularly "kinky" couple, my wife and I recently enjoyed a sexual experience which we feel to be sufficiently sensual, and pleasantly unique enough, to be *Penthouse* Forum material.

It began one Sunday afternoon when my wife and I returned from a shopping trip. She shed her shoes and then lay on top of the bed. I began changing my clothes when, as soon as I was completely nude, my wife reached over with both her feet and began softly and slowly rubbing my groin. The uniqueness of her caress made my soft member quickly rise to a rigid, throbbing erection. I then knelt on the floor and began kissing her feet while she caressed my face with them. In that position I began to masturbate, thinking only of the sensuality of my wife's feet. I enjoyed the unusual texture which her feet lent to the experience. They were tenderly soft; yet at the same time, the skin was both taut and firm—much like that of a penile erection. I also relished the faint scent of leather on her feet, placed there by the new sandals she had been wearing. And for the first time, I viewed her feet as objects of sexual adoration.

As I was nearing climax, I stood to let my pulsating phallus enjoy her feet as I continued to masturbate. Soon, the sight of my hot semen shooting between her toes and flowing over her entire petite and shapely foot sent me into a self-perpetuating climax, which was of such duration and magnitude that I felt completely fulfilled and delightfully drained.

I am aware that the semanticist might dub this a "foot fetish." I don't know much about that, but I do know that I have found a different, and much more pleasant way, to get a "kick" out of my wife's foot.—*D.D., address withheld*

Her mother's daughter

I went over to paint a coworker's garage with a friend, who was here, visiting this past summer from Reno.

We had started pretty early and were nearly through with the first wall when the neighbor girl next door began sunning herself. She was lying on a chaise facing us, with the skimpiest yellow bikini I had seen in months. She was around sixteen years of age, according to my coworker, Frank, who owned the garage. However, her plump bosom and shapely thighs gave me the impression that she was much older. And it was apparent that she knew that we were eyeballing her to death.

Later that morning she came over to talk to us while we painted the rest of the garage. From my vantage point up on the ladder, I could see her beautiful cleavage and, I thought, a few tufts of light brown pubic hair curling out from her bottom. By this time my cock could have been used as a sundial, as it stood so erect. I couldn't help noticing that sometimes during the gaps in conversation she would gaze upon my raging hard-on. She soon left, and I thought that she would never again be seen.

Later that afternoon I went over to her house to explain that I had all but fallen in love with her. I was about to ask her out, when she interrupted and asked me in for a glass of iced tea. After some good vibes and interesting talk, she just came out and asked me if I would fuck her. I asked if her parents were home, and she said that they both worked. We adjourned to her bedroom and proceeded to undress. I would slowly remove a piece of her clothing and then tongue the area that I had previously unveiled. By the time I got to her little undies, they were soaking wet, and I was about to blow a wad. I lay back and let her

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reciprocate all of my efforts. I was in a pure state of ecstasy, just lying there and preparing myself for a wonderful fuck. As I drifted back to a state of semireality, I felt four hands instead of just two. I bolted up in a fright only to find her middle-aged mother. The rest of the afternoon was pure delight. Later that day her mother explained that she had intended for either my coworker friend or me to come over that afternoon and had used her daughter for a lure.—*R.M.K., address withheld*

His father's son

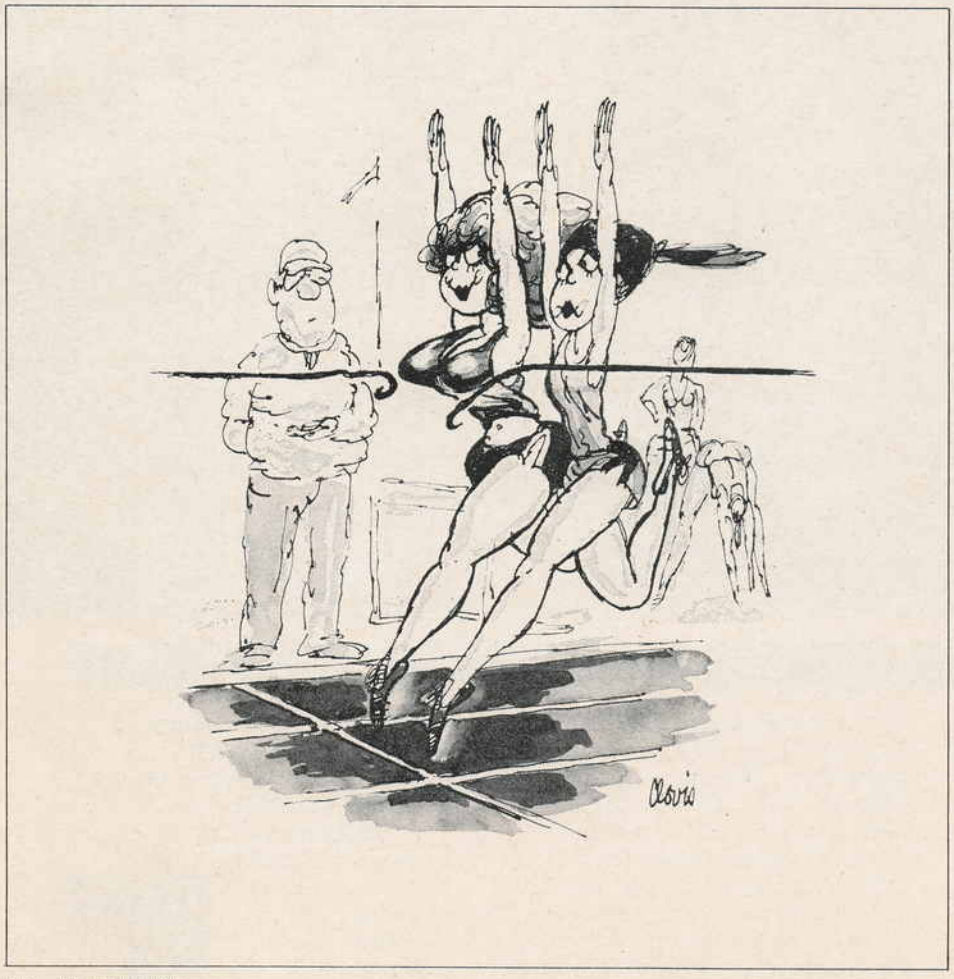
I used to be amazed at the wide range of experiences reported in *Penthouse*, and what's happened the past six months makes me realize anything is possible.

My wife died two years ago. I was thirty-seven then, and my son, Gil, was fourteen. During the next two years, we adjusted fairly well, and at age sixteen Gil was a six-foot, two-inch, 190-pound high-school star athlete. He hadn't dated much; so I noticed it when his friends kept mentioning Cathy. I learned she was a cheerleader, also a junior, and lived four blocks away with her mother, who was divorced. When I met Cathy, I saw she was a five-foot, four-inch blond with a cute face and figure.

One afternoon I got home early and found both of them in the kitchen. Cathy was naked. She ran out of there and came back in a minute or two, blushing, and wearing one of Gil's shirts. They told me she went naked around her house, like her mother, and wanted to go like that in Gil's home, too. I was a bit upset, as well as surprised, and asked what else they did. Quite calmly, they told me they had sex. All the kids who went steady had sex together, I learned from them, and Gil and Kathy saw nothing wrong in doing so. I trotted out the usual objections, and they met them one by one with logic and with understanding for my ancient views. Her mother knew they bedded down and didn't object. I also learned Cathy's mom went nude in front of Gil, too, and he wasn't bothered by it. Their frankness and honesty impressed me, and I thanked them for being so straightforward about their relationship. I told Cathy to do as she wished, and the shirt came off. One glance told me Gil had picked a beauty.

Soon I was used to Cathy dropping in, dropping her clothes, and dropping into Gil's bed. One day at the supermarket, I met Cathy's mother. She was in her late thirties, slim and blond, wearing shorts and a bare midriff blouse. She had lovely legs and figure, I noticed. And her face was much like Cathy's. She asked me to stop by for coffee, as the kids were at practice, and I agreed.

Brenda and I got along fine. She asked if I objected to her going nude before Gil, and I said no, that in fact I envied him. She grinned, stood up, and slid off her clothes, saying the father deserved as much as the son. Naked, she was lovely. I was just as direct. I asked her to go to bed, and we went.



The kids soon learned about us, and they think it's great. So far Brenda and I are enjoying each other thoroughly, and maybe marriage is down the line for us, but we're not hurrying toward it. If it comes, good. Meanwhile, we've adopted the young person's view that sex is a nice part of life; so why ignore it? We don't!—*D.G., Des Moines, Iowa*

Nylon nights

After reading the letter titled "Brief encounter" (August 1976), I asked my wife if she had written it. You see, the story is the same for my wife and me—even the city is the same.

As it turns out, my wife didn't write the letter. But I was so turned on by the story that I confessed to her about my own fetish for women's panties.

I brought out ten pairs of panties I had hidden away. Now I can wear them anytime I like.

To go back: about a year and a half ago, I told my wife that I masturbated and liked the feel of nylon panties. The masturbation part turned out to be a turnon for her. She had seen her younger brother jack off years ago and thought it was natural for people to do it. I proceeded to jack off in front of her, kneeling next to her on the bed. The next thing I knew she was helping me by playing with my balls. It was great to be finally able to jack off in front of someone after hiding it all those years. I finally shot my wad on her tits when I saw her playing with herself with her other hand.

The woman's panty part took a little longer to get going. In fact, since she didn't take the hints I gave her, I decided to speed things up.

One afternoon I went into the bedroom and put on a pair of her panties and called her into the room. She dug the way I looked immediately and thought the way it felt was great. Since then she has bought me several pairs of men's nylon briefs.

But it wasn't until that letter appeared in Forum that I got the guts to finally tell my wife about my long-standing fetish for *women's* panties. Since then we've been having a lot of fun times.—*J.P., Minneapolis, Minn.*

Nonregulation nylon

After seeing the letter from the man who liked wearing pantyhose, I've decided to tell of my own encounter with them.

I've always liked to see women with stockings that have the reinforced toes and heels. I was about fourteen when I first touched a girl's nylon-clad legs, and it really turned me on. I guess the reason is that they have a smooth, silky feeling.

Now that pantyhose have swept the market, they have swept me, too. A few months ago I finally got up the courage to buy a pair for myself.

I wore them to bed every night and slid smoothly around the bed. I got up late for muster one morning last month and had to put my heavily starched greens right over my pantyhose. What a surprise! Instead of

Decisions...decisions...Make your decision

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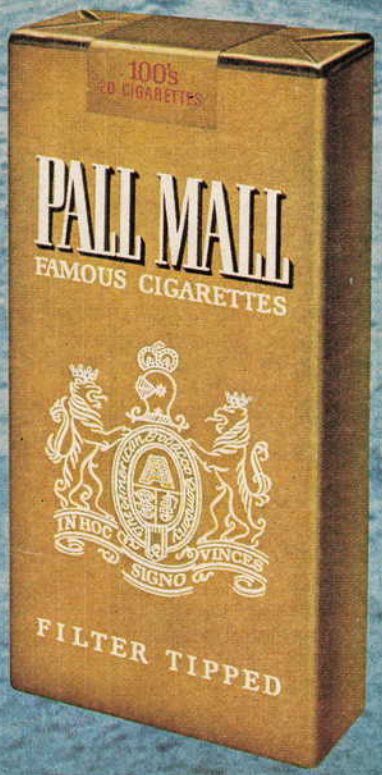

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my greens chafing my inner thighs, they slid smoothly over my lower body and up and down my legs. Needless to say, I now wear them every day.

I like the pantyhose with the reinforced heel, toe, and panty.

I am strictly heterosexual but often wonder what would happen if I got caught wearing pantyhose. As far as I know, there's no regulation saying I can't. So until a regulation is written saying I can't wear pantyhose in the military, it's smooth sliding for me.—*Name and address withheld*

Auto flash

I started reading your magazine recently, and I now find myself awaiting the next month's issue with excitement. The Forum letters from the various weirdos and nuts are most interesting and stimulating. In last month's issue, I particularly enjoyed the "flashing" comments, and regular feature, "Couples," which dealt with the problems created in a marriage by the husband's flashing. I can identify with Jim's plight, since I, too, am a married flasher.

I just returned from my latest flashing episode a few minutes ago. I have slipped into the habit of flashing during lunch hours, after work on my way home, and almost any time I am alone in my car. Yes, my car. I love to ride around with my hard-on sticking out of my fly, and looking for chicks to expose myself to. It takes considerable skill to maneuver into that perfect position in the parking lot where the chick walking or standing beside my car can look in through the passenger window and observe me stroking my throbbing cock. After flashing I motor off into the sunset before she has time to see my license-plate number. I must admit it isn't the most effective way of getting seen, but it's the safest method I've been able to find yet. The excitement and stimulation are very refreshing, and I really enjoy seeing the chick's expression. It has been frustrating at times though, riding around trying to keep hard and being ignored by a chick after timing her arrival perfectly. I spend most of my time cruising shopping-center parking lots and quiet residential streets in the city. It is very difficult to estimate how many chicks I have exposed myself to, but perhaps they number two dozen or so.

I justify my act with the philosophy that I have not done any harm to anyone physically, only given them a good show—something to talk about when they get together with their girl friends. I have no intention of coming into contact with them in any way, except to get my rocks off in their presence. Of course, if I continue this habit much longer, there is the probability of fucking myself up mentally and creating hang-ups in my marital sex life. So far I have been able to enjoy both my flashing episodes and sex with my wife without having problems or any hang-ups.

I know I will be prosecuted if and when I am caught, but the excitement of having a strange chick watch me masturbate has been too enjoyable to make me quit. My wife would be mortified if she knew, and a bust for flashing would very probably wreck our home life. Nevertheless, I continue.—*D.K., Milwaukee, Wisc.*

Female forum . . .

My husband is a racetrack fiend. When he's not at the track, he has either his nose buried in a racing form or his ear glued to the radio for the day's results. Needless to say, I've often felt left out. However, recently I figured out a way to capitalize on his little fetish.

I bought some bright orange, silk material and made myself a tight-fitting, low-cut jockey's jacket, with matching cap and crotchless panties. To complete the outfit, I added a pair of black leather boots and a short whip.

Then one evening, when my husband was busy with his racing form, I turned on a tape of an actual race that I'd recorded for the occasion. Naturally, when my husband heard, ". . . and there they go. . . ," he put down his form and had to investigate. You should have seen the look on his face when he saw his enticing "jockey" in the crotchless panties. He was ready, willing, and able for me to climb into the saddle right then and there. I, of course, quickly mounted my hot stallion and rode him to a close and satisfying photo finish.

Nowadays, before my husband goes off to the track, I always give him a morning workout. We have even had a racing orgy for a few intimate friends. The highlight of the evening is when the gals, complete with specially made jockeys' silks and whips, ride the backs of their naked studs across our living room floor to the finish line in the bedroom. I have several ideas in mind for the winning stallion. Come on, Number Nine.—*G. R., Los Angeles, Calif.*

Seems that at your house, even if you don't win, it's quite a place to show.—The Editors

. . . weekend extra

I am a senior in college this fall, and because I'm an only daughter, my parents let me take this past summer (my last) off. I had been staying with them.

One weekend a couple who are also friends of my parents left for a four-day trip together and asked me to stay with their son Jon, age eighteen. I was glad to do it, for it was to be in a big house, with a private pool. I became the mistress of the house.

On Saturday morning I took the car to get some groceries, but I came back in a few minutes to pick up my list, which I had forgotten. On the way back to the car, I looked out on the patio, because that was where the kids were when I left. I couldn't believe what I saw.

Jon was lying on the patio table with a towel over his eyes and was spread-eagled. His swim trunks (or rather hipsters) were pulled down below his cock and balls, which were sticking up. His girl friend Robin was topless—and sporting really nice tits (better than mine were at her age).

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She was rubbing suntan oil over Jon, who rapidly got a hard-on, although Robin did not touch it while I was watching.

Robin put Jon's left hand on her boob and poured some oil on it so that he could rub it in. He was still blindfolded by the towel. I began to get horny and moved over to the screen door so that I could hear them but not be seen.

Robin was telling Jon to imagine that she was Cathy (me) and that I was going to beat him off. She described my body in detail (although she had never seen me nude)—and quite accurately—and took Jon's hand on a tour of her own body. I opened my jeans and slipped my hand in and began to move toward the inevitable climax while I watched Robin masturbate every part of Jon's body except his cock. When Robin finally took his cock in her hands, it was more than either Jon or I could handle; we came at about the same time. He was spurting all over, and I had to grab the drapes to stand up.

I recovered my composure before Jon did, and I was off to the supermarket. On the way home I worked out my plan for Robin and Jon.

When I returned, both kids were back in their swim gear (although it didn't hide much), and I said hello and explained that I would be out soon. After getting the groceries, I had stopped and bought a string bikini, which was wet-look black (I have long blond hair) and which didn't adequately cover either my 36s or my unshaved pubic area. I put on the string and went out.

I strutted a bit, fully realizing that Jon was now seeing almost all of what he had been told about while being jacked off only an hour earlier. I kept my eyes on his crotch, and he knew it.

I went into the pool to be certain that I had an even wetter look and then lay down on the chaise. I carefully adjusted my string, ostensibly to be demure but really to heat up Jon.

After Jon was through staring, I asked Robin to rub some suntan lotion on me. She began, but I said (according to my plan) that she wasn't rubbing hard enough, and I asked Jon to take over. His hand trembled so much that he could have brought me off if he came near my clit. I took his hand and guided it for him to where I wanted the action. He was soon under my bra top, and he shuddered when his palm went over my nipple.

At that moment I put out my hands and pulled down his hipsters as they had been when he was spread-eagled on the table. I got up quickly and guided him to the table, laid him out, and put the towel over his eyes again. I undid my top, and I began the same patter that Robin had used—except it was big, grown-up Cathy in person this time. When he came, his cock pumped and pumped like nothing I had ever seen. There wasn't much come, but there was a lot of action. It really got me turned on.

As she got close, I pulled Robin's top off and then took my own all the way off. I nudged Jon off the table and lay down myself and pulled Robin on it also. I told Robin to instruct Jon in how to bring me off. Without hesitation she told Jon how to eat me, which he did remarkably well (with his cock and balls still hanging out over his hipsters).

Robin remained to come, and Jon then ate her out beautifully. I then told the kids that we should be nude or provocatively dressed for the entire weekend. We would masturbate and eat each other often.

Jon turned out to be a pretty good little stud. Robin became so skilled that I shudder to think of what happened when she began dating regularly this fall. I really dug Jon's mouth sucking every part of my pussy. He liked to pull out the inner lips and kind of chew them—very gently of course. At the same time, my clit was attended to by his index finger.

I guess it was a summer I'll never forget.—*Name and address withheld*

. . . one hundred dollar miss-understanding

I'm a twenty-seven-year-old woman, and I work for a major textile company as a representative. I travel constantly, and I make it a policy not to sleep with my customers. That leaves me with a lot of lonely time in strange cities. I'm going to recount for you an incident that happened to me less than

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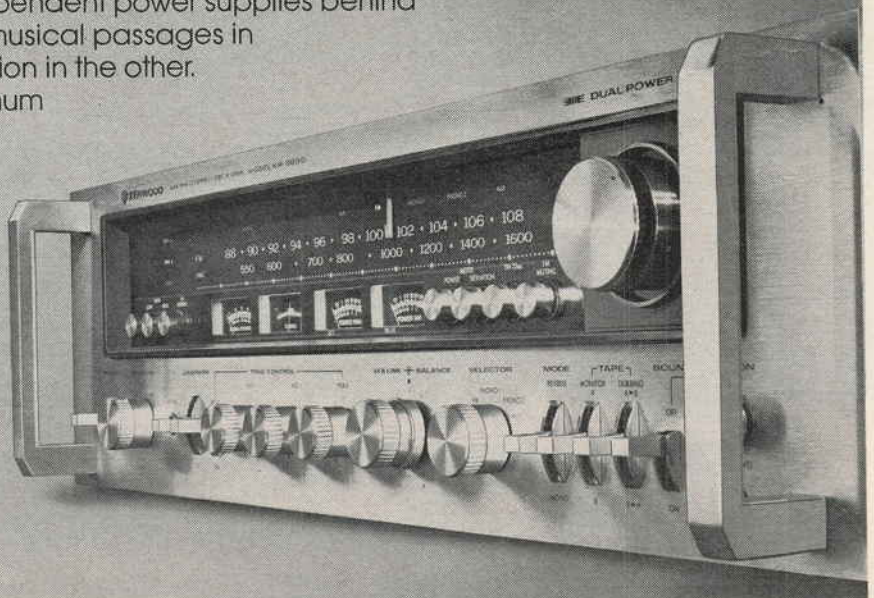

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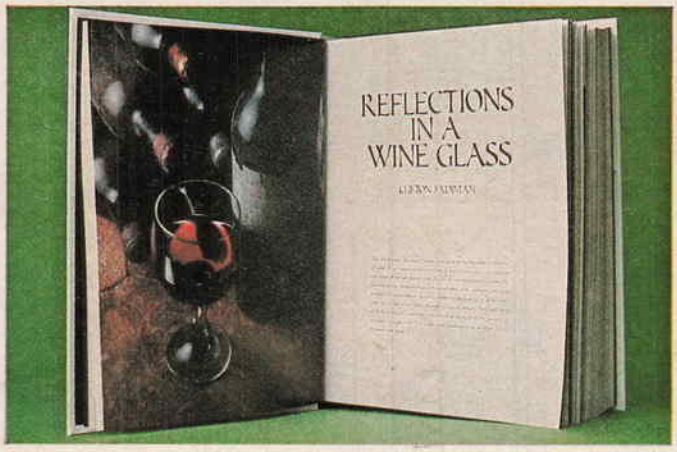

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a month ago on a trip in Georgia.

While passing through Atlanta, I spotted a young man in his late teens thumbing a ride south. He was rather thin, blond, and had his shirt tied around his waist. I admired his tan as I pulled the car to the shoulder of the road. We conversed about his destination as I stowed his gear in the trunk. He was bound for Florida, and I couldn't help noticing he was rather timid about talking to me.

As I drove, I have to admit, I was becoming attracted to him. He wasn't much for conversation, and I couldn't seem to get him to warm up. He was on summer vacation from Connecticut, and from what little he said, he was almost broke. By the time we crossed the Florida line, I was beside myself with desire for this kid. I'd slowly move my elbow across the armrest until it touched his side. Just the feeling of his warm bronze skin made me excited, but he didn't even seem to notice.

It was almost midnight by the time we pulled into Orlando. I was so horny I could have crawled across the ceiling of the car and was almost in a state of panic that this kid might decide to get out and disappear forever. I had to do something. After an eternity of silence, I finally blurted out that I was going to stay in Orlando for the evening and that the kid could share my room if he wanted. Jesus, most guys would jump at the chance, and this kid had to say no. At least he smiled when he said it. I couldn't stand it. I offered the kid an even hundred bucks for spending the night with me. I was mad at myself for doing it; so I threw in a warning that he'd better let me do anything I wanted. The money got to him, and he accepted.

I had that car off the interstate and into a motel within five minutes. The small talk stopped right after my offer, and the ride to the motel was silent. The kid had put his shirt back on when I returned from the registration desk; and had I paid him, I'm sure he would have bolted while I was gone. My palms were so wet I could hardly hold the key as we walked to the room. While I opened the suitcase and hung up my wardrobe, the kid must have made twenty excuses about things he had to do. He went for ice, then for a pop, and he was in the process of telling me he had to go for cigarettes when I pushed the door closed and bolted it for the night.

I asked him if he wanted to call it off, but he said no. I pulled two fifties from my purse and put them on the dresser. We were like two magnets of opposite polarity. Wherever I went in the room, the kid stayed a good ten feet from me. I already knew that he smoked; so I broke the ice by splitting a joint with him. By that time, just his saliva on the end of the joint was firing me up. Finally, I just couldn't stand it. I leaned over to him and unbuttoned his shirt. My fingers found their way over his firm, young chest to his nipples. As I played with his soft nipple, I peeled his shirt from around his thin frame. Then I touched my mouth to his nipple and began to lick his chest. My fingers explored his back, and the hairy cavity of his underarm. I tongued my way down to his navel and the light fuzz surrounding it, and my hands explored the slight crack of his ass that extended above his pants. He closed his eyes and leaned his head back.

I ripped my clothes off right in front of him and pulled him onto me on the bed. His arms moved around to hold me lightly, and he began to place soft kisses on my neck. I put my hands between us and began to move them down. I kneed his groin gently, and I undid his pants. I pulled them to his knees and used my foot to force them off his legs onto the floor. My hands returned at once to his underwear. I cupped him and teased him through his leg openings as we rolled on the bed. When he was on his back, I folded his arms above him and rubbed his chest. Then I quickly moved to his stomach and finally to his midriff, where I slid his underwear off.

He was beautiful. Not large, but so young and fresh. I nudged his dick and began to lick all around it. I spread his legs and licked his thighs and abdomen. Using two fingers, I spread the skin around the head of his penis tight, and I began to nibble and lick it. Then, as he began to warm, I started plunging his head into my mouth. As he stiffened I alternated pumping him with my hand and mouth. The smell of his perspira-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 227

Gas. It could change your brand to Fact.

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"There are better things in this world than the grip of your hand. Many impotent men simply masturbate too much. Lay off your right palm for at least a week."

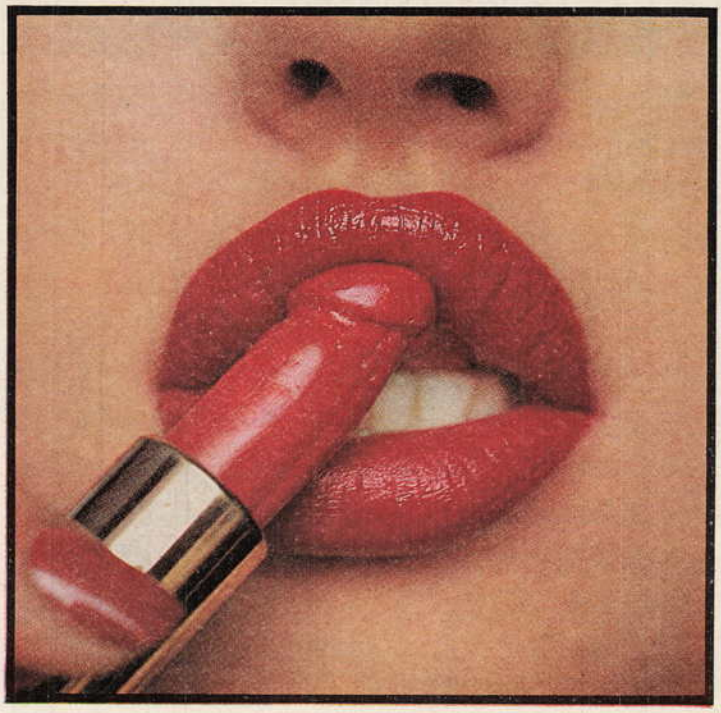
XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

My wife had polio as a child, and for a while after her recovery, one whole side of her body was paralyzed. She had good doctors, however, and with much work they were able to restore activity to most of her body. The only visible evidence of her having polio is that one side of her face is still inactive. I'm beginning to believe, however, that one other, more private part of her body was affected by the polio, although it doesn't show—in more ways than one.

You see, I can't find her clitoris. If she has one, I can't get to it. She's borne me three daughters and a son; so I know everything else is working all right. But to the best of my knowledge, she's never had an orgasm.



Photograph By James Moore

We've been married for ten years, and she's never really enjoyed sex. Occasionally, she will say that it "feels kind of good," but then only in certain positions—actually just one position, when she's lying on her back and raises her legs. This opens the vagina up a little bit more, so that I can get in a little deeper. Then I mount her, but I must keep myself supported on my arms, as if I'm doing push-ups. After a while, this gets to be very tiring. When we're in this position, however, I do seem to go deeper, because I can feel the end of my penis striking something—I guess it's what's called the cervix. Anyhow, it's when I hit this thing that she says that it "feels kind of good." The problem is that I must pump hard to hit this cervix. And when I pump hard, I come so quickly that it saps all my strength; my arms give out, and I fall out of position. Therefore, what little "feeling good" she has is short-lived, indeed.

To remedy this situation, I've tried various types of foreplay, none of which seems to do anything for her. My kisses must be perfectly dry, for if there is even the slightest moisture on my lips, I'm supposedly "slobbering" all over her. If I try to fondle her breasts, "it hurts." It was when I tried masturbating her that I found . . . well, I found nothing. *I just couldn't find* it, *no matter how hard I looked. I've looked at pictures of other women to see where the clit should be located. You see, I think that if I can find it, I may be able to give her, once and for all, the orgasm she is entitled to.*

Regarding oral sex, we've done very little, because it really doesn't seem to help the situation. She will occasionally take me in her mouth, but she's said she doesn't want me to come in her mouth. I've tried to go down on her, but "it doesn't do a thing." I've even tried "licking" for the clit with my tongue but have found nothing. She did say once that when I licked inside her vagina, it "didn't feel bad." Little comments like that are what I have to look for. They are the only clues as to what might turn her on. I more or less play it by ear, and if she suggests something sexual, I try it.

She definitely has her hang-ups. She seems to be afraid of my come. She won't let me shoot off into her mouth, and she won't even touch the stuff with her fingers. When she jacks me off, she keeps a tissue on standby. When I'm about to come, she pinches the head so that none of the come will shoot; then she doesn't let go of my cock until I grab it and cover the tip with the tissue.

But there was this one day—I was home watching television. I wasn't even thinking of sex at the time, but she put her hand on my crotch and made motions like she was jerking me off. She even made a comment about how funny it would be if I were to come all over myself. I said, "Okay, let's go." I guess she thought I was joking, but I went into the bedroom and stripped and lay

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Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

back on the bed. She came in and began jacking me off. When I came, the come shot out on my belly. She jumped back and said, "I thought you were going to catch it." I was hoping she would rub it around on my belly, but I guess I should have known better.

I think if I could get her over this fear of male come, my sex life would improve. I'd also like to find my wife's clitoris so that I could give her the orgasm she deserves. I myself have very strong orgasms, which involve my entire body. She knows this, and she knows how to make them better and last longer. It just seems to me that she deserves the same, and I hate to admit that I can't give them to her. What can a couple do in this case?—E.A.

In my opinion every woman is born with a clitoris unless she's a hermaphrodite. The problem could be that your wife's clitoris is very tiny or covered with so much bushy hair that you can't find it. Also, your wife might have what's called a "hooded clitoris," which can be compared with a noncircumcised penis. In other words, her clitoris is covered by skin and hidden away behind that skin. Because of this extra skin, she is prevented from having a full orgasm.

Why don't you take her to a first-rate gynecologist. If she has a hooded clitoris, she can probably have her clitoris circumcised; that is, the skin around the clitoris will be removed, giving her a very sensitive—and visible—clitoris.

Since I'm not a doctor, I cannot give you medical advice as to whether the polio had something to do with her lacking a clit. Somehow I doubt it. If there is nothing wrong, ask the doctor to show you exactly where her clitoris is located. Good oral sex will usually bring a woman to orgasm, whereas just rubbing around there with an unknowing finger can only irritate her. Combine tongue and finger and cock to help her achieve that which she needs. (You might even throw in a vibrator, just for good measure.) Maybe she is just too inhibited to let herself go, and that is why she utters things like, "It doesn't feel bad." She is probably enjoying it a bit more than she realizes.

Her fear of sperm seems rather silly. Gently coax her into at least letting you come in her hand or else on top of your own belly. Eventually, she might get to like the looks, smell, and even the taste of it.

EURO-SEX: MÉNAGE À QUATRE

I would like to pass on an experience I had here in Germany. I was to go skiing here with a group of other men. The first couple of days were pretty dull, and so on the third day we all went to a club. We sat there for about two hours, just shooting the shit. Then, slowly but surely, everybody was getting up to dance with German girls. I was the only one left at the table, but I was also the interpreter for the group, as none of them spoke German. So I just sat there, drinking some very good beer. Finally, I myself got up and asked this girl—in German—if she would like to dance. She accepted, and we danced for about an hour. Inge was twenty-three years old and single; blond hair, about five feet, six inches, and possessing a great body. The tits on her were beautiful—big but firm.

As we were dancing, Inge was grinding her pussy up against my cock, and it didn't take me long to get the picture that she wanted to leave. I asked her where her place was, and she said, "Just drive down this road until you hit the Esso station." But as soon as I hit the accelerator, she reached over and, unzipping my pants, pulled out my cock. She pulled down her pants and began rubbing her cunt and my cock. She exploded in minutes, but I couldn't get my load off. She asked me to slow down and to keep my eyes on the road. Then she bent over and took my cock in her mouth. She got one nut in her hand, and it wasn't long before I shot off into her mouth.

At last we reached the Esso station. She pulled her pants up and told me to turn into the next driveway. Was I surprised when I pulled into the next driveway and saw my ski instructor's car parked there! As it turned out, this instructor, Hans, was Inge's brother.

Anyway, Hans and his wife, Heidi, were having a drink. We joined them, and they invited me to stay with them for the weekend. I naturally agreed, and an hour later I was in Inge's bedroom. When I saw her naked, my cock got hard immediately. She pulled me onto a big feather bed and told me to put my cock into her. She didn't have to ask twice. I plunged into her like she was the last ass I'd ever get. I thrust my cock into her and shot a good load. Then she told me to roll over so she could sit on my face. I stuck my tongue up into her beautiful pussy.

I didn't hear anybody come in the door; so when a mouth took my cock, I was surprised, since I knew it couldn't be Inge. But then I saw Heidi by the bed, pushing Inge's face into her cunt. Then it hit me: that must be Hans *sucking my cock. I'm not gay or anything, but I sure liked what he was doing. I reached up and pushed two fingers into Heidi's ass hole, and she moved down to get them all the way in. She came, and I let my cock shoot its load into Hans's waiting mouth. Everybody just collapsed and lay there, breathing quite heavily.*

After we all had rested for a while and smoked some good hash, Hans started fucking his wife in the ass. All you could hear was her moaning and groaning, but from the looks of things she seemed to be enjoying herself. Seeing her get fucked up the ass got me hot again, and so I grabbed Inge and put her on her knees and pushed my cock up into her ass hole. This was the first time I'd ever fucked a woman in the ass, and I just couldn't believe how tight it

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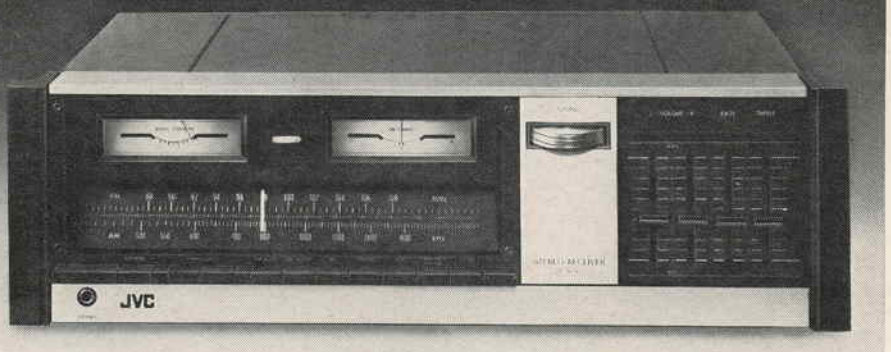

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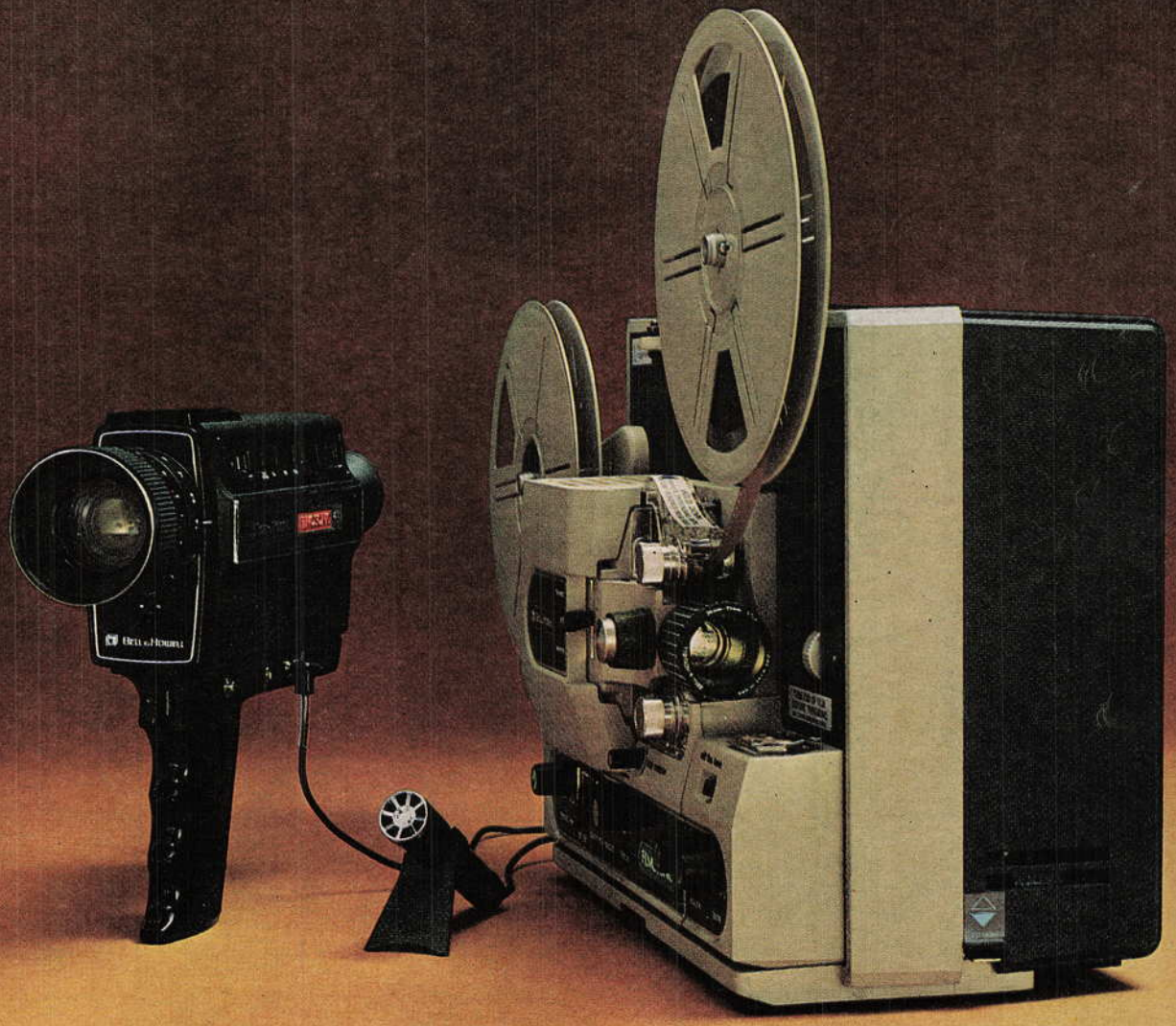

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was. Hans and I came at the same time. But he was still hard when he pulled out of Heidi's ass; so I pulled out of Inge and took Hans's cock into my mouth, returning the blowjob he'd given me. At that, he grabbed my cock and pulled me toward his mouth where he, Heidi, and Inge started to lick my cock, ass hole, and balls. I sensed that Hans was on the verge of coming, and so I sucked him just that much harder. He came, and I ate him dry.

After all of that, the four of us finally went to sleep in that big feather bed. It was wonderful. Now you know why I'm planning a return visit to Germany next year.—T.H.

I think we ought to call your letter "the letter of the month from the European department." You make a trip to Europe seem quite inviting indeed. I'm presently residing in Europe, and I ask the readers of *Penthouse* who've been abroad to write me the most original sex experience they've had on vacation outside the good old U.S.A.

EXHIBITIONISM IS NOT FOR VIRGINS

I'm a twenty-seven-year-old male who's still a virgin.

Last week three of my friends and I were cruising through town in a car. We spotted four dynamite-looking chicks, pulled over, and asked them if they'd like to cruise with us for a while. They readily accepted, and we drove off. After about half an hour, someone mentioned being hungry; so we pulled into the local hamburger joint. The parking lot was kind of crowded, but it was dark, and we decided to fire up a joint. As we passed it around, we all began to get pretty horny. Things were getting hot and heavy, and I soon had an eight-inch erection.

Naturally, there was a lot of mutual petting going on, and as I slipped my hand up this girl's dress, my cock felt like it was going to explode. She unzipped my pants and reached inside to relieve my pulsating member. Well, the moment she touched my cock, it instantly deflated. When that happened, she broke out laughing and immediately alerted everyone in the car to my predicament. Everybody started laughing, and in my embarrassment, I was forced to flee the car. I haven't been able to face my friends since.

What can I do to keep my cock from going limp every time a female touches it?—R.M.

It's too bad that this experience with your cock had to take place in front of your buddies. It's not uncommon that a man cannot perform the very first night out with a date. Usually the more excited a man is about screwing a girl, the less his penis listens to his desires. Since you yourself know that you're capable of a nice, big hard-on, I wouldn't worry about it. Next time find a more suitable atmosphere, without a crowd around you. Obviously, you're not an exhibitionist. If you'd been alone with this girl, all probably would have ended well, and you'd have gotten your first piece of ass.

HORNY BUT FLACCID

I've been seeing this girl for quite a while now, and we have a really good relationship—until we get into bed. No matter what we do, I just can't get it up. It's not a physical problem, because I've been aroused many times in the past. The girl really turns me on, too, until we get down to business. We've tried everything we can think of, with no results. Strangely enough, I'm still able to masturbate.

After looking into psychiatric treatment, I've found that I just can't afford the cost. I've thought of aphrodisiacs, but any I've seen are placebos. Is there a real aphrodisiac on the market today? If not, what other answer is there? I've tried it with other girls, but it's the same story. I'm about ready to enter the priesthood. What can I do?—T.D.

In one of my books, I wrote about a young guy who'd never slept with a woman. Via a shrink, he landed in my New York establishment, where for a minimal fee of fifty dollars I was to take care of his virginal state and pop his cherry. We had to struggle through several moments of his impotency, but then I found out that this young man was not impotent at all. Instead, he'd just been jerking off too much: he'd gotten so used to the grip of his right hand that nothing else could turn him on. I decided to stop trying to make him come, because every time he managed to enter my vagina, his cock went limp. I told him to lay off his right hand for at least two weeks and to see me again, then. Well, when he saw me again in two weeks, he was so horny he had no problem shooting his load into my waiting cunt.

My advice to you is the same: stop beating off, even if it kills you. There are no such things as true aphrodisiacs. What you need is good sleep, good food, and a nice, wet pussy. Remember, there are better things in this world than the grip of your right hand.

PREVENTING STRETCH MARKS

I got married when I was seventeen years old, and in these last six years of marriage I've had three lovely children.

I'm very happy I have all my stretch marks, even those that go way up past my waistline. My husband pays no mind to them, as he understands why they are there. I used to weep over them until one night he told me that those marks signified my caring for him and the children.

I remember your printing some letters from women who were upset about their stretch marks. Please let them know that these stretch marks are all a part of your love for your husband and the children you bear him.—M.E.

I'm glad to see that some husbands are so considerate. For those women wanting to prevent stretch marks, however, I can give you this tip: While pregnant, rub as much body lotion on your stomach and tits as is possible. The moister the skin, the less chance you have of emerging with stretch marks after the birth of your child.

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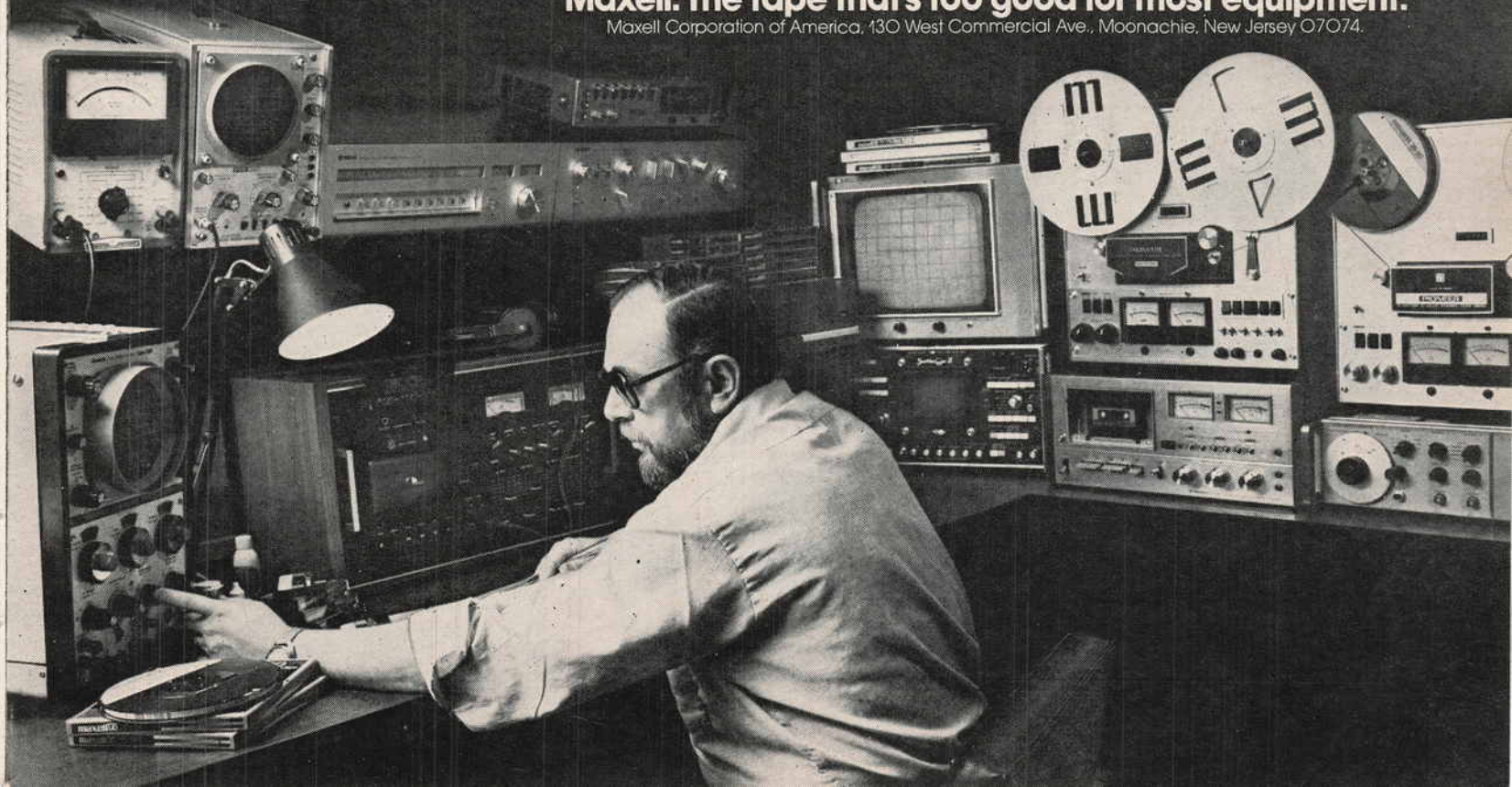

MAN WITH THE SCARVES

I'm a nineteen-year-old male, and for as long as I can remember, I've had a most unusual fetish for scarves.

I get horny as hell when I see a chick who's wearing a scarf and walking down the street. A number of times I've purchased some scarves just to wear them myself. It almost makes me cream in my jeans. My girl friend knows about my fetish and sees nothing wrong with it. Every time we go out she wears a scarf, because she knows how much it excites me.

When we have sex, my girl friend and I play a little game. She wears a scarf to bed and then proceeds to dangle some scarves in my face and over my cock until I'm ready to explode. I then slide my tool into her moist cunt, and it's pleasant dreams.

Do you see any harm in this? Have you ever heard of such a fetish?—T.W.

Quite a harmless fetish, I'd say. Why do you think women wear chains, necklaces, rings, perfume, makeup, and scarves? Just to turn themselves on?

You're better off having a scarf fetish than, say, a leather or rubber fetish. I'm sure more girls will agree to wearing a scarf to bed than will agree to dressing up in leather or rubber garb.

I myself love to keep a certain little piece of clothing or jewelry on while making love. What really turns me on is to tie a silk scarf around my man's erect penis and use it like a cock ring. Next time you're in bed with a girl, have her tie a scarf around your penis. It will give you a slightly tingling sensation, and the sight of the scarf like a flag on your own erect post will surely arouse you more than ever.

PRICK FLICKS

I recently moved into a new neighborhood. After getting my household settled, I needed to have my telephone installed. Not having met my neighbors, I thought I'd introduce myself next door and ask if I might use the phone to call the phone company.

When I knocked on the door of my next-door neighbor, the most luscious brunette opened it. She was wearing a long-sleeved negligee that hid very little. I could even make out the dark triangle between her legs. It was an effort to introduce myself and ask if I might use the phone. She smiled, saying her name was Joyce, and told me that I could, of course, use her phone. I entered the house, and she led me to the phone. There was no way I could suppress my growing erection. She asked if I might like a cup of coffee, and I answered her that I would. Anything to make my stay last longer!

When she returned, I'd finished my call. We began to drink our coffee and chat about our lives and interests and so forth. On several occasions I was sure I saw Joyce looking at the bulge in my trousers. She asked what my hobbies were, and after telling her, I naturally asked what hers were. She quickly said, "Pricks!" I choked on my coffee, and she continued, "Just like the one bulging in your pants. Why don't you take it out so I can see it?" That was all I needed to hear. I quickly unzipped my trousers and pulled my throbbing organ out.

"Beautiful!" she said as she knelt down in front of me. "Let me get my camera."

She ran off and returned with an instamatic camera. As I opened my mouth to ask what she was planning to do, she began to explain. She said it was her hobby to take pictures of pricks. She pulled a photo album from a shelf and said, "See—aren't they fantastic?"

I couldn't believe it. The pages were filled with all kinds of pricks: all sizes, shapes, and colors. She broke the silence by asking me if I'd like to be part of her collection.

"Of course, you get to fuck me if you do," she said. How could I resist?

First, she removed her negligee. By this time, my prick had expanded to its full proportions. I removed my clothes as she instructed. Then she had me sit on the corner of the chair while she took a closeup of my prick. Next she instructed me to masturbate. By this time something had to be done; so I quickly grabbed my prick and began to work it, during which time she knelt in front of me, snapping her pictures.

When she finally laid the camera down, she arched back against the arm of the sofa and spread her legs. "Now," she gasped. "Fuck me. I'm ready." I quickly stepped to the end of the sofa and drove my prick into her. In no time at all, we were both coming to a good climax—an off-camera but eminently picture-book ending.

The rest of the day was spent fucking and taking pictures. I also got some pictures of her cunt with which to start my own collection.—A pussy collector

A cock-snapper? Why not? Let's hear it for the women who dare to do what men have been doing for so long! It's about time that women started taking pictures of nude men. Look at the groupies who have plaster cocks made of famous rock musicians. Wait until you run into one of those girls! In fact, why don't you suggest to your friend that she start plaster-casting your cock? It's better than a picture.

AUTO-SUCK

I'm a male heterosexual, with absolutely no desire at all to become either homosexual or bisexual. I masturbate a lot, and I'm getting tired of the usual hand method. I would really like to jack off using my mouth, but my cock is only six inches and doesn't reach far enough for me to do so. I'd appreciate it very much if you would print some exercises to do to help a guy bend down far enough to suck himself off.—Mike

Anyone who can suck his own cock must have either the most incredibly stretched-out body or a very long cock—preferably both. The easiest position—and even this one is a killer—would be to sit on the floor near a wall, lie down with your head away from the wall, push your bottom against the wall, and throw your legs up in the air straight against the wall. Then put your legs back over your head. Your penis may now be close enough to your mouth for you to suck yourself off. If so, not only can you perform auto-fellatio, but you can also start working as a contortionist. There are easier ways to get off. Rather than doubling over, double up—with somebody else.

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What you may not know is that Vantage is also available in menthol.

Not surprisingly, what separates Vantage Menthol from ordinary menthols is that Vantage Menthol gives you all the flavor you want, with a lot less of the 'tar' and the nicotine that you probably don't want.

Now Vantage Menthol is not the lowest 'tar' and nicotine menthol you'll find. It may well be the lowest one you'll enjoy smoking.

Since you're the best judge of what you like about menthol cigarettes, don't just take our word for it.

Try a pack of Vantage Menthol and then you'll know for sure.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine,
MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.

THE AMOROUS ASTROLOGER

BY MARTINE

NOVEMBER 22 — # SAGITTARIUS — DECEMBER 21

THE SAGITTARIUS MALE

You think sex is a hobby. A fascinating one and full of challenges. For you, women are like empty bottles, which cry out for the cork.

The irritating thing is that everyone else seems to take sex so damn seriously. As a Sagittarian, you can be having a fine time with some delightful pneumatic playmate, laughing it up, enjoying each other's company. And then it's a bad episode out of "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" (in bed). What has gone amiss?

The fault, dear Sagittarius, really is in *your* stars. The symbol of this sign is the Archer, and the man drawing the bow can well be Don Juan. As a result you are buoyant, optimistic, and addicted to love (in its more visceral vein, of course).

Of course, you never get involved. At least, nowhere near as involved as women would like you to be. After you've drawn the nectar out of the flower, you want to move on to another likely bush, while remaining on friendly terms with your previous provider. And why not? It all comes out honey in the end, doesn't it?

Not necessarily. Many women yearn for a lasting relationship. With those women there is no middle way between love and hate. On the other hand, Sagittarian males like people—and need people to like them. Friendship means as much to them as love—if not more. Friendship is reliable and durable, and it isn't easily shattered by irrelevant emotions.

In truth, if you're a Sagittarian, you attract more than your fair share of admirers. Why? Because you're open, honest, cheerful, intelligent, and realistic. You relish reading as well as the interplay of lively ideas and fine conversation. You also like almost all forms of recreation and outdoor sports. Put all this together and you have what makes for an all-around companion of the first water.

Introducing the Jōvan International Collection for Men.

Six worldly aftershave/colognes. $3.50 each.

Six stimulating, very masculine scents make up the Jovan International Collection for Men.

They give you the power to make it all over the world.

Splash them on your face, neck or chest (or wherever), and experience the excitement of these great countries.

You may not become a sensual Italian. An irresistible Spaniard. A sophisticated Frenchman. A charming Irishman. A rugged Swede. Or even a dignified Briton.

But you will go far. Because women appreciate a man who knows his way around.

How far you go is up to you.

At fine stores everywhere. Jovan, Inc., 875 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611 ©1976 Jovan, Inc.

But the minute you see that possessive, domestic gleam shine in a woman's eyes, you start to pack. And you're probably doing her a favor. There may be some doubt about which men make the best husbands, but there can be no doubt that Sagittarians are the worst.

Men born under this sign are travelers. For them, happiness is that place just beyond the far horizon.

Gambling is a favorite vice. For Sagittarians, it's a speeding up of life—they like to be in action, winning and losing, always taking chances. They'll buck the odds at a racetrack or a casino, because they believe in luck. They'd bet on the chances of a celluloid dog chasing an asbestos cat through fire.

In business they are also gamblers. They're imaginative and clever, idea men who are ready to accept the new and use it. Sagittarians are usually successful, but they do take scary risks. They can't be depended on for the long haul, for they're better at organizing things and getting them started than at administrating and setting a stable course.

The Sagittarian male suffers from temper tantrums, but these usually don't last long. Basically, he's cool and self-possessed. Disappointment may make him moody or depressed, but he doesn't lament long over spilled liquor. He shrugs off a bad break; it has no more impact than a lone falling leaf.

He is an extravagantly friendly extrovert, exasperating, expensive to know, exhausting to keep up with. But everyone rallies round where he is because, well, because it's such *fun*.

The Archer is a true symbol. The bow is drawn; the arrow never leaves the hand. For him, the chase is all.

SAGITTARIUS AS A LOVER

If practice *really* made perfect, you'd be the world's best lover.

You'll take it where you can get it, at any hour of the day or night, and the place or position doesn't matter. Bathtub or boudoir, sandy beach or sofa, pool table or patio, they're all equal turn-ons. You'll screw on a freshly dug grave if that's where she wants it.

On the other hand, you don't consider sex to be a scene out of a paperback novel. You suspect there's been a good deal of propaganda on this subject. As far as you're concerned, sex is a very pleasant ritual, a way to get rid of tensions that can be expunged only in that special way—and the best fun going. Anyone who tries to pretend it's more—a soul-shaking experience—is just trying to build a house around a keyhole.

So, you make up in frequency what's missing in intensity. Fall in love at first sight, fall into bed at first opportunity, fuck frequently, and forget the follow-through—that's your philosophy. The more you get, the better it will be. And there's no such thing as too much—only *more*.

Sagittarian men like to combine oral and anal sex, and are accomplished at erotic massage. They have an inborn talent for arousing a woman with the simple light play of fingers on her body—particularly around the nipples and the soft flesh of the inner thighs.

Any man born under this sign who hasn't discovered his talents in this sort of foreplay can probably blame another tendency in Sagittarians: to consider the sex act something designed primarily, if not exclusively, for their own pleasure. They don't waste too much time dilly-dallying with preliminaries when the body is bent like a bow waiting for the arrow. They must learn to use the body as a sensual instrument to tantalize, intrigue, excite, awaken, and, finally, to *satisfy* a woman. In sex those that give shall receive.

One thing Sagittarians don't have to learn is how to keep sexual encounters unpredictable. One man I know *refuses* to make love in bed or at any definite time and place. He may take a woman under the dining-room table, on top of a billiard table, or in the woods during a weekend hike. His apartment building has a whirlpool bath and a sauna, and he's used both as sexual sites. He asked one girl friend not to wear undies when he took her to a restaurant. They made it in a booth in the men's room! At the movies he puts his coat over his and a female companion's lap so that no one sitting near will know what they're doing to each other. He carries a package of condoms so that he'll always be ready when the mood overtakes him.

A frequent problem for Sagittarians is premature ejaculation. One man I know often ejaculated not only before he could complete the act but also before a woman could finish undressing! He would ejaculate in a flaccid condition or during a conversation about sex. The slightest friction in the glans area caused him to pop off. Dibucaine and Ciba ointment helped a little, and so did lubricating the penis, so that he wouldn't get much friction from the vaginal walls. But what really proved effective therapy was his being able to concentrate entirely on his partner—taking his mind off himself and deliberately slowing down his pace to satisfy *her* needs.

That kind of consideration beats every exotic bedroom toy dreamed up by the connoisseurs of erotica.

A WORD OF ADVICE FOR SAGITTARIANS

Your frankness can be too blunt and too wounding; so try mixing in a little tact. And don't be impatient if things don't happen quickly enough to satisfy your restless nature. *In emotional relationships don't be content with the superficial and shallow.*

THE SAGITTARIUS FEMALE (WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW)

She's alert, lively, and will flaunt her cleverness. She'll let you know right away that she isn't interested in people who lack a sense of humor or who can't talk interestingly about a variety of topics. She practically has a sign posted: *Bubbleheads, Keep Out!*

When she walks into a crowded room, she immediately chooses her man. Her eyes review the pickings even while she's saying hello to her host. That smile she turns on you a short while later (or that request to "freshen" her drink) is not merely at-the-party politeness.

Of course, everything depends on how you shape up during the first meeting. She'll be friendly and charming even if she's decided to give you the go-by later. That's because she wants all present to like her, no matter how she may feel about them. You're at liberty to be her admirer, even if you're a dunce. A cat *can* look at a queen, you know.

The reason is that one of the striking qualities of this woman is her vanity. One Sagittarian television actress, in a leading series, takes "driving" vacations, alone, because she enjoys stopping at out-of-the-way restaurants and motels where she gets the startled recognition and admiration of outlanders.

The Sagittarian woman is also an exhibitionist. She will lounge at the beach in the briefest of bikinis and probably dispense with the top part so that she can get an "even" tan. She'll attend parties wearing necklines that go down to her navel. She doesn't go out for so much as a walk without making sure she's looking her alluring best—just in case. One of her most effective weapons is her ability to rouse the protective instinct in males. "Will big, strong Daddy-ums look after lil Baby Boojums?" You bet your last Confederate farthing he will! However, he'd better be able to afford her, for she doesn't come cheap: she sat down once in the lap of luxury and never wants to get up again. A man who wants her as more than just a pal had better be prepared to pay for the privilege.

She won't play coy. She knows how you'd like the evening to end. There's nothing cutesy about her approach to Topic Number One—she's almost too frank. As likely as not, she'll tell you how many lovers she's had, even what kind of action she's enjoyed with them. But if you think that's your invitation to her bedroom, think again. When the evening ends, the door may close gently in your face, unless you know the magic *Open, Sesame,* that will get you past all portals.

Here's some general advice:

Remember that she really wants to be your friend. She is basically kind and sympathetic, and hates to hurt your feelings. But she has to be honestly convinced that you respect her and that you won't just treat her as another chalk mark on the scoreboard of your conquests.

Once she feels she can trust you, she'll indulge your whims with pleasure. A Sagittarian friend told me her lover had a fetish about rubber. He liked her to wear a rubber leotard so that he could peel her out of it before having sex. As time went on, she added rubber gloves, a rubber bra and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 221

Holidays that memories are made of so often include DRAMBUIE

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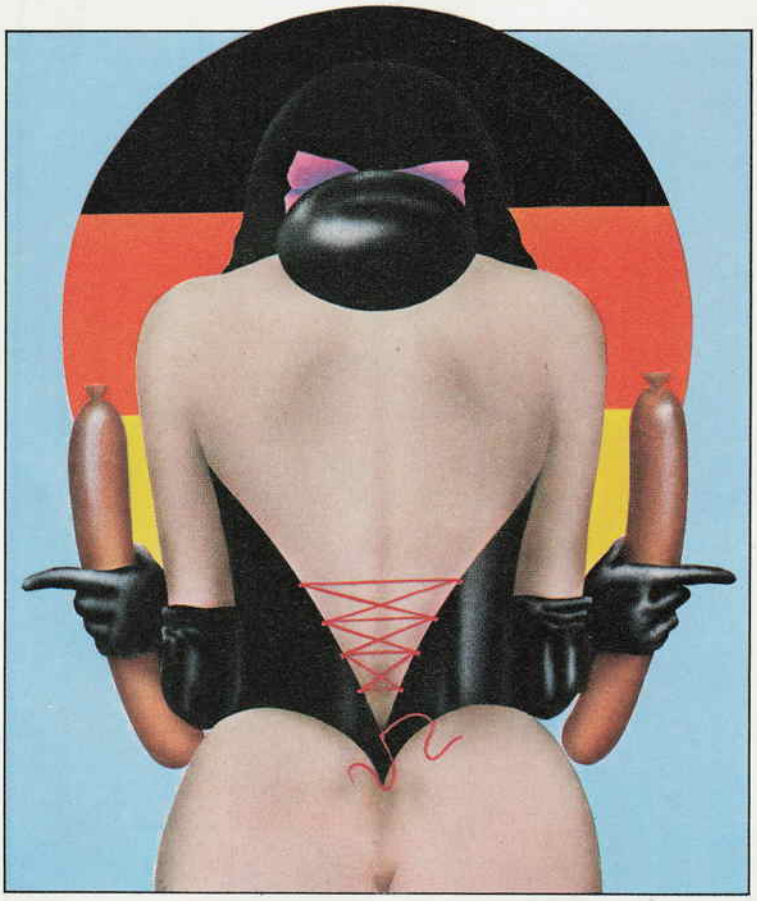
TRAVEL AND LEISURE



LUSTY GUIDE TO HAMBURG

BY ALLAN H. MANKOFF

Hamburg: the bawd and the beautiful—twenty legitimate theaters, five symphony orchestras, a renowned state opera, and a "downtown" area whose dignified architecture combines with two charming lakes, the inner and outer Alster, to rival Geneva for urban beauty. Oblivious of such allure, many of Hamburg's 1.8 million yearly visitors rarely emerge from the whores' beds to admire this, the most beautiful of the large German cities: 139 of its 285 square miles consist of rivers, lakes, canals, meadows, and woodlands (more than 500,000 trees; about one for every dollar spent per week in St. Pauli's sinbins and sexual sideshows).

Some of the best families are descended from followers of the Emperor Barbarossa, whose free-port declaration, announced in 1189, launched centuries of haughty economic prosperity based on world trade, shipping, and banking. Today, down by the fascinating Elbe harbor, 1,700 oceangoing ships dock a month, providing a pulsating background to the whoredom, boozing, wild live shows, and outrageous—and indeed sometimes dangerous—cabarets and bars that have made the area a sexual byword in Europe. In a typical seaman's *Kneipe* (pub or "joint") around Silbersackstrasse, Hafenstrasse, or Trommelstrasse ("Intense Bombardment Street") you have dawn-to-dawn opportunities for dancing with bar-maids and off-duty street girls (Hans Albers Platz, Friedrichstrasse, Gerhardstrasse, and other streets) to the moanings of tubercular hand organs. That enormous Hun of a bouncer might be mistaken for the matured fetus of a full-moon union between the Wolfman and one of the Amazons who wrestled in the mud of the defunct Bikini Club (Ian Fleming loved it). Well, he *might* if he were not so big and so ugly. Drinks are cheap around here—and so is human life. Go with big friends and a small wallet.

But Hamburg's "gentle" folk rarely prowl in the infamous St. Pauli-Reeperbahn area (12,000 residents, 3,500 registered prostitutes, many more "illegals," and even some female pimps). These *haupt* Hanseatics prefer their own "clubs," but they are willing to share them with us.

Be sure to dress elegantly if you decide to encounter one of Barbarossa's beautiful descendants on the exclusive terrace of the Alsterpavillon (c. 1797) at lunch or at very high Sunday tea. Next dine at Die Insel (Alsterufer 35; 45-10-55), admire the superb lakeside and skyline view, browse through the artist's exhibition, and cuddle around the fireplace. There is another cozy fireside until 4:00 A.M. at the smug Ambassador disco-nightclub in the Eppendorf district (2-6 Heinickenstrasse; 46-11-76).

Nearby is a somewhat more exclusive club in an even more exclusive residential district. Consider the fine oak paneling—as solid as its membership—of Library Club Rondeel (Sierichstrasse 74; 279-33-60), surrounded by the weeping-willowed canals and columned, balconied mini-estates of Hamburg's serene Winterhude quarter. (It's a lovely sail from the city center, and boats are easy and cheap to rent.) Rondeel is a particular favorite of international publishers and other book business*men*, who are among the thousands of visitors to Frankfurt's celebrated annual Book Fair (recently held) who have grown weary of that tawdry town's unattractive Grazy Sexy eros center (Elbestrasse 53, if you must know). They should move the Book Fair to Hamburg, if only because Club Rondeel has some bindings and braille work that would shame even the British Museum's library. (It has the largest pornography collection in the world, outside the Vatican.)

Some of the discreet librarians recently beheld at Rondeel were themselves first editions (aged from twenty-one to thirty), and most are best-sellers. (Two read Heine, incidentally, and one plays chess.) Browsers, in this library of sexual congress, are treated as cordially as buyers (two dollars for a sherry). However for sixty to eighty dollars (one Deutsche Mark equals about forty U.S. cents) librarians will accompany one to the small reading rooms (which have large beds); their knowledge of the subject is encyclopedic. So that one understands everything, the walls have mirrors—handy for the connoisseur of back numbers and house organs in reverso. And there are excellent cigars in the humidors.

Speaking of cigars, there's a lady who may be at Amphore Club who smokes them for a living and hookahs and "cigarettes," too (St. Pauli Hafenstrasse 140; 31-52-09 or 3-80-08-90; you *must* book, but *don't* tell Rudi I sent you . . . inquire about audience participation).

Hamburg is a relatively tame town so far; yet, thanks to the infamous St. Pauli district—which has more action than Billy Graham's vision of Sodom—this German city trails Amsterdam and Paris as the world's champion sex city by less than a pussy's whisker.

A "million kilometers" from the elegant Outer Alster, and an eight-DM cab ride (about $3.20; the meter drops at $.64), is the twenty-four-hour Hotel International Sauna (Simon-von-Utrechtstrasse 81; 31-68-96). It's not only mixed but Waring-blended as well. So are Saunas Oasis in the Reeperbahn and at Hans Albers Platz 15A, as well as Saunabad Hotel in Kleine Freiheit. There you'll find sons and daughters of sea cooks and sea cocks in the sweat box, rather than shipping tycoons and heiresses; off-duty strippers and method actors from Grosse Freiheit's many hard-core live shows; the odd—to put it gently—transvestite or transsexual; and a mixed bag of other refugees, perhaps from Camelot Ladies' Disco-Club (Hamburger Berg 13, first

Illustration by Terry Pastor

floor, above the hotel). This last is a "Dial-a-Dike" service: telephones at the tables, fingers in the pockets; from 5:00 P.M. to 11:00 A.M.

The Reeperbahn, just a few blocks off the blustery Elbe-North Sea inlet—Europe's third-largest port—is almost prudish compared with other St. Pauli streets. There are no pros in the venerable middle-class Cafe Keese (number 19/21: "More marriages made here than in heaven or hell"). It is a great tourist novelty, for house rules insist that *the lady* ask the gentleman to dance. (Whatever the problem, the Germans seem always to have a rule to solve it. Or a machine.)

Other ladies, mostly younger and prettier and some of them having completely lost their amateur standing, prefer the gamey Café Menke (Reeperbahn 31-35; 10:00 A.M. to 7:00 A.M.), the oldest Hamburg coffee house "of its type," circa 1912. Frederick Forsyth favored Chérie Tanz Café (Steindamm 7, in the mildly lusty St. Georg District near the Main Station), or, rather, his *Odessa File* protagonist, Peter Miller, did. My choice is Café Lausen (Reeperbahn 59), and not simply because it offers a silver-serviced tea (so does Chérie). It also has extraordinary spicy soups. (This is the best soup town I know; Hamburg even has chocolate and cherry soups.) Accompanying the superb shrimp soups are some of the most succulent off-duty schoolteachers, secretaries, and nurses in North Germany (up to fifty on duty from 7:00 P.M. to 7:00 A.M.). Hot meals are from five dollars, but if the seasoning inflames blood vessels, the delicious nurses may administer full, sixty-dollar relief treatments, perhaps in that classic clinic nearby, The Club Hotel (Reeperbahn 52).

According to the well-displayed photos, and a bar girl, Mohammed Ali once floated by, but only—be assured—for a $2.40 drink at the bar (the Butterfly had fruit juice). At the street-level entrance I pressed the call button, waited a couple of minutes (while the manager upstairs carefully scrutinized me on the closed circuit TV), and the door was electronically buzzed open.

I went up a long flight of stairs into a room with extravagant silken wallpaper and twinkling crystal chandelier illuminating the lavish but tastefully equipped bar. *This* is the Club *Hotel*?

"This is the Club Hotel," nodded the bar man.

"But where's the check-in desk . . . and the rooms?"

"Here you may register," the bar man said, indicating the bar with a soft shrug. "I am the room clerk, and these"—bowing with his shoulders to the four Marlene Dietrich types grooming the stools—"these are the charwomen."

"Okay. I'd like to see a room."

"Single or double?"

"Double."

"Fine," said the bar man, "because we *have* only doubles."

In fact, the Club Hotel has only a few

CONTINUED ON PAGE 223

How to earn your stripe on the tennis court.

Get your first serve in.
Don't be ashamed to wear whites.
Get your first serve in.
In mixed doubles, aim for the woman. But if the woman is better, by all means aim for the man.
Get your first serve in.

Off the court you can earn your stripe by serving our Stripe.
Usher's Green Stripe Scotch.
A fine Scotch Whisky, at a very decent price.

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The Usher's Tennis Catalog, featuring Dunlop racquets and equipment, is available, free.
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Who needs More?

If you want a cigarette that delivers more, you need More. The 120mm cigarette.

More is longer and burns slower. So you can enjoy the smooth taste puff after extra puff.

More is styled leaner. In burnished brown. For good looks as well as good taste.

So, if you want more, get More. It's just like any really good cigarette.

Only there's more of it.

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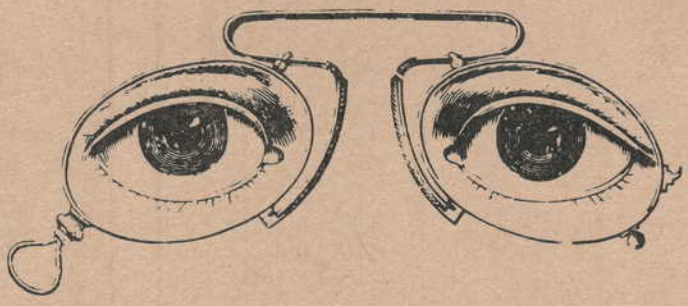
FILTER: 21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine,
MENTHOL: 21 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE FBI

The Federal Bureau of Investigation has been receiving more exposure than the Fernwood Flasher recently, and many citizens now feel really bugged by The Bureau. But even though the FBI remains one of the nation's most publicized institutions, most Americans are ignorant about how this organization actually began and grew to such grotesque proportions.

In fact, the FBI was born quite by accident in 1919, when J. Edgar Hoover and Elliot Ness, while trying to peep at a few beavers in parked cars, stumbled onto a group of Bolsheviks who were brewing bootleg borsch in the Catskills. Hoover tasted the brew, pronounced it a "red menace"—and thus a soon-to-be-legendary crime-fighting organization and its enduring slogan had come of age.

President Woodrow Wilson wanted to appoint Ness as The Bureau's first director, but Ness couldn't get out of his ABC television contract. So Hoover got the job by default. Hoover never forgave Wilson for the slight, and for the rest of his life he refused to acknowledge that America had won the First World War. He also began his bizarre habit of rummaging through presidential trash cans.

Hoover's behavior—and his affinity for garbage cans—can best be explained by his peculiar background. He was born the runt of a litter of English bulldogs, which created in him a pronounced inferiority complex. These feelings of inadequacy remained, even though young Hoover finished at the top of his obedience class.

Hoover and the FBI blew their big chance to achieve national prominence during the 1920s, when they refused to admit the existence of Al Capone, Lucky Luciano, Frank Nitty, and a cast of assorted hooligans who were then shooting up Chicago. In fact, Hoover, who thought Cosa Nostra meant "Pepperoni Pizza," refused to acknowledge the existence of organized crime until 1963, when an intrepid undercover agent informed him that the Vito Genovese Family of New York had achieved nuclear capability.

It wasn't until 1934 that The Bureau really came into its own, when agents gunned down Public Enemy Number One, John Dillinger, outside a Chicago movie theater. The unsuspecting Dillinger had been set up by the mysterious "Woman in Red," and Hoover was so pleased that he immediately ordered all agents to wear red dresses and matching accessories. This sartorial scheme greatly curtailed the gangbusters' success at busting gangs; but in the following year three agents married Wall Street tycoons, one lived in sin with a prominent senator, and another became the first burlesque stripper to work with live snakes.

Hoover himself, even though he never wore a dress of any color in public, was easily the most famous G-man of them all. And to scotch persistent rumors that he was also the most cowardly, The Director arranged in 1937 to capture singlehandedly the notorious bank robber and peeping tom, Alvin ("Old Creepy") Karpis, in New Orleans. All was going well until Hoover remembered—too late—that he had to go to the toilet. So the six hundred seventy-nine agents who were "assisting" The Director made the arrest after a six-hour shoot-out.

During the 1940s and 1950s, the FBI's chief obsession was the ferreting out of enemy aliens and Communist party members. Day after day, agents infiltrated the American Communist party apparat and later wrote best-selling books about their adventures among the Reds. But The Bureau was eventually embarrassed when a clerk from the Government Accounting Office examined the Communist party's books and discovered that 95 percent of all dues-paying members were FBI agents, who charged all their dues and all their vodka on their Bureau expense accounts. The agents were forced to turn in their cards, and the American Communist party had to file for bankruptcy.

Hoover managed to survive this embarrassment, but his star seemed finally on the wane in 1961, when the John F. Kennedy gang took over Washington. Hoover hated younger brother and Atty. Gen. Robert Kennedy because Kennedy was always blowing smoke rings in his face, and this bothered The Director because he never saw Bobby actually smoking anything. And he despised Jack Kennedy even more because he was certain the president had had carnal knowledge of an order of blini at the Russian Tea Room in New York City.

Hoover thought things would be better when Lyndon Johnson became president, but he was sorely mistaken. Every time The Director entered the Oval Office, L.B.J. would immediately spread newspapers on the rug. Then he would lift Hoover off the floor by the ears and pat him fondly on his tonsure. The only president Hoover liked was Nixon, who invited The Director to his Key Biscayne home, where they would short-sheet Bebe Rebozo's bed and then drive into Miami and moon the Cuban community.

But, like all presidents since Wilson, even Nixon would sometimes lose patience with Hoover. This was due to The Director's quaint habit of never permitting his chauffeur to make a left turn. So presidents were left fuming every time they invited Hoover to a White House reception because The Director unfailingly ended up in Hot Coffee, Miss., where he would phone—collect—and say he couldn't

make it but would like a rain check.

When Hoover died in 1972, the FBI donated his body to science; but science returned it because it arrived with postage due. Hoover was succeeded by L. Patrick Beige, a former navy captain whose most notable naval achievement was misplacing the aircraft carrier *Lexington*. Beige was fired during the Watergate hearings for drawing mustaches on Sam Ervin's photos and was replaced by William Ruckelshaus, who in turn left in a fit of pique because none of the agents could spell his name right.

Many people believed The Bureau was finally in hands as firm as Hoover's when, in 1973, Clarence Kelley was named the new Director. But Kelley immediately ran afoul of the FBI bureaucracy. Each evening, when he returned to his apartment, Kelley was surprised to find that it had been newly decorated with expensive furniture. The card, attached to the sofa, said only that the plush appointments were gifts from his "Friends at The Bureau." When Kelley asked who his friends were, all the agents laughed loudly. It was always difficult for Kelley to get any

UPI

Clarence Kelley.

cooperation at all from his underlings. In the three years he served there, and no matter how urgent he said the need was, no one ever gave him a key to the men's room. And the FBI agents threatened to tell columnist Jack Anderson if Clarence Kelley ever tried to break in illegally.—*Arthur Cooper*

SCENES

THE GOLDEN TURKEYS

Can you buy a hit? Does promotional money really convert show-biz dross into gold? Are the successes of popular entertainment bought and paid for in advance by publicists?

Nothing in the entertainment world is ever a sure thing, but you can certainly cut the odds against failure if your product is properly hyped. Ultimately, of course, a success in show business is really the result of popular acceptance and mass desire. What can you do, no matter how much money you spend, if your book, movie, musical, or singer is hopelessly dull? (Where would Ed McMahon be without Johnny Carson, after all?) By the same token, all those bright young men on Madison Avenue would have to go on welfare if they couldn't occasionally transform turkeys into hits.

True, there have been disastrous campaigns for books, films, and Broadway shows. Last January producer Hal Prince opened Stephen Sondheim's *Pacific Overtures* on Broadway to lukewarm reviews. Instead of closing the musical immediately and losing the production's entire expenditures—$800,000—Prince gambled on a big TV promotional campaign, gave the show a six-month run (despite poor box-office receipts), and lost . . . $1.2 million.

Look at a film like *The Fortune*—starring Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson—which was presold left and right to the media. It was dreadful, and audiences stayed away in droves. The same goes for *Lucky Lady*, with Minnelli, Hackman, and Reynolds.

There is in Hollywood a magic formula about profit that goes something like this. If a picture costs x dollars, you have to make back at least two and a half times that amount just to break even, because of the expenses in advertising, distribution, theatrical fees, and so forth. This means that a $5 million picture had better turn at least $12 million if the producers are to realize a penny of profit. Currently, the cost of Dino De Laurentiis's remake of *King Kong* is nearly $30 million, meaning he has to gross more than $70 million before Dino can even pay off a new Fiat.

On the other hand, a wise, crafty, ballsy publicity campaign can turn a mediocre picture from a critical disaster into an absolute blockbuster. Such was the case with last summer's demon thriller ***The Omen***. Months before its opening, there was relatively little word on the movie. It had big, but not really bankable, stars—Gregory Peck and Lee Remick. The novel on which the movie was based was no *Jaws*. The director, David Seltzer, was an unknown quantity. The film cost only $2.8 million to make, a relatively small sum. It was made in England, with numerous special effects, and the press was *not* flown in to cover the location shooting. All the omens for *The Omen* seemed dark.

So, the studio—Twentieth Century Fox—decided to create a campaign that would rival *Jaws*'s for word-of-mouth blitzing.

"The key was the ad," says John Lee, national publicity director for Fox. "We didn't know what to expect from the critics; so we tried to build up a following with the audience by having two waves of sneak previews. The ad simply read, 'Good Morning. It's one day closer to the end of the world.' As a matter of fact, I watched them put up the poster in a subway, and next to it was standing a Catholic nun. I wish I had had a camera. Anyway, these sneak previews were packed with people who got scared out of their seats, and they told their friends. We also had the critics come to those previews, because this kind of film wouldn't have gone over well in a room full of just forty critics. But they would pick up the

The Omen: *was its success bought and paid for in advance?*

Anne Rice: a profitable debut.

positive audience reaction.

"We had to fight the belief that only schlock movies are horror films, and that this was a class act. We were to open on a Friday, which often means you're worried about critics' reviews (which go relatively unread on Saturdays). So, we built up word-of-mouth over a six-week period. And then the final ad in the newspapers was simple and terrifying—just a little boy standing in a shadow having a demonic shape."

Fox risked losing its audience and the critics by such tactics, but by spending $3 million on advertising and publicity—$200,000 *more* than the film cost to make—they turned a chancey product into the biggest blockbuster of last summer. It didn't hurt the sale of the book either, which was linked to the opening of the picture and used its advertising.

Books are even riskier than movies when it comes to hitting the status of blockbuster. Whereas only about 300 films open in the U.S. in a year, there are more than 20,000 book titles to choose from. Consequently, publishing companies are not willing to take chances on new, untried authors. But when an editor believes he's caught onto something that will catch on, the pursuit and selling of the new novelist is the next best thing to a madam hawking her new virgin.

So, when Vicky Wilson, an editor at Knopf, got wind of a first novel, ***Interview With a Vampire***, by an unknown named Anne Rice, she thought she'd have an immediate best-seller. Anne Rice's agent, Phyllis Siedel, was hustling the manuscript about an immortal bloodsucker with a taste for male specimens at a writers' conference in Squaw Valley. I mean, the *book* was being hustled in Squaw Valley—not, God forbid, male specimens. The Knopf editor thought it "brilliant"—which in publishing means a big book, not necessarily a very good one. This was two years ago. Knopf bought the book, subjected it to some editing, changed the ending, and cut it considerably. Then the feelers went out. What you must understand is that publishing hawks will never wholly starve: there are too many luncheons and cocktail parties to attend where one can push a book. The people at Knopf pushed and pushed, telling everyone that this vampire book was going to be *very*, very big, to get in while you can, and so forth.

Last February there was an auction held for the paperback rights—three months before the book even hit the stalls. Finally, after much haggling, Ballantine Books paid out $700,000 for the rights, and that meant that Ballantine would be spending plenty to advertise. Meanwhile Knopf pushed the still-unpublished work at the magazines, especially the lucrative ladies' market, and *Mademoiselle* published an excerpt. The Literary Guild took it as an alternate selection for its club members. Remember: this book had never been read by anyone but those who conceived it, edited it, and set up its type.

Word of mouth built, helped along by full-page ads in the trades and the *New York Times*, announcing that *Interview* was "Spellbinding . . . Thrilling . . . Hypnotic . . . Strangely Compelling"—terrific blurbs from mostly second-rate reviewers. Anne Rice even went on "The Tonight Show"—something few novelists get a crack at. When the book finally hit the bookstores, it sold 2,400 copies in one week. By June the sale was up to 25,000. It had hit the best-seller list fast and made its mark, and now Ballantine would have an assured winner. As of summer's end, it was off the *Times* best-seller list. But think of the movie rights!

Pouring out enough money and hype can even save a big Broadway production, one that looks, to all intents and purposes, like a real loser: a musical that was reportedly in dire trouble, changed directors on the road, and had its closing notice posted the night it opened. I'm talking about a piece of lukewarm fluff like Broadway's Tony Award–winning ***The Wiz***, an all-black version of the all-white *Wizard of Oz*.

A young hustler named Ken Harper brought the original idea for the show to Twentieth Century Fox, which liked it and even gave him $650,000 of "overcall" money—cash you may spend if the show looks like it might be troublesome. The production was mounted with relative unknowns—including a sixteen-year-old girl named Stephanie Mills—opened out of town to wretched reviews, built some word-of-mouth allegiance, but previewed limply in New York. It was losing money fast; and, even though reviews were "mixed," press agent Sandy Manley began filling the empty seats with young writers and disc jockeys, who responded enthusiastically to the largely soullike music of the show.

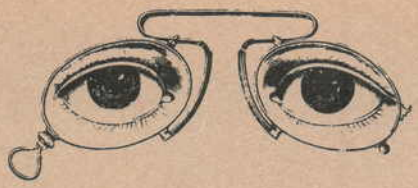
Harper nevertheless talked Fox into footing the bill for another month, during which time he lined up television spots built on the "Ease on Down the Road" number. That spicy little melody clicked. People carried it around in their heads—and 101 commercials over a two-week period never let you forget it.

Fox nevertheless saw no future in the show, dropped its standard option for the usual record album, and was ready to write off the loss on taxes. Atlantic Records, tuned in to the verve of the show's music, picked up the option. The album was not recorded live but done instead in a studio, as any rock or pop album would be. It was smoothed out, vibed up, and carved into an LP you need not relate in any way to the show in New York.

After a few nervous weeks, the show started to find its audience, young people between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five. It's still running—at a gross of over $100,000 a week—and it somehow picked up the prestigious Tony awards—more often than not awarded to shows that closed six months before the ceremony. No one makes the claim that *The Wiz* is great theater or even a great musical. It's bubblegum Broadway, sold and packaged with all the tricks and gimmicks of the trade.

Now, that's all fine and good if you've got Twentieth Century Fox or David

The Wiz.



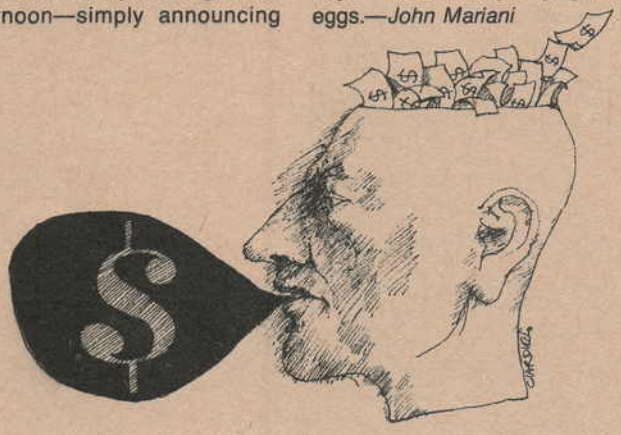
Merrick or somebody big and powerful risking his tax-shelter money on you. But what if you're just a guy (and his agent) trying to make it to the big time—Las Vegas, the supper clubs, the chorus girls, the whole pie—without big money behind you? What do you do if you're a nice Italian kid from Long Island with a voice about as interesting as your name—Lemongello. No, you don't neccessarily call the local mob chieftain, à la *The Godfather*. Instead, you call a guy like press agent Dick Gersh, who handled **Peter Lemongello**'s sinking career and has given him a shot at the Al Martino–Vic Damone mantle of white "mood" singer.

Limongello (with an *i*), as he was named at birth, had been in show business for eight years, bringing in a whopping $23,000 gross for all those soiled tuxedo jackets. He had gone in and out of the business, even had a few record contracts (that went nowhere), and auditioned fifteen times for Johnny Carson; he finally got on, and *that* led to nothing significant. He had had seven different agents, and he had little or no money.

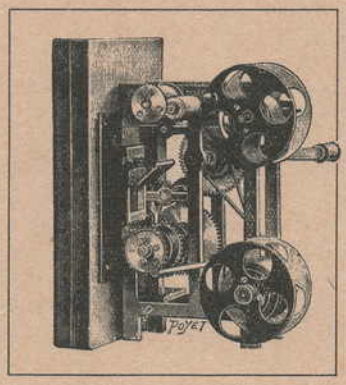
Then, with the investment of $390,000 from business associates, the new Peter *Lemon*gello—he changed the name to alert the housewives at the supermarket shelves—took Gersh's advice and made a television commercial and a two-record album (not an established record label). Then he blitzed the local channels with commercial after commercial in the cheaper time spots—after the late movie, in the early morning, in the afternoon—simply announcing that something ambiguous called "Love '76—a Mood Rock Experience" was about to sweep the country. Then a leisure-suited Peter Lemongello, his eyes all gooey and glistening and his boyish countenance quivering, faced the camera and sang some inane lyrics about being unable to get you off his mind. Soon he was selling the album over the airwaves for $6.98. He first did two weeks of commercials, then followed that with eight more weeks, and by the end of that period the orders for Lemongello albums were coming in by the truckload.

It became impossible to avoid Lemongello, even if you only watched television once every five days. This campaign cost upward of $100,000, but Lemongello has made it big; and now he is not only in demand at big-name local clubs, fairs, and auditoriums, but also starting to play Vegas and—*Mamma mia!*—can be seen on prime time. As a result of Lemongello's saturation advertising, other artists have taken up the media blitz; and once highly popular singers like Sergio Franchi are enjoying a renaissance by re-recording their old hits and hyping them on TV, in a fusillade of sentiment, like so many Veg-a-Matics.

Marshall McLuhan was absolutely right on target when he said that the medium *is* the message. All you need is a little exposure. None of the examples cited here can be characterized as a new high in art or even entertainment. A new high in hype? Perhaps. Even turkeys occasionally lay golden eggs.—*John Mariani*



FILMS



FESTIVAL AFTERTHOUGHTS

Movie-business buffs could probably tell you when, almost down to the month, about a dozen years ago the bottom fell out of the foreign-film market in the U.S.

The reasons aren't mysterious, though probably no single one of them is the key. The drop in movie-going generally, the sophisticated public's disenchantment with the notion that anything foreign was better, the loss of the college audience to drugs and rock (that audience is now coming back), the failure of any major film movement to succeed the early-1960s' fashion of the French New Wave—all these are causes, all valid. More important may have been the growing permissiveness of American movies. Sex without subtitles—a real change from that innocent time when distributors would splice extraneous nude-bathing scenes into Ingmar Bergman films because that was how to sell a Swedish movie.

Yet foreign movies remain important. Not because they are better than American films; on the whole, they aren't. But they are different, and in ways that go much deeper than spoken language, and that defeat every pretense that cinema is somehow, automatically, universal. It isn't; it's multi-national. We need all the access to it we can get. There doesn't have to be an American movie like *Jules and Jim*, but there has to be a way for American audiences to see it.

Not long after *Jules and Jim*, and riding on the crest of the prestige given movies by the New Wave, America got its first international film festival, the New York Film Festival, now in its fourteenth year. The New York festival, held each fall at Lincoln Center, scored an immediate success with its audience but not with the local critics, who had too many other things to do and felt something on the order of, "Who needs it?"

Now it turns out that the critics need it. It gives them copy, it shapes their taste, it ensures at least a trickle of new films chosen for quality and not just because they might make a lot of money. Sometimes they do make money. *Last Tango in Paris* was a Festival film. Its director, Bernardo Bertolucci, had been in the Festival since he started, in the early 1960s, long before he became a commercial proposition. Some other filmmakers, like the great Frenchman Robert Bresson or the young Germans Fassbinder and Herzog, could hardly exist here without the festival, which imports their work and shows it to critics and public before anybody need take a commercial gamble. It's an elite public, naturally, and there's an especially sharpened set of critical expectations. But then not every movie is *Jaws* or *The Life and Times of Grizzly Adams*.

Some of the new films from this year's festival can now be seen in national distribution. By now both Eric Rohmer (*My Night at Maud's*, *Claire's Knee*) and Francois Truffaut (*Jules and Jim*, of course, and *Day for Night*, *The Story of Adele*

Francois Truffaut.

The Marquise of O . . . : *the consequences of seduction.*

H.) have become so regular with the festival as to be virtually institutions. Truffaut's current movie, ***Small Change***, deals with a group of kids, very young to early teenage, during part of one year in a small French city. Their teachers and their parents aren't slighted, but here it's mostly the kids with their own adventures—a subject that has preoccupied Truffaut since his earliest movies, *Les Mistons* and *The 400 Blows*. With a cast of dozens and no central character to speak of (except for one young boy who falls romantically in love with a friend's mother, only to suffer the humiliation of having her fail to recognize his advances), the film is stronger in anecdote than it is in cohesive story. But Truffaut's special gift for taking kids' concerns seriously, coupled with his understanding of how *not* to milk his material, allows his slice of provincial life to generate more meaning—and certainly more good humor—than most of what you'll see this season.

Eric Rohmer's ***The Marquise of O . . .***, in German (Rohmer himself is French) and based on a novella published in 1808 by Heinrich von Kleist, takes its story from the account of an aristocratic young widow who, having earnestly sworn never to consider another man, and therefore at a loss to explain why she should suddenly find herself pregnant, advertises in the local newspaper for the father of her unborn child to make himself known. The material is comedy. But Rohmer treats it with such reserve, respect, and, in a sense, formality, that he uncovers more feeling than it would seem such a farcical plot could offer. The film is ravishing to look at, with its cool blues and grays and its soft Empire styles, like a succession of paintings by Ingres or David. But in its sexual intrigue, its understated eroticism, it is totally a piece with Rohmer's major lifework: the six films making up the "Moral Tales," an elegant, amused, intellectual investigation of the causes and consequences of seduction.

The festival always has problems getting American movies, partly because the big studios have generally been afraid of letting a film seem that highbrow (unless they had no hopes for it in the first place). Some interesting movies have come in this way—for example, *Five Easy Pieces*, *The Last Picture Show*, *Mean Streets*—and also a fair number of pretentious duds. The leading American entry this year wasn't a fiction film at all, but rather a four-and-one-half-hour documentary, ***The Memory of Justice*** by Marcel Ophuls, son of the magnificent Max.

Much of the material is European; but Ophuls made the film here (he has been teaching at Princeton) for an American company, Paramount, and with an American, former Army General Telford Taylor, as principal speaker and point-of-view character. Taylor was chief U.S. counsel at the Nuremberg trials after World War II. In its skillful interview technique (a refinement on Ophuls's earlier *The Sorrow and the Pity*), the film deals with those trials, and also with the fates of some of the defendants, of some of the witnesses against them, and of the prosecutors—now that France has the memory of Algeria and America that of Vietnam to live down.

Comparisons between, say, Nuremberg crimes and Vietnam are easy to make. They were made with boring regularity in the late 1960s and early 1970s by some of the people, like Daniel Ellsberg, who appear in the film. But Ophuls doesn't easily or casually make comparisons. His aim isn't to judge, but to reflect on judgment—with the aid of, among many others, the thoughtful patriot Taylor; "repentant" and "unrepentant" Nazis such as Armaments Minister Albert Speer and Adm. Karl Doenitz; an escaped victim, French politician Marie-Claud Vaillant-Couturier (a brilliantly moving episode); the Jewish violinist Yehudi Menuhin, who played in Berlin just after the war as a first step toward healing the wounds. I couldn't summarize Ophuls's *The Memory of Justice*; it doesn't need summation. It does need attention, and a feeling for the form that emerges from bringing together so many disparate pieces of insight and information over so many hours. Give it that, and you may discover as much about the rewards of film as about the nightmares that have haunted our last thirty years.—*Roger Greenspun*

Bettmann Archives

Hitler and Nuremberg.

WORDS

COFFEE-TABLE SEX

Christmas books are obscene. Can these large, hard-cover works—big, expensive, and innocuously pretty—possibly possess socially redeeming value? While they are hardly perennial Xmas favorites, sex books at least serve a purpose. For this Christmas, why not give the gift that keeps getting everyone off all year round? Whatever one's age, sexual persuasion, or kink, there's something here for every person on your holiday gift list.

When *New York* magazine's Gael Greene writes an erotic novel, you know it's going to be the class act of the sex books. But don't let that discourage you. ***Blue Skies, No Candy*** (Morrow, $8.95) is a great masturbatory gift, and there is no plot, no real characters to get in the way of one's sexual release. A New York career woman experiences lots of good old raw humpin' and pumpin'. Slick and sophisticated, of course.

If your friends like their fictional sex a little trashier, Joyce Haber's ***The Users*** (Delacorte, $8.95) just fits the fireplace stocking. A taste of Haber's prose: "Now the hot, sticky sperm exploded into her mouth. It tasted, she thought, like soap. In Helmut's case, it had tasted like salted yogurt." Is this what makes an El Lay Sally run? To be sure, this is the Hollywood roman à clef to top them all. Let Truman Capote have his East Coast society gossip. If Haber's novel doesn't make the

An Italian courtesan.

best-seller list, then we all deserve to live without Jackie Susann.

Shere Hite's ***The Hite Report*** (Macmillan, $12.50) is the sleeper of the erotic books. For her study on female sexuality, Ms. Hite interviewed hundreds of women, asking them dozens of personal questions concerning their private sex lives. Sound dull? Look again. Once you cut through all the statistics and feminist polemics, you'll find that these womanly true confessions are positively prurient. Respectable *and* racy! The perfect gift for your feminist friend who'd really just like to go back into her closet.

Any prostitute in need of liberation deserves a copy of Georgina Masson's ***Courtesans of the Italian Renaissance*** (St. Martin's, $10.00). This is a scholarly yet highly readable book, and its primary thrust is Masson's view of the courtesan's social respectability during the Italian High Renaissance. Perfect for the coffee table. If only the black-and-white illustrations were in color.

If you loved J. Frederick Smith's *Sappho: The Art of Loving Women*, you might like his ***Sappho by the Sea: An Illustrated Guide to the Hamptons*** (Belvedere, $7.95). Smith's first *Sappho* book was the archetypal coffee-table sex book: chic, soft-core sex, shot through misty filters. *Sappho by the Sea* follows two *Vogue*-like lesbians—for the most part clothed—around the Hamptons, a Long Island resort area, on a rainy day in May. The publisher calls this book "downright silly," and he's right. Find something else for your X-rated Christmas tree.

The above selections are masturbatory aids. But what about gift books for those with special sexual dysfunctions? If you choose correctly, a Christmas gift can be an ever-so-subtle hint to your friend that he or she has a problem.

If you've been meaning to tell your boyfriend about his impotence but couldn't find the words, try sticking a copy of Sheldon Shellman's ***The Virile Man*** (Stein & Day, $8.95) in his Christmas stocking. The book won't cure his problem, but it may serve as a good warning. If Dr. Shellman ("Just call me 'Shel'") is any example of a sex therapist, the profession is a chancy business—for the patient. Mary Worth's advice has more spine. Also, the doctor's case histories of ten flaccid men are strictly ho-hum as potent erotica.

The same reservation goes for ***You Can Be Your Own Sex Therapist*** (Putnam, $7.95), by Carole Altman. This therapist believes in contracts—sex contracts signed by both partners; that is, pieces of paper entitled the "Full Sexuality Contract," the "Non-demand Contract," the "Non-penetration Contract," and the "Let's Really Try Contract," which list the shalt-nots of a couple's sex play. As if our governmental bureaucracy hasn't provided us with enough paper work, we now have red-tape sex. The book's one plus: some lovely graphic drawings. Not a bad gift for illiterate friends.

Everything you wanted to know about love but never bothered to think about is explored in Joseph and Lois Bird's ***Sexual Loving*** (Doubleday, $7.95). As a Christmas gift, this is a dubious bet. No one should really be asked to wade through the Birds' cutesy analogies or their passages of purple prose regarding "the experience of love." The authors are emphatic on the point that their work not be regarded as a how-to book, and they've almost succeeded. But not all is lost. One can still garner a few applicable tips from *Sexual Loving*. Did you know that bondage, on a purely physical level, really does increase the sexual tension of one's orgasm? Which is nice is know, if you've been feeling a little weird just because your girl friend likes to tie you up at night.

One of the best sex books out is ostensibly for adolescents, and ***The Young Person's Guide to Love*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.95) is just that. Written by Morton Hunt, this work is straightforward and never condescending. Hunt even explores such touchy subjects as sadomasochistic attractions, homosexuality, and the love between pimp and prostitute. After all, why shouldn't children have an X-rated Christmas, too? It helps to put the X back into your Xmas.—*Robert Hofler*

J. Frederick Smith

Sappho by the Sea: Vogue-*like lesbianism in the Hamptons.*

SOUNDS

THE POP PUSSYCATS

A new breed of female vocalists has recently brought an edge of hard-core to pop music. Indeed, a surprising number of recent pop hits have deserved an X rating. Obviously—since these three-minute doses of orgasmic breathing and stick-it-in-me-keep-it-in-me-don't-ever-pull-it-out-of-me lyrics are being played all over AM radio—it's those nice, clean, goody-goody kids in Middle America who must be scooping up the singles and albums. You know, those same people who support such professional pop virgins as the pristine Marie Osmond, Tennille (and her Captain), Olivia Newton-John, and Karen Carpenter.

At last this audience has a new type of female pop star to adulate. Her lips are glossed, the face is rouged, her breasts heave, and her skirts are slashed up to the navel. A pop-rock pussycat! Each could pass for the lead in a rock-music version of *The Happy Hooker*. Bad-baddies, each and every one of them—and they all add some welcome spice to pop's currently enervated state.

The most successful of all thus far has been **Donna Summer**. A mere slip of a young woman, Donna Summer appeared in both the New York and German productions of *Hair* and then settled down overseas to make her breathy music in Munich.

"I didn't know how far heavy

breathing could take you," Donna remarks. And she's right! Her twenty-two grunted, groaned, gut-wrenching orgasms in just about fifteen minutes make "Love to Love You, Baby" one of the hottest records in many a year. In addition to this apt demonstration of Music To Masturbate By, Donna has supplied a follow-up album, *Love Trilogy* (Casablanca). This disc includes such tunes as "Try Me, I Know We Can Make It," and "Come With Me." Obviously, Donna Summer doesn't have anything else on her mind.

As a form of pleasant, sweetly sung disco-pop, these newer tunes may not heat up your bed on a cold winter's night, but First Lady of Love Ms. Summer nonetheless achieves an "A" for effort. After all, I've tried her music, and I'm convinced that I can make it.

Andrea True: from porno movie houses to greaser bar venues.

Less than one year ago, **Andrea True** was known only to a small coterie of porn-flick aficionados, who admired her for a determined, on-screen pelvic technique. While she didn't use her vocal chords for much more than gurgling, Andrea always wanted to be a singer. With "More, More, More," she's become a top singing sensation in a matter of months. The song that kicked off this success will win no awards for lyrical subtlety. As a slippery disco band throbs behind her, a dirty-minded female chorus asks the vocalist how she likes it. And so the honey-voiced Ms. True breathlessly responds, "More . . . more . . . more . . ."

Inspired by the fanatical response engendered by this hit, True formed a band, The Connection, and released her first album, *More, More, More* (Buddah). Since then, she's been gigging around the nation at numerous, unusual venues, ranging from greaser bars to racetracks (usually inhabited by trotters). While the rhythm section pumps out a dose of musical thunder, the group's two guitarists provide an able, if not exactly sensuous, musical assault. Downstage, a quartet of appropriately greasy dancers slip and slide to the music like four tablespoons of Mazzola oil on a hot griddle. Diva True, however, refuses to be upstaged. Resplendent in rhinestoned, white vest and matching skintight slacks, Andrea and her "more . . . more . . . more . . ." prove capable of converting a concert into an audience-participation show. While she may not be the next Diana Ross, she's no piker either.

Lest you think that all of these new sex queens of pop are disco versions of Mamie Van Doren, there's also the innuendo-laden **Deborah Harry** of the group Blondie. With her delicate features and platinum locks, Ms. Harry could pass for a youthful Marilyn Monroe. But with hair frizzed out to *there*, she is in reality a rock edition of Little Orphan Annie. Onstage, this ex-Playboy bunny—part innocent child, part supersexpot—comes on like a tigress. Dressed in the barest of leopard skins, she wraps herself around such goodies as "X-Offender" and "You Look Good in Blue" (Private Stock) while her band kicks out bare rock with searing intensity. Onstage, Deborah Harry is really Candice Bergen playing Annette Funicello in Sam Peckinpah's remake of *Beach Blanket Bingo*.

And then there's **Vicki Sue Robinson**. She has the best—if not the hottest—pipes of today's sexy new singers. Chalk it up to experience! Robinson has sung in Broadway productions of both *Hair* and *Jesus Christ Superstar*, in addition to singing lead in a rock group called The Sadistic Mica Band. Riding high with a hit LP, *Never Gonna Let You Go* (RCA) and a big hit single, "Turn the Beat Around," Robinson sings herself breathless as she combines soul, disco, and Latin music with dazzling ease. She also attacks straight pop with a lion's share of raw enthusiasm. In the process, she demonstrates that you don't have to act out the act of making it to make it. Talent can be a pretty sexy thing in the hands of a performer who knows what to do with that talent. Robinson is the one who does!—*Henry Edwards*

Deborah Harry of Blondie.

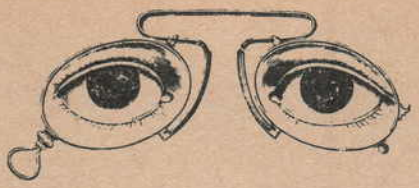
UP FROM THE ASH CAN

If you've ever seen **Tom Waits** performing his low-life songs and monologues or heard his albums, you have this *image* of him offstage: wired and wasted, but still maintaining his ironic smirk as he hunches over some greasy counter in a too-bright, after-midnight diner, squinting at the intense yellow of egg yolk and lightly tapping his foot to some interior, street-time shuffle.

Strangely enough, after a long afternoon of talking to Waits—in the Wooden Nickle Coffee Shop, on the beige lunatic fringe of Hollywood—I found this image to be more accurate than any post-Watergate American has any right to expect. When I ask him if he thinks his audience is responding to his "ashcan school" subject matter as nostalgia, he gives a stylized shrug.

"I haven't the faintest. Maybe so, but it ain't nostalgia to me. I never write about anything I don't *know* for a *fact*. Poor people haven't gone away, you know. They're still out there: the flops and the fleebs, the diners and the bus stations, the greasy spoons, the old spades with their trumpets tucked up under their trench coats in paper sacks. Maybe it's old fashioned to write about them? If so, fuck it."

As he walks to the counter for another cup of coffee, it occurs to me that the standard identification of Waits with the Beat Generation is a little narrow. In truth, he holds to a literary ethic much older, one which traces itself back to Stephen Crane and which holds that a writer must *earn* the right to the sources of his poetry. It is a moral imperative, one which is just as strange today as it was when Crane announced that only by living the life he described in *Maggie, A Girl of the Streets*, did he earn the right to rhapsodize on the sinister glamour of the Bowery by night; or to describe that peculiar, lurid shade of blue seen only in the sky above that boulevard in the moments before the sun comes up, out of Brooklyn, to gild the tops of the tenements and make them as gaudy as Venetian palazzi. Just



so, when Tom Waits tells you that

> . . . over at Chubbs Pool
> and Snooker
> it was a nickle after two,
> and in the cobalt steel-blue
> dream smoke, it
> was the radio that groaned
> out the hit parade
> and the chalk squeaked,
> and the floorboard creaked,
> and an Olympia beer sign
> winked through a torn yellow
> shade, old Jack Chance
> himself leaning up against
> a Wurlitzer and eyeballin' out
> a five-ball combination shot,
> impossible, you say? hard
> to believe?

Perhaps, but you can be sure that Waits has been there and—what's more surprising—that he will be there again. For even now, with three albums out and *Small Change* (Asylum) just released, with a burgeoning cult of fans who can fill up any showcase club in the country, Waits still chooses to live in the midst of a gorgeously seedy, self-imposed poverty, a professional transient embarked upon a perpetual, economy-class pilgrimage through the steppes and far provinces of his beloved American night.

Three days before I spoke to him in Los Angeles, he had just completed his most successful tour to date—four months, by *bus*. And while the band disported itself in Holiday Inns, Waits retired to the same flops and fleebs he had patronized as a San Diego high-school drop-out, drifting, slinging hash, and playing a little piano on the side.

Waits is technically right, I guess, when he denies having a *home*. But he does admit that the route of his pilgrimage crosses itself most often at the Tropicana Motel on Santa Monica Boulevard in Los Angeles; it serves as his *post restante* when he is on the road and as his *pied-à-terre* when he is in L. A. To those who care about such things—and Waits is one who does—"De Trop" (as it is called with some accuracy) is something of a landmark in its own right. Janis Joplin always stayed there, as did Hendrix, Dennis Hopper, and many others. Sandy Koufax used to own it; and Andy Warhol found in its plaster walls and ranchette decor the perfect mirror for his vision of radical bland, and so immortalized it in his aptly titled film, *Trash*.

Waits: "Everybody I like is either dead or not feeling very well."

When I arrive, the place is jammed with what looks like the original cast of the *Day of the Locusts*. But even so, Waits isn't hard to spot, huddled with two friends at a miniscule table, his face partially obscured by the nicotine-stained fingers holding a Lucky Strike, eyes shaded by the greasiest newsboy's cap west of the Mississippi. He looks for all the world like some Horatio Alger hero, created in grimy detail, situated in squalor, and then, by chance, abandoned by the author: his rise to riches and success left unimagined.

When I introduce myself, he leaves his friends and joins me at another table. His talk is not different from his onstage patter, a gruff, elliptical growl which is a close approximation of the loud, biteless bark of the Bowery wino. I ask him if he doesn't feel a little self-conscious using that mannerism onstage for people who have never *seen* a wino, much less talked to them.

"Hell, no, it's an *act*! It's got to be stylized *because* most people don't know the patois. It's still me, but with all the ifs, ands, and buts removed. I get drunk, you know, but I ain't *a drunk*. I've lost a lot of women and money, but I ain't *a loser*. Onstage you got no time for such fine distinctions. The guy onstage is a vehicle for the songs and the monologues."

Well, I ask, how did he *get* into doing monologues? Was that a debt he owed to the Beats?

"Nah, not really. I'm interested in telling stories, orally; in catching that street rhythm and making it into . . . well, I hate the word poetry—what's *poetry*, for Christ's sake?—into something which has some art to it, but made out the way people talk out loud, you know. Somebody will tell me a story, and I'll have it all up here," he says, tapping the bill of his cap, "but it'll take a long time to make it into something you can tell on stage and still capture the *feeling* of the street. That's the real American language, you know. But you asked me how I started doing them? Well, out of fear and necessity. First, I don't sing that great, and second, I used to go out and open shows for Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention. For those crowds, it don't matter if you sing. They come for the rap. You got a hall full of Mother's freaks, and it's rap or *die*, man! How long you been playing guitar?" he asks suddenly, pointing to the calluses on my fingers. And then, before I can answer, he says, "Let's get out of this crapper. I can't hear myself think."

Out in the bleary glare, he nods and says "My short, man," indicating a massive, black '54 Cadillac four-door. "Hang on, I got to go 'round—the door on your side don't work." Nor does the air-conditioning, and it's about 120 degrees inside; and the initial cigarette butt must still be nestled in the bottom of one of the overflowing ashtrays. The backseat is filled to window level with books, boxes, papers, and suitcases, atop which an acoustic-guitar case rides precariously. After several false starts, we lurch off into traffic.

"Can't stay gone too long. I got to go visit my Dad this afternoon. He teaches science at a junior high school around here, and I haven't seen him in six months or so. Let's try the La Cienega Bowl. They got a great bar there," Waits says, and wheels a sharp right.

The bar at La Cienega Bowl is indeed *great*. Tall, dark, and cool, with Naugahyde-covered stools along a counter that faces a window, through which one can watch various Chicanos bowling away their unemployment checks. Unfortunately, the bar is also closed.

"It *is* a great bar," I say.

"Great bar? What do you mean, 'great bar'? If you can't get a drink, it's the lousiest bar in the world. We might as well settle for the Wooden Nickle," he says, and we plunge out into the heat again.

When the Cadillac is once again ambulatory, I ask Waits if there are any of his contemporaries he feels any musical affinity for, and he looks at me incredulously. "Well, Satchmo is dead," he says, and then thinks for a long moment before he continues. "You can quote me on this: Everybody I like is either dead or not feeling very well." He nods with a deep satisfaction. "Yes sir, you can quote me on that," Tom Waits says, and scoots down behind the wheel of his short.—*Dave Hickey*

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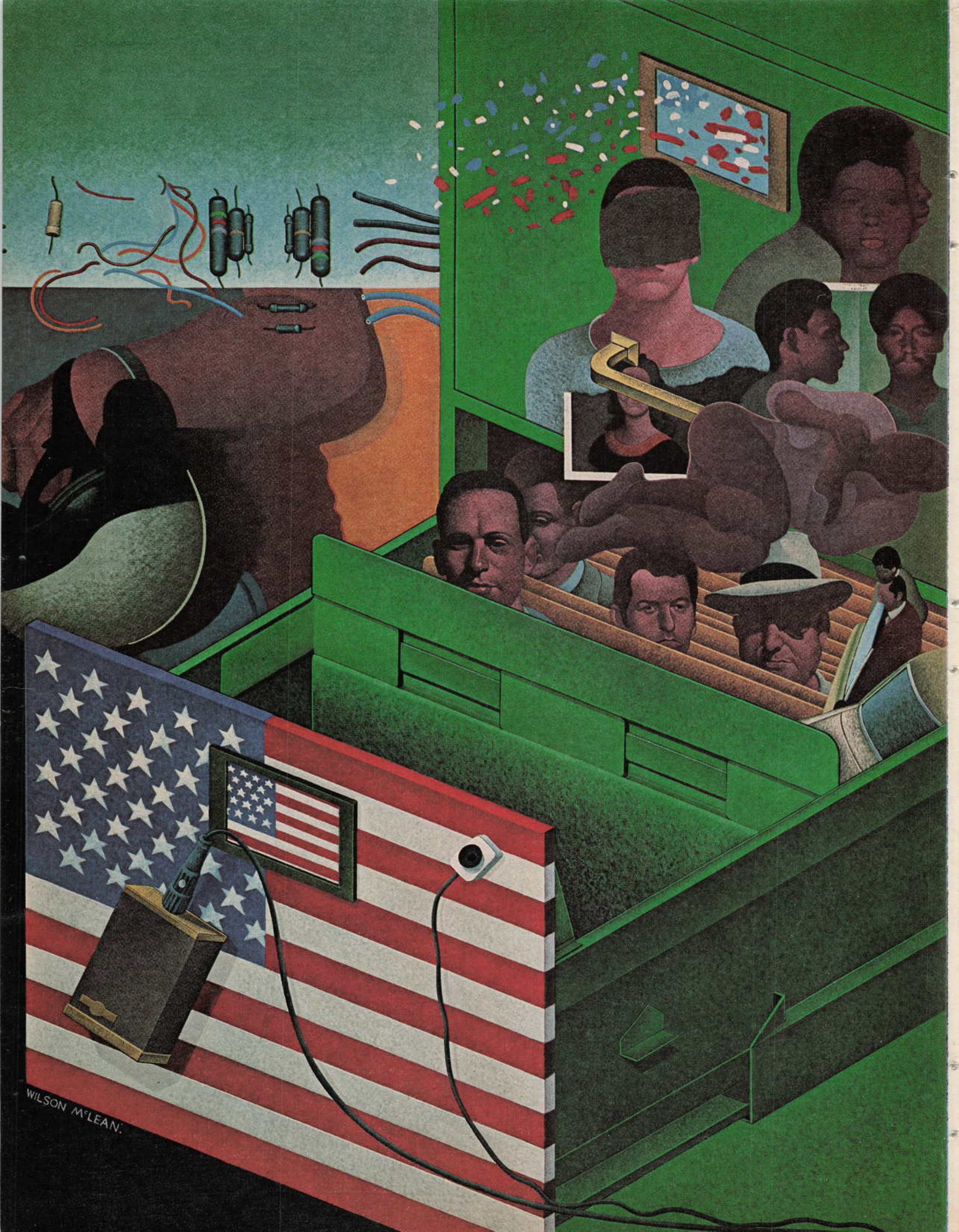
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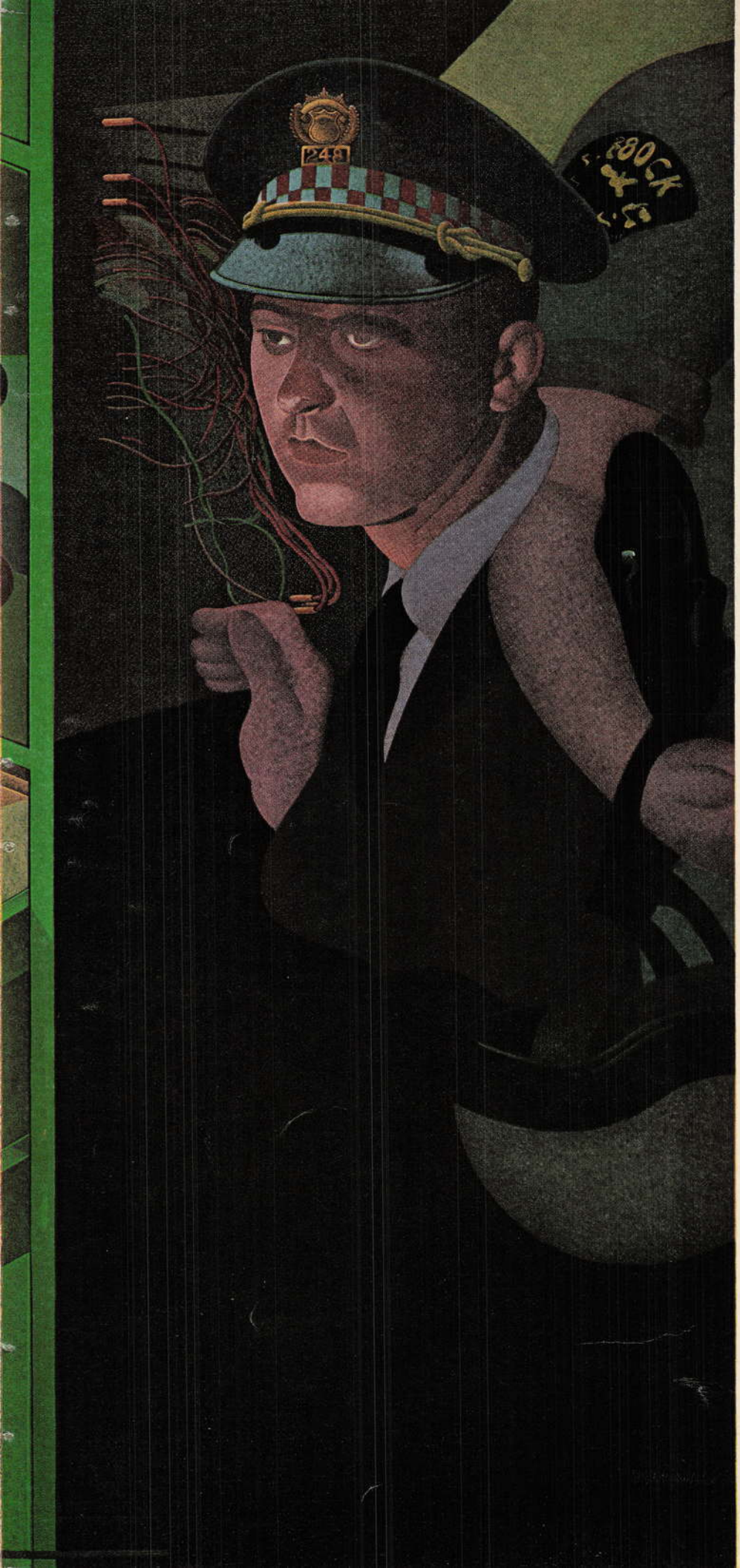

EXCLUSIVE!

This clandestine web of police spies links almost every major city in the United States and Canada. But it is so secret that few people even know it exists and so powerful that it does as it pleases while answering to no one.

AMERICA'S SECRET POLICE NETWORK

In today's society blackmail has replaced physical force as the currency of political power brokerage. J. Edgar Hoover knew that power lies between the manila covers of a personal dossier, and he used that knowledge to build and maintain his empire for almost half a century. The FBI, the CIA, and virtually every other agency given the authority to spy to defend us from foreign or domestic enemies have sooner or later gone off the reservation and used their power to steal our liberties.

In contrast to the CIA and the FBI, the Law Enforcement Intelligence Unit is a little-known organization; in fact, almost no one has ever heard of it. But its power is considerable, and its potential threat to our freedom is enormous.

The LEIU links the intelligence squads of almost every major police force in the United States and Canada. Although its members are sworn police officers who work for state and city governments, it is a private club, not answerable to voters, taxpayers, or elected officials. It cuts across the vertical lines of authority of local government, for its members hold certain allegiances to the group that cannot

BY GEORGE O'TOOLE

be countermanded by a mayor, a county manager, or even a state governor.

The organization forms a vast network of intelligence units that exchange dossiers and conduct investigations on a reciprocal basis. Several of the police departments belonging to the group have recently been caught in illegal wiretapping, burglary, and spying on the private lives of ordinary citizens. The LEIU is, in effect, a huge, private domestic-intelligence agency.

"The LEIU is not a secret organization," says Lt. Ray Henry, chief of intelligence for the Long Beach, Calif., Police Department and the organization's national chairman. "The LEIU is so secret that, until recently, even its existence was usually denied," says Douglass Durham, a former Des Moines police officer who claims to have worked as an undercover investigator for the group. If the LEIU is not a secret society, it may as well be. Several Washington, D.C., lawyers who specialize in personal privacy and civil-liberties cases told me that they had never heard of the organization. Even among many police officers, the LEIU is something of a mystery. One former California cop thought the name referred to the Los Angeles Police Department's intelligence squad. And an investigator for a California district attorney's office described the LEIU as "extremely hush-hush, extremely low-profile."

The LEIU's low profile has succeeded in keeping the organization out of public view for twenty years. The group was founded in March 1956 at a secret meeting called by Capt. James E. Hamilton, then commander of the Los Angeles Police Department's intelligence squad, and by several other senior California police officials. Representatives from twenty-six police and sheriff's departments in seven western states attended the meeting and became charter members. By 1967 the organization had grown to include seventy police forces across the United States, and by 1975 more than 225 law-enforcement agencies were involved, including six in Canada.

"The thing is a monster network," says Lake Headley, a former Las Vegas deputy sheriff who belonged to the LEIU in the late 1950s. "It was Captain Hamilton's brainchild. He wanted to take police intelligence away from the FBI. Police departments do the street-level work to collect information, and Hamilton didn't like the idea of turning it over to the FBI and making them the monitor; so he formed the LEIU to circumvent the FBI's network. It was established to form an intelligence network independent of any federal agency. The LEIU is a combination fraternal organization and functioning intelligence agency."

The LEIU is divided into four geographic zones: eastern, central, northwestern, and southwestern. Each zone is governed by a chairman and a vice-chairman. Nationally, there are also a general chairman, a general vice-chairman, a secretary, and a treasurer. The national and zone officers comprise a twelve-member executive board, which governs the organization. The LEIU holds national and regional conventions every year. Lake Headley describes the conventions as "big club meetings."

It's not easy to join the LEIU. When applying for membership, a police force must be sponsored by another agency already in the LEIU and must be endorsed by three others. All members are notified of the application, and the LEIU carries out a thorough investigation of the applicant agency and the officers who work for it and will take part in LEIU activities. Finally, the executive board votes on the application.

"It's a very selective, very elitist sort of thing," says former member Lake Headley. "In a local intelligence squad you kind of look to the LEIU man to jump into a phone booth and come dashing out in a Superman suit."

The protective cloak of obscurity shielding the LEIU from public view was briefly lifted last year when the Houston, Tex., Police Department left the organization.

THE SECRET LEIU MEMBERSHIP LIST

The following confidential membership list of the LEIU was compiled in October 1973 and is probably still at least 90 percent accurate. The following abbreviations are used: Co.—County; P.D.—Police Department; D.A.—District Attorney; S.D.—Sheriff's Department.

ALABAMA
Dept. Public Safety

ALASKA
State Troopers

ARIZONA
Dept. Public Safety
Phoenix P.D.
Scottsdale P.D.
Tucson P.D.

ARKANSAS
Little Rock P.D.

CALIFORNIA
Alameda P.D.
Alameda Co. D.A.
Alameda Co. S.D.
Albany P.D.
Anaheim P.D.
Berkeley P.D.
Buena Park P.D.
Butte Co. S.D.
Concord P.D.
Contra Costa Co. S.D.
Daly City P.D.
El Cerrito P.D.
El Dorado Co. S.D.
Emeryville P.D.
Fremont P.D.
Fresno P.D.
Fresno Co. S.D.
Fullerton P.D.
Garden Grove P.D.
Hayward P.D.
Humboldt Co. S.D.
Huntingdon Beach P.D.
Imperial Co. S.D.
Kern Co. S.D.
Lodi P.D.
Long Beach P.D.
Los Angeles P.D.
Los Angeles Co. D.A.
Los Angeles Co. S.D.
Marin Co. D.A.
Marin Co. S.D.
Modesto P.D.
Monterey P.D.
Monterey Park P.D.
Napa P.D.
Napa Co. S.D.
Newport Beach P.D.
Oakland P.D.
Ontario P.D.
Orange Co. D.A.
Oxnard P.D.
Palm Springs P.D.
Palo Alto P.D.
Pasadena P.D.
Piedmont P.D.
Placer Co. S.D.
Pomona P.D.
Redlands P.D.
Redwood City P.D.
Richmond P.D.
Riverside Co. S.D.
Sacramento P.D.
Sacramento Co. S.D.
San Bernardino Co. S.D.
San Diego P.D.
San Diego Co. D.A.
San Francisco P.D.
San Joaquin Co. S.D.
San Jose P.D.
San Leandro P.D.
San Luis Obispo Co. S.D.
San Mateo P.D.
San Mateo Co. D.A.
San Mateo Co. S.D.
San Pablo P.D.
San Rafael P.D.
Santa Ana P.D.
Santa Barbara P.D.
Santa Barbara Co. S.D.
Santa Clara P.D.
Santa Clara Co. D.A.
Santa Clara Co. S.D.
Santa Cruz Co. S.D.
Santa Rosa P.D.
So. San Francisco P.D.
Stanislaus Co. S.D.
State Division of Law Enforcement (Central Coordinating Agency)
Stockton P.D.
Torrance P.D.
Tulare Co. D.A.
Tulare Co. S.D.
Ventura P.D.
Ventura Co. D.A.
Ventura Co. S.D.
Vernon P.D.
Walnut Creek P.D.

COLORADO
Boulder P.D.
Bureau of Investigation
Denver P.D.
Jefferson Co. S.D.
Littleton P.D.

CONNECTICUT
Hartford P.D.
New Haven Police Service
State Police

DELAWARE
State Police

FLORIDA
Dade Co. Public Safety Dept.
Dept. of Law Enforcement
Duval Co. S.D.
Fort Lauderdale P.D.
Hollywood P.D.
Miami P.D.
Orlando P.D.
Tampa P.D.

GEORGIA
Cobb Co. P.D.
De Kalb Co. P.D.
Muscogee Co. S.D.
State Division of Investigation

HAWAII
Hawaii P.D.
Honolulu P.D.

IDAHO
Boise P.D.
Dept. of Law Enforcement

ILLINOIS
Chicago P.D.
Cook Co. State Attorney's Office
Rockford P.D.
Skokie P.D.
State Police

INDIANA
State Police

IOWA
Bureau of Criminal Investigation
Cedar Rapids P.D.
Des Moines P.D.

Inver's in in Tokyo

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Houston police officials announced that their department was resigning from the LEIU after it had received requests from other member agencies for information on the private lives of people with absolutely no criminal connections. In one instance cited by the Houston officials, a California police department asked for a full-scale investigation of a highly respected Houston businessman who had requested a liquor license to sell beer in a chain of grocery stores in California. The inquiry reportedly included a request for information about the man's investments, business associates, family life, and even his sex habits.

LEIU national chairman Ray Henry denies the allegation, describing it as "a bunch of sour grapes." The Houston Police Department didn't quit the LEIU, according to Lieutenant Henry. "They were kicked out by me because they had something like 200 officers indicted for illegal wiretapping. We're not going to put up with that kind of crap." Lieutenant Henry said that he had a postal-registration receipt to prove the Houston Police Department was expelled from the LEIU prior to its announced resignation, and he added that the present Houston chief of police had denied the earlier charges by his subordinates that the LEIU spied on noncriminal subjects.

The self-proclaimed sensitivity of the Houston cops to the privacy of ordinary citizens does seem a bit implausible in view of the department's own record, which has recently come to light. Houston has been the scene of one of the major police-spying scandals of recent years, involving the department's Criminal Intelligence Division, the FBI, and the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company. The affair probably was the cause of Houston's expulsion from the LEIU, although Lieutenant Henry's pious condemnation of the department's illegal wiretapping serves to mask what is probably the LEIU's true reason for expelling the Texas cops.

In 1973 Houston elected liberal Democrat Fred Hofheinz as mayor. Hofheinz promptly made good his campaign promise to replace Houston's hard-line, law-and-order police chief, whose department had frequently been charged with brutality to blacks. Hofheinz's new chief, Carroll M. Lynn, soon discovered that under his predecessor the police department had carried out a ten-year program of political spying. The Criminal Intelligence Division had amassed dossiers on more than a thousand noncriminal subjects. Most of the individuals spied upon were liberals, black activists, or civil-libertarians, although the cops had also taken an interest in some conservatives. Chief Lynn found dossiers on liberal Congresswoman Barbara Jordan and conservative Congressman Bob Casey. There was also a thick file on Fred Hofheinz, the new mayor.

The police spy files were chock-full of personal information, often including sexual gossip, and much of the data could have been acquired only through wiretapping. Texas has no state law for regulating wiretapping, and under a 1968 federal statute, local police in such states are forbidden to tap phones under any circumstances; electronic eavesdropping can be done only by federal agents with court orders. Chief Lynn launched an internal investigation in order to determine how the information in the files had been obtained. The probe disclosed that the Houston police had conducted more than a thousand illegal wiretaps during a seven-year period.

The files of the Houston Criminal Intelligence Division were sequestered on the order of a federal judge and were turned over to a federal grand jury investigating the affair. The sequestered files included not only the standard CID dossiers but also one full set of the special files of the LEIU—the complete assortment of intelligence information that Captain Hamilton and his successors had succeeded in keeping out of the hands of the federal authorities for almost twenty years. In the words of Lieutenant Henry, the Houston cops had permitted the LEIU files to be "seized by civilians," and it is this surrender, rather than the telephone tapping, that seems the

KANSAS
Bureau of Investigation
Wichita P.D.

KENTUCKY
Louisville Div. of Police
State Police

LOUISIANA
Jefferson Parish S.D.
New Orleans P.D.
Shreveport P.D.
State Police

MAINE
State Police

MARYLAND
Baltimore P.D.
State Police

MASSACHUSETTS
Dept. of Attorney General
State Police

MICHIGAN
Dept. of Attorney General
Detroit P.D.
Flint P.D.
State Police
Warren P.D.

MINNESOTA
Bloomington P.D.
Bureau of Criminal Apprehension
Minneapolis P.D.

MISSISSIPPI
Highway Safety Patrol

MISSOURI
Gladstone Public Safety Dept.
Kansas City P.D.
State Highway Patrol
St. Louis Co. Dept. of Police
St. Louis Metropolitan Police Dept.

NEBRASKA
Lincoln P.D.
State Patrol

NEVADA
Clark Co. S.D.
Las Vegas Metro P.D.
Reno P.D.
Sparks P.D.
State Gaming Control Board
Washoe Co. D.A.
Washoe Co. S.D.

NEW HAMPSHIRE
State Police

NEW JERSEY
State Comm. of Investigation
State Police

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque P.D.
State Police

NEW YORK
Buffalo P.D.
Mount Vernon Police Dept.
Nassau Co. P.D.
Nassau Co. D.A.
New York City Police Dept.
Rochester P.D.
Suffolk Co. P.D.
Waterfront Commission -N.Y. Harbor

OHIO
Bureau of Criminal Identification & Investigation
Cincinnati P.D.
Cleveland P.D.
State Highway Patrol

OKLAHOMA
State Bureau of Investigation

OREGON
Eugene P.D.
Medford P.D.
Multnomah Co. D.A.
Multnomah Co. S.D.
Portland P.D.
State Police

PENNSYLVANIA
Philadelphia Co. D.A.
State Police

RHODE ISLAND
State Police

TENNESSEE
Nashville Metro P.D.

TEXAS
Amarillo P.D.
Beaumont P.D.
Corpus Christi P.D.
Dallas P.D.
Department of Public Safety
Fort Worth P.D.
San Antonio P.D.
Wichita Falls P.D.

UTAH
Ogden City P.D.
Provo P.D.
Salt Lake City P.D.
Salt Lake Co. S.D.

VERMONT
State Police

VIRGINIA
Fairfax Co. P.D.

WASHINGTON
Seattle P.D.
State Patrol
Tacoma P.D.

WISCONSIN
State Dept. of Justice

WYOMING
State Attorney General

CANADA

ONTARIO
Canada Department of Manpower & Immigration
Niagara Regional Police Force
Ontario Provincial Police
Toronto Metro P.D.
Windsor City P.D.

QUEBEC
Montreal Urban Comm. P.D.

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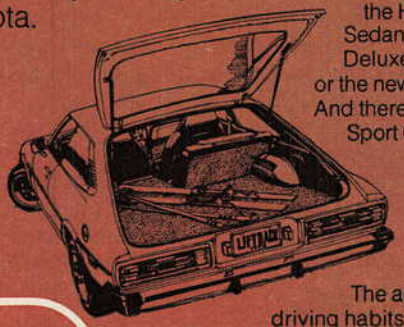

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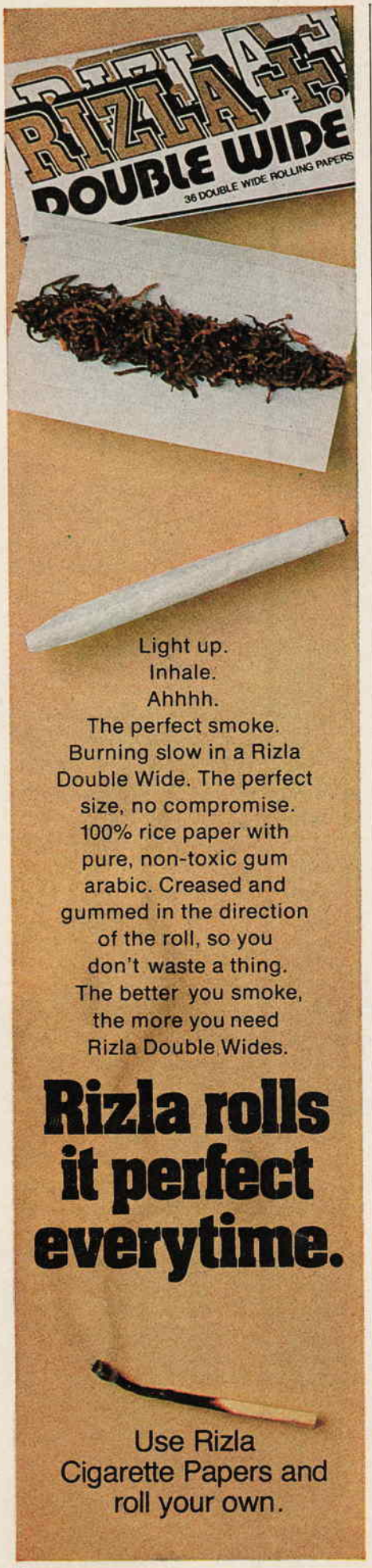


"The LEIU flatly refuses to show its files to anyone who is not a member—including FBI agents."

more plausible explanation for Houston's expulsion from the LEIU.

Custody of the LEIU's files is the most sacred trust that the organization bestows upon its individual members. The LEIU not only withholds its files from the FBI and other federal authorities but also flatly refuses to show them to anyone who is not a LEIU member. Former member Lake Headley recalls that access to the locked LEIU file cabinets could not be shared by two officers working on the same case unless both were LEIU members. (Today all officers assigned full-time to the intelligence squad of a regular member agency are considered LEIU members and have full access to the files.) In some instances a police officer is designated as an "affiliate member" of the LEIU, meaning that he, but not the police department for which he works, belongs to the LEIU; he is the only person in the entire department who may look at the LEIU files. Even a request by the chief of police or by the police commissioner would have to be refused.

Both regular and affiliate LEIU members are forbidden to show the organization's secret dossiers to "civilians." It makes no difference that the chief of police is appointed by the mayor or the city council and serves at their pleasure; he cannot obey any order to make the LEIU files available to them.

"We've had numerous cases where some political figure has tried to gain access," Lieutenant Henry told me. "We had an agency not so long ago where our members voluntarily resigned from LEIU and returned the files because they weren't sure they could keep their mayor away from them. Nonmembers don't have the need to know or the right to know."

Freedom-of-information and privacy laws enacted by the federal government and several of the states give every citizen the right to know what is in government files, especially dossiers in which his own name may be, but the LEIU is completely exempt from such laws. The LEIU is a private club and therefore not subject to freedom-of-information or privacy laws. Thus the LEIU files are more secret than those of the CIA or the FBI.

Any LEIU member can open a file on an individual simply by filling out a form and obtaining the approval of the local LEIU regional chairman. The form is forwarded to the California Bureau of Criminal Identification and Investigation in Sacramento, a part of the state's Division of Law Enforcement that voluntarily acts as a central coordinating agency for the LEIU. (The LEIU's private status has not prevented it from receiving generous support from state and federal government agencies.) The Special Services Section of the Bureau of Criminal Identification and Investigation summarizes all the information provided on the individual and puts it on a five-by-eight-inch card, along with a photograph, if one is available. Copies of the card are sent to all LEIU members, to be kept under lock and key in the special LEIU file cabinets.

Some of the LEIU files have been entered into the Interstate Organized Crime Index, a computerized file system developed and operated by the LEIU under a $1.3 million grant from the federal Law Enforcement Assistance Administration. The IOCI system is an international network of computer terminals, linked by telecommunications lines to a central computer run by the Michigan State Police in East Lansing, Mich. Last year the LEAA cut off all funds for the IOCI system.

"The Justice Department put it on ice," said Lieutenant Henry, blaming the cutoff on public concern over domestic spying. "They decided not to fund anything that uses the word *intelligence* until the hue and cry dies down. But they just recently called us up and said the pressure is off," he added. "So we may be back on again in a few months."

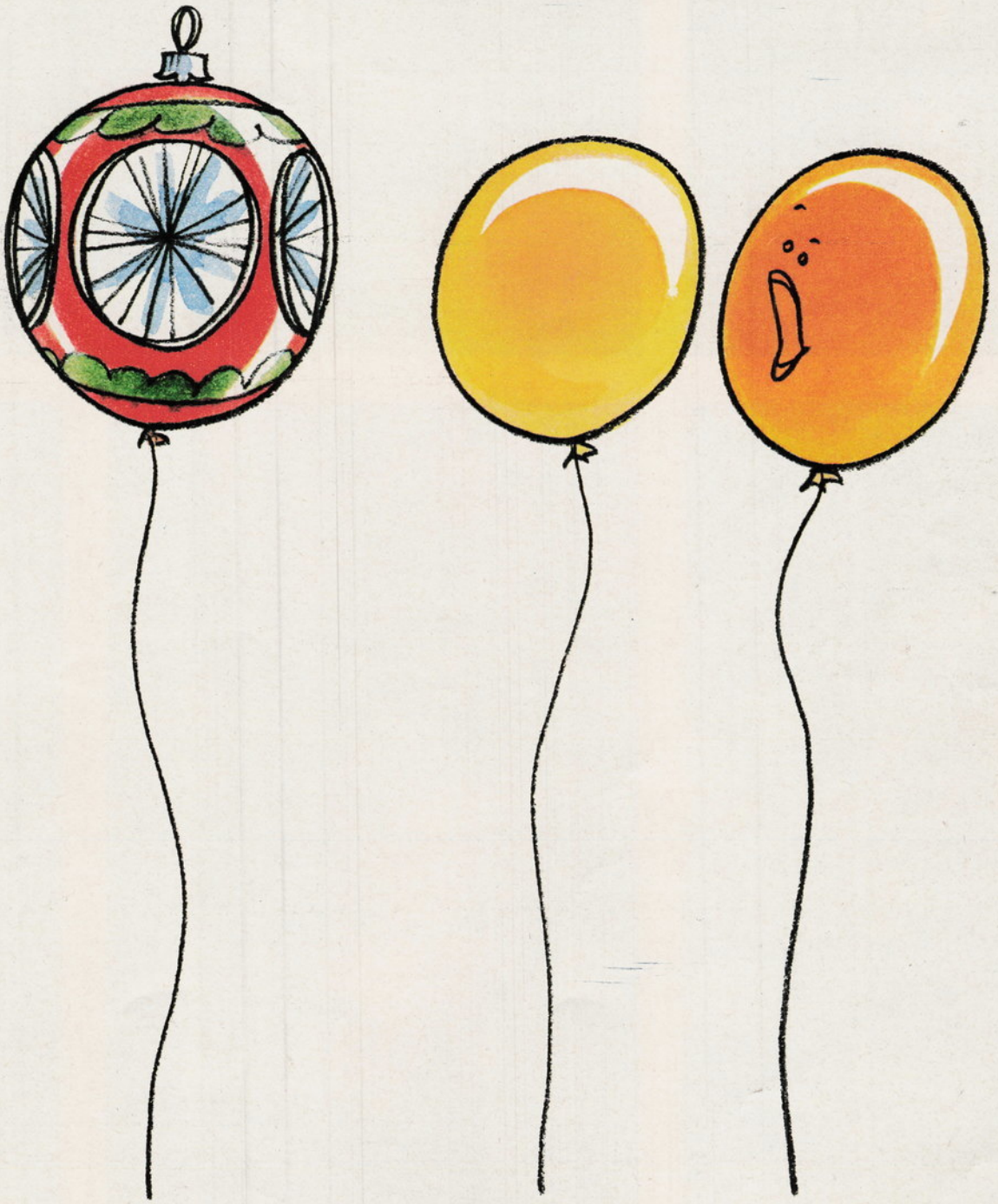
Pressure on the LEIU resulted from the Houston police charges and from statements made by a former Des Moines police officer, who told investigators for the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence that he had served as an undercover agent for the LEIU and was assigned to spy on noncriminal subjects. Douglass Durham, an accomplished pilot, safecracker, photographer, scuba diver, and electronic-eavesdropping specialist, said that he was part of an LEIU-sponsored exchange program in which undercover officers were traded between police departments in the Midwest. Durham says he was lent by the Des Moines police to work undercover for the police departments of Lincoln, Nebr., and Cedar Rapids, Iowa. He says that some of his assignments involved the surveillance of political dissidents.

Lieutenant Henry denies that Durham worked for the LEIU; the organization employs no undercover investigators, he says. (But individual LEIU member agencies are committed to conduct undercover investigations, surveillances, and background checks for other member agencies, on request. Durham actually claims only to have worked undercover for the Des Moines Police Department in an exchange program sponsored by the LEIU. The Des Moines, Cedar Rapids, and Lincoln police departments are LEIU members and, presumably, use undercover investigators.) Lieutenant Henry also denies that the LEIU keeps files on anyone but people involved in organized crime, adding, "I hope that story has been laid to rest, because it's

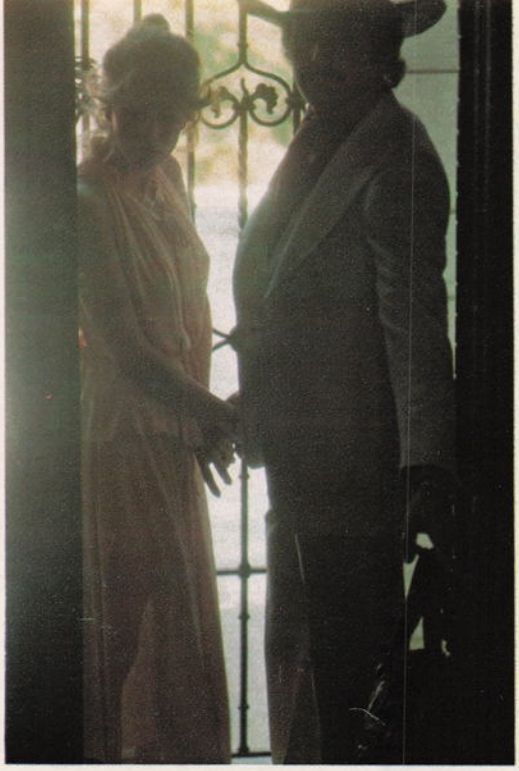
CONTINUED ON PAGE 194

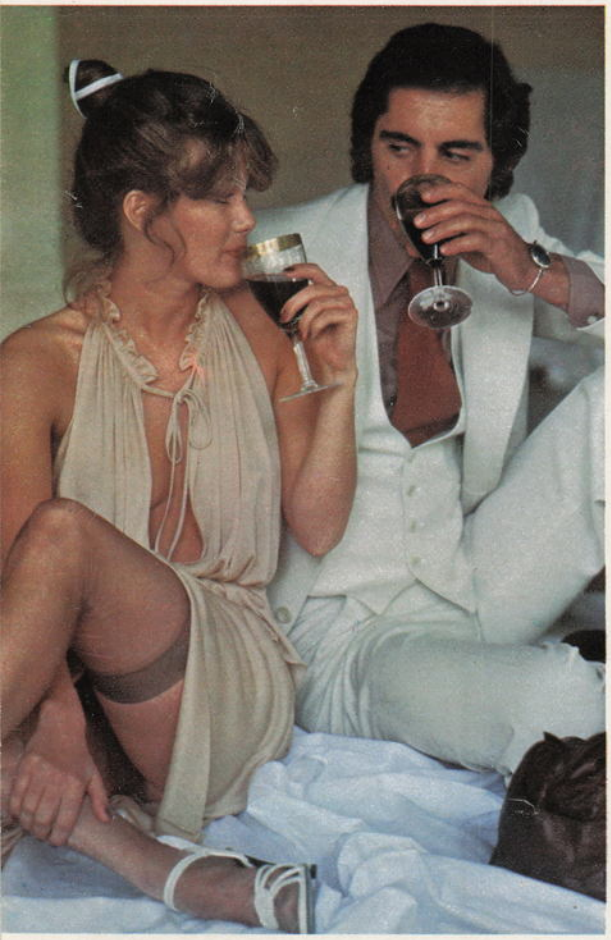
Balloonheads

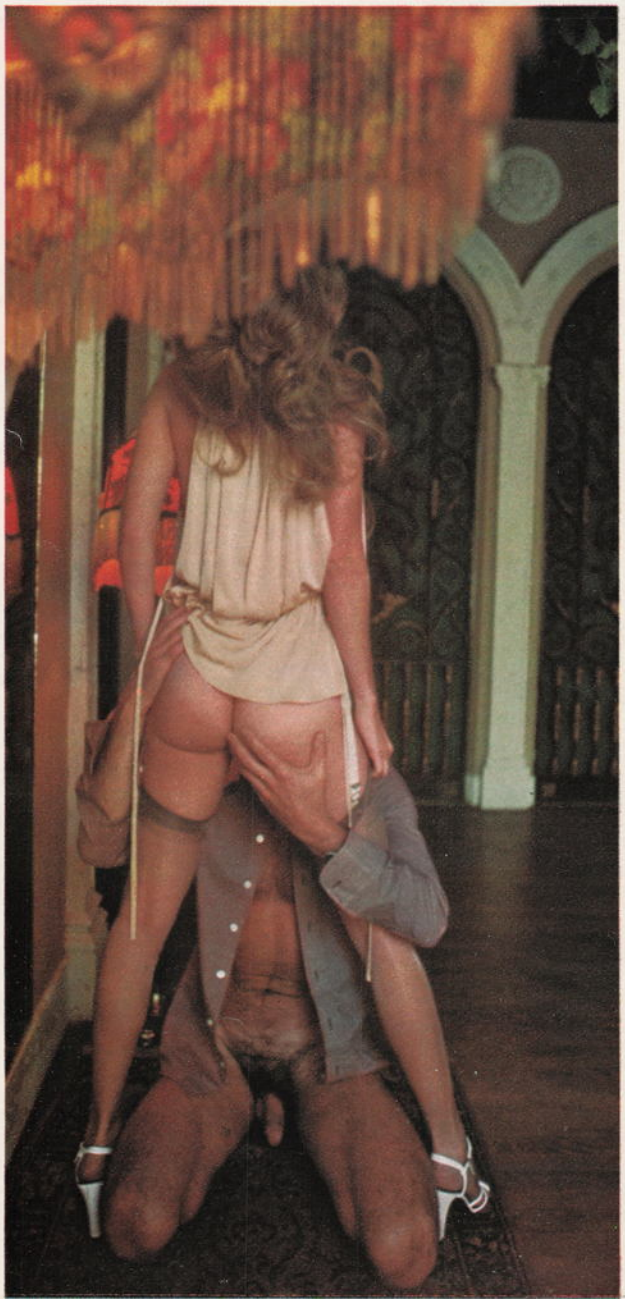
BY ART CUMINGS



"Something about that guy makes you feel like it's Christmas all year-round."







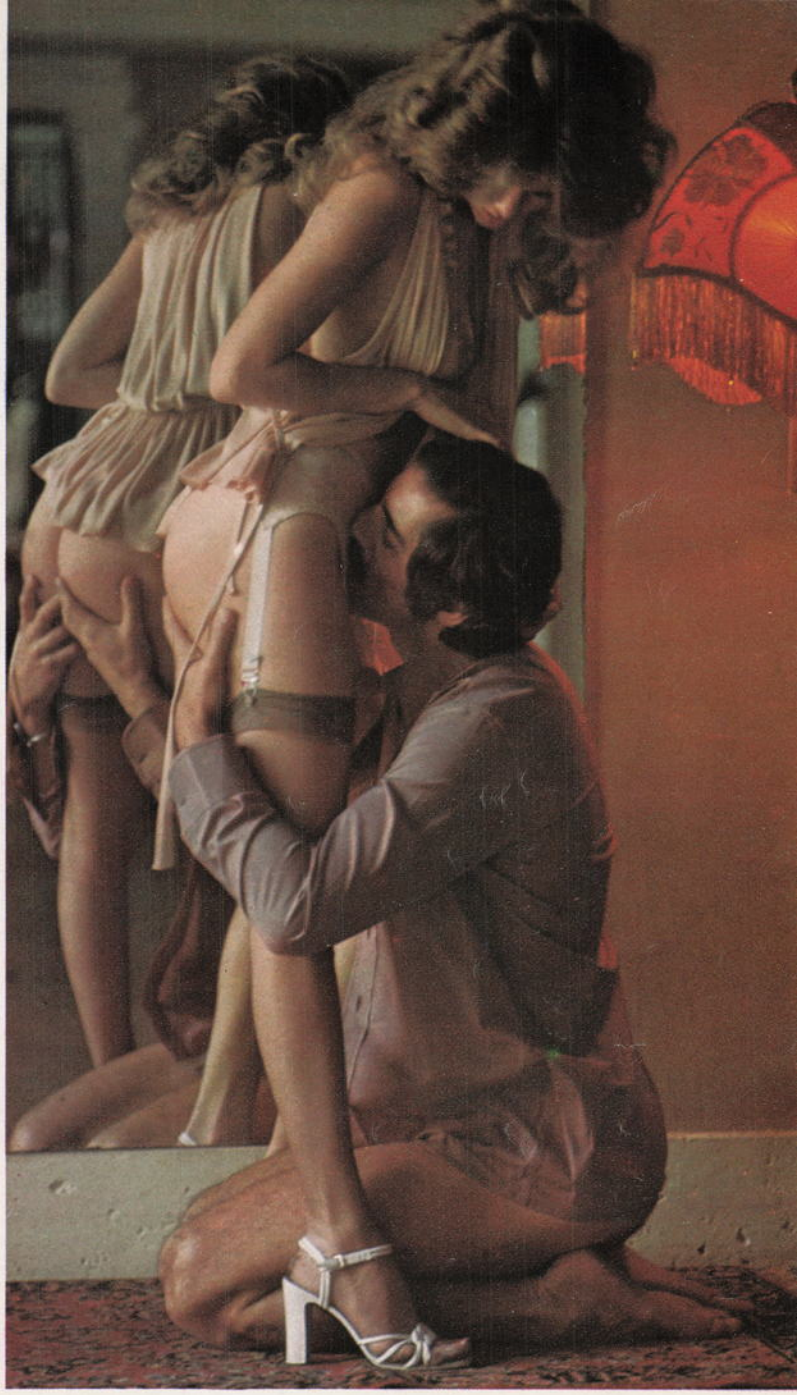
THE HOUSEBREAKERS

It was lust at first sight. I spied her among the guests at the garden party, and suddenly we were alone in the crowd. "Your place or mine?" I asked as expectations—and something else—rose. "Neither," she replied with a look that set innocence back a hundred years. She grabbed my hand and led me down the garden path. Her dress left nothing to the imagination. Her tits were like firm melons, and her ass moved like two hemispheres of heaven. "I hear you're good at getting into tough places," she whispered seductively with those large and luscious lips of hers. "Let me see you break and enter." I did as I was told.

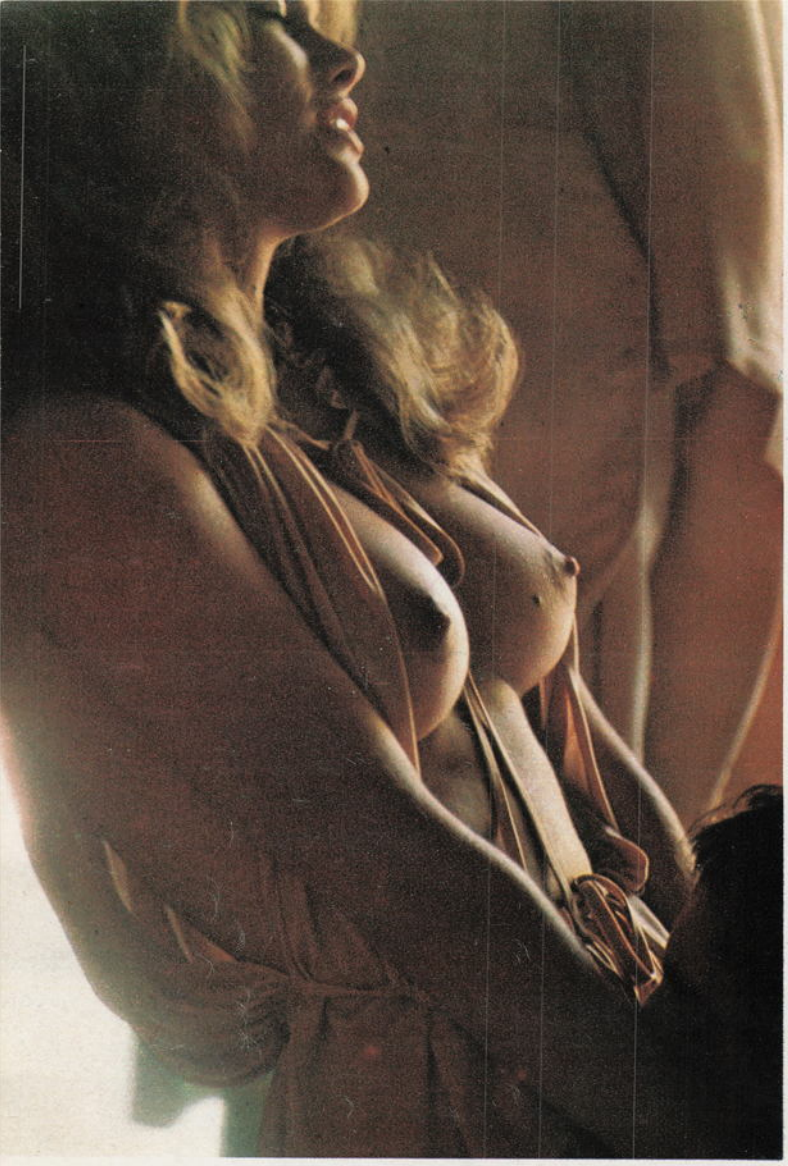
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF DUNAS

"I hear you're good at getting into tough places. Let me see you break and enter."

I had the door jimmied in no time. Nothing to it—just a matter of angle and position and you could see the light between the crack. She admired the way I got down to business. Then she managed to get a little business done herself. Faster than I could pump a load into the chamber of my Roscoe, she tracked down the liquor cabinet and poured me out a glass of red wine I presumed was expensive. Frankly, I didn't pay it too much mind. There were other juices I wanted to savor. She got my message and gave me my chance. It was a taste just heady with delight. I told her that she was an excellent year, with exceptional bouquet.

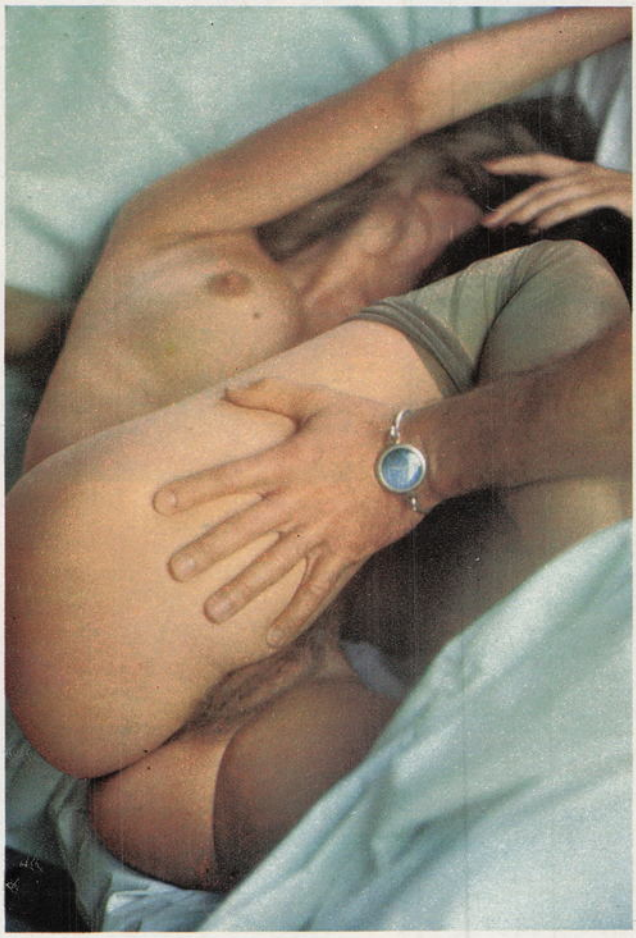


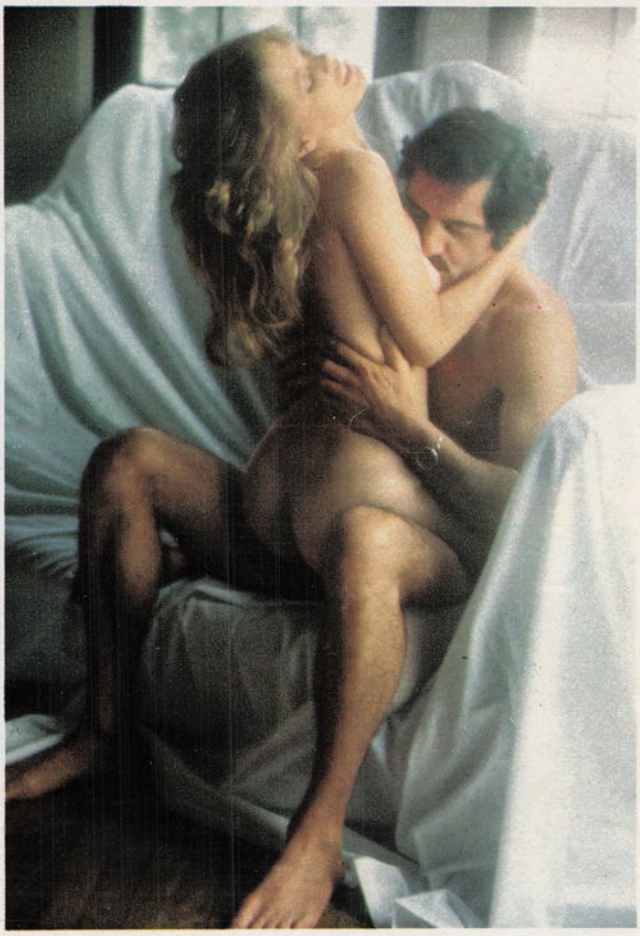
She gave me a laugh that went right down her throat and then followed it with something that went down even better. She came up for air, breathing heavily. "I'm going to take you on the grand tour," she whispered huskily as her tongue whisked its way around my ear. "You're going to see every nook and explore every tiny crevice." I told her that exploration was the name of my game. She led me to an opening and told me to go through it. I told her the joint was damp and had a temperature of 98.6 and rising. She said something about God and heaven and then pleaded, "Mike, hammer it to me." I let her have all of it, right between the thighs.

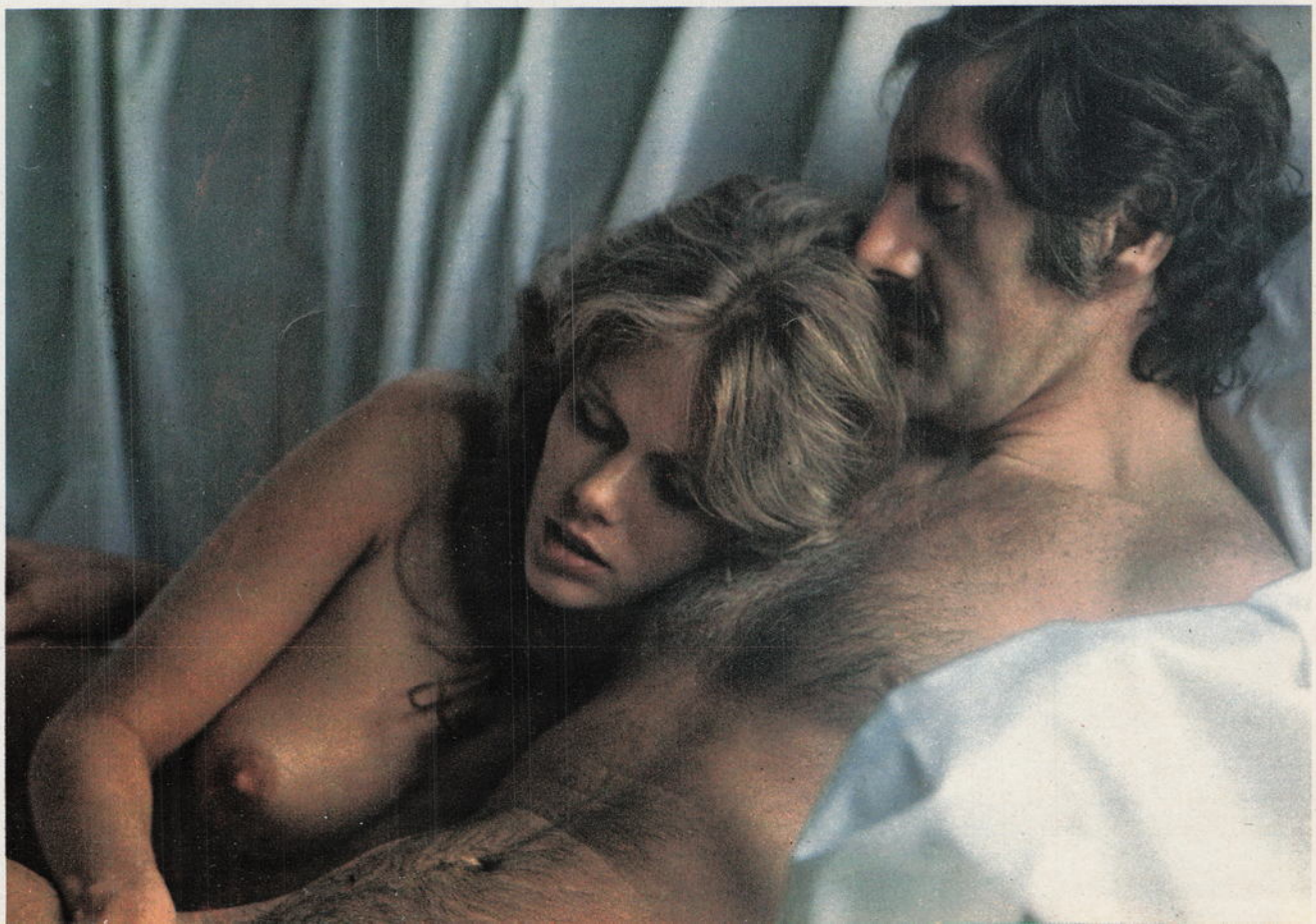


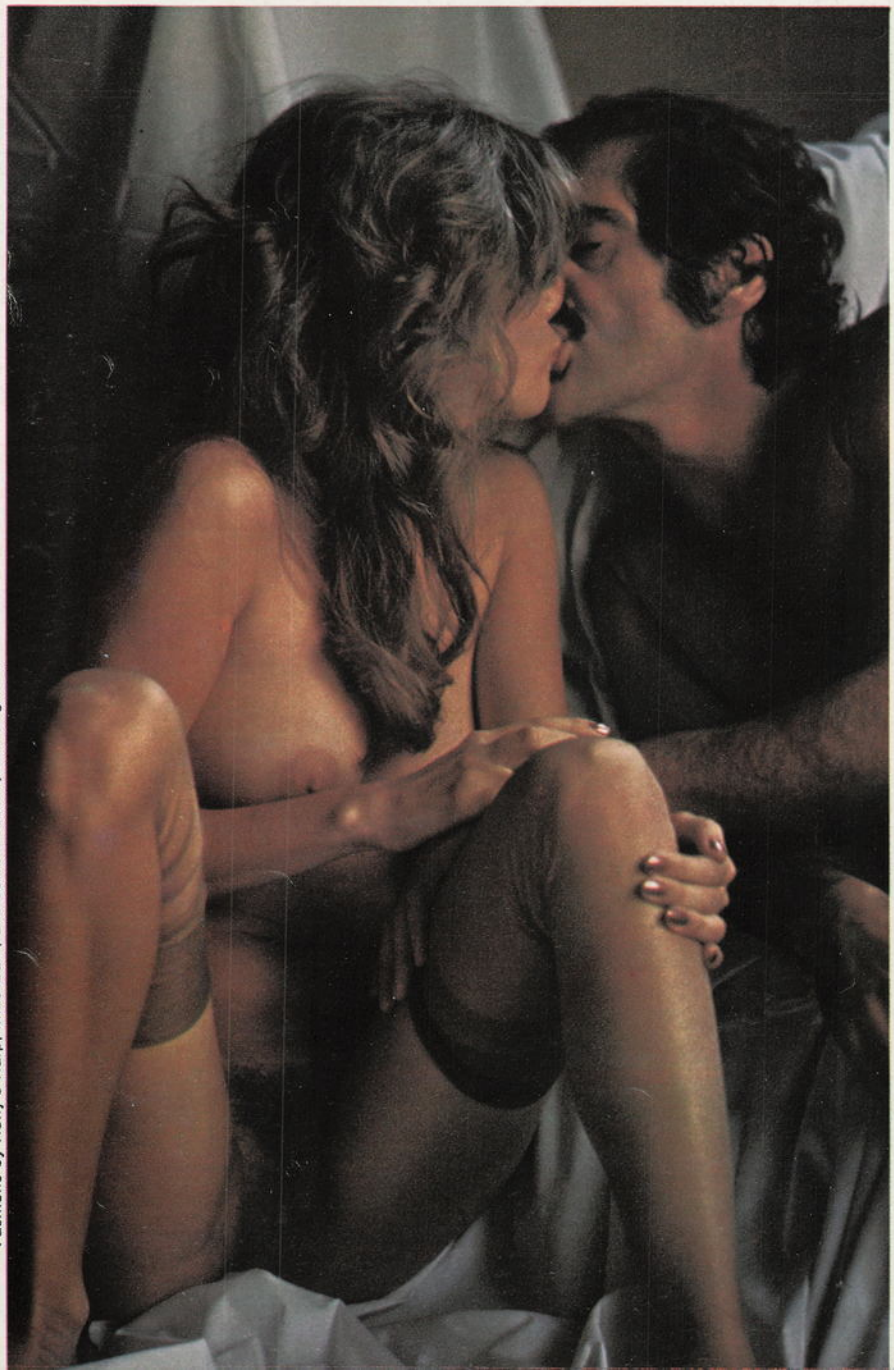
It was then that she started to worry. "What if someone gets nosy and calls the cops?" she asked. "What we've been doing in this house has got to be illegal. How else could it feel so good?" I told her to shut up and put herself in my hands. If the cops came, I'd know how to take care of them. I did a little handwork myself, over her bottom and around her front. She admitted my hands knew how to travel. She asked me how I had managed to become so dexterous. "Sixty dollars a day plus expenses," I told her. "You learn to keep out of trouble and take your opportunities when they come." Since this was an opportunity, we took it and came.

"This has got to be illegal—how else could it feel so good...?"









Fashions by Holly's Harp, Mike Bain, and Jules Buccieri, Los Angeles.

"I'm not used to plush living," I told her later while we smoked cigarettes and played footsie. "But if this is the way you rich bitches party, maybe I ought to become a stockbroker instead of a shamus." "Stockbrokers don't break into things the way you do," she answered. "I think that life might get you down. Come to think of it, it doesn't look like staying down is much of a problem for you, is it?" I was up, about, and snuggling back inside her in no time. Later, completely spent, we staggered toward the door. Then, she tripped over the statuette of a black bird, which served as a doorstep, and fell into my arms. "How clumsy of me, Mike," she sighed. "That's all right, Duchess," I smiled. "Somebody always has to take the fall."

Though he was hailed as the greatest revolutionary since Lenin, much of what Mao Tse-tung did will be undone now that he's gone. And the final result could well be world chaos.

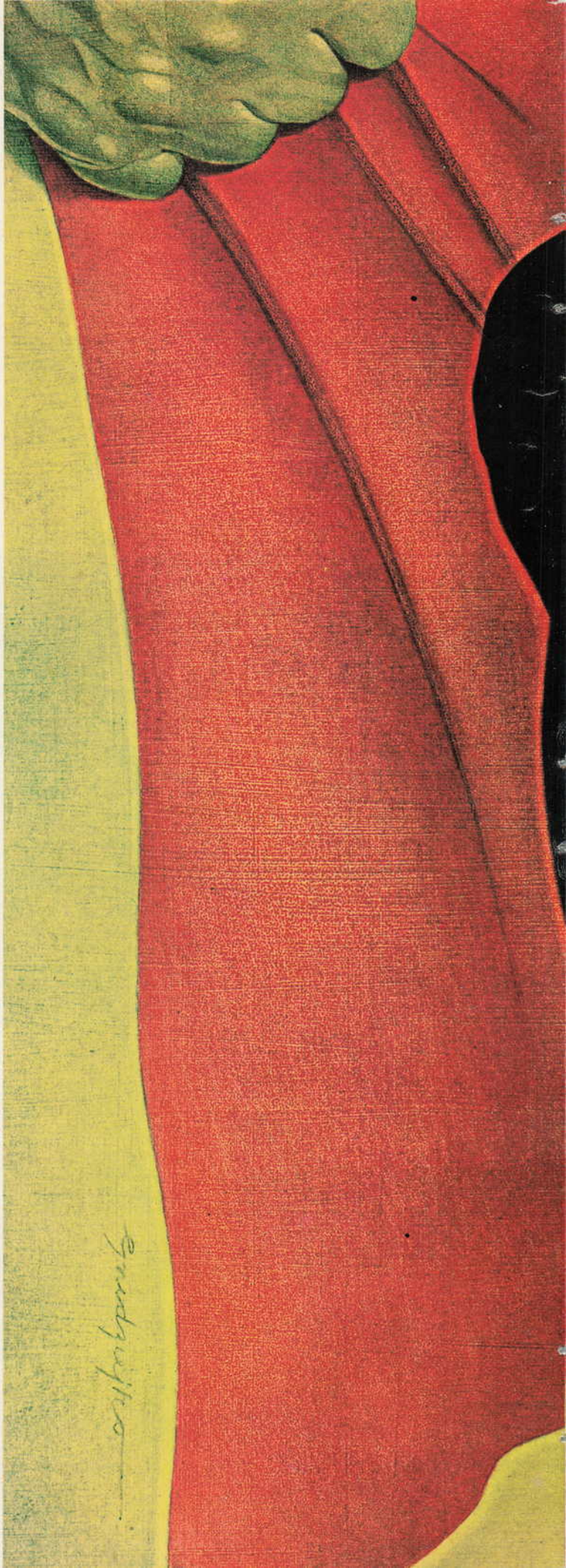
MAO'S POISONED LEGACY

"You people on the outside don't know what's going on; we don't know either. But something big is going to happen. We're just waiting."—A Chinese woman, quoted in the *New York Times*, August 23, 1976.

Few men in history were so deified during their lifetimes as Mao Tse-tung, the Chinese Communist leader. His portly image adorned hundreds of millions of badges and billboards, posters and paintings. His words have been engraved on mountainsides and microscopic carvings, featured in plays and operas, lyricized in poems and songs, emblazoned in slogans and mottoes and proverbs, and published in dozens of languages around the world. The mere sight of him transported his disciples into paroxysms of hysteria; and even foreign dignitaries—among them Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford, and Henry Kissinger—made pilgrimages to Peking to honor him in a style reminiscent of the way China's ancient tributaries paid extravagant homage to the Celestial Emperor.

Yet despite Mao's supposedly superhuman attributes, his authority was repeatedly challenged until, in the final years before his death in September, he seemed to be losing his grip.

Last April thousands of Chinese rioted in Peking, smashing cars and grappling with militiamen. Other Chinese cities were disrupted by similar demonstrations, which were followed by massive arrests and selective executions of alleged "counterrevolutionaries," as all miscreants in China are labeled. It was not the first time since the Communist takeover in 1949 that China had been rocked by violence. It was the first time, however, that the outbursts were—



By Stanley Karnow

however obliquely—directed against Mao, signifying that the arcane and complicated struggle to succeed him, which had begun a decade earlier, was escalating to crucial proportions as he approached his eighty-third year.

Soon afterward Chinese officials announced that Mao would no longer grant audiences to "distinguished guests." The announcement, besides confirming the fact that Mao was old and ill, suggested that his entourage might have decided to muzzle him in an attempt to gain the upper hand in the succession race. Thus, like many another charismatic ruler grown senile, Mao outlived his days of glory.

By the standards applied to most leaders, Mao's achievements have been enormous. He built industries and improved agriculture to the extent that, while few Chinese grew fat, the horrendous famines of the past became a memory. He also constructed an arsenal of nuclear weapons, thereby elevating China to the rank of a modern military state. Above all, he gave the Chinese a fresh spirit of national identity and a new sense of purpose. He restored their dignity, which had been crushed by years of civil war as well as by imperialist aggression.

Mao also awakened the world to China's potential grandeur. In the process he established a relationship with the United States that was carefully calculated to counterbalance his dispute with the Soviet Union. As part of this maneuver, he cemented China's ties with Western Europe and Japan.

Had he died some years ago, his heroic reputation would have been guaranteed. But he lasted too long, becoming increasingly secretive, devious, and paranoiac during his twilight years. Like leaders who govern through the sheer force of their personalities, he consistently refused to erect the political and administrative institutions that would have ensured continuity after his death. His own immortality, he believed, would lie in China's instability. The shape of things to come could, consequently, be close to chaos.

During these months immediately following Mao's death, China will probably be managed by a collective leadership composed of representatives from divergent groups—as was the Soviet Union after Joseph Stalin died. But this compromise arrangement is bound to collapse—for several reasons.

The radicals and moderates who would make up the collective leadership are divided by irreconcilable differences in their prescriptions for China's development. The radicals contend that the population must be mobilized and indoctrinated in accordance with Mao's theories, which hold that the masses, properly inspired, can perform any feat. The moderates, more sophisticated in their outlook, emphasize the importance of technology and expertise, and they reject vast ideological schemes as hopelessly utopian. Because totalitarian systems cannot abide democratic debates, this squabble over policy is likely to degenerate into a bitter contest for power.

The quarrel is almost certain to be exacerbated, moreover, by efforts on both sides to settle old scores, for the competing groups have been quarreling for years. Their argument has sometimes erupted in bloody clashes, and the survivors are thirsting for revenge. Further aggravating the discord are long-standing regional feuds and even family vendettas, not unlike those that plagued China centuries ago.

The collective leadership that surfaces in Mao's wake is doomed also because elaborate government structures, in which responsibility is shared in harmonious fashion, are alien to China. This country, throughout its history, either has been ruled by one man or has foundered in anarchy. The chances are, accordingly, that a governing committee will be torn by internal dissension until a single leader emerges.

The outlook for China, then, is prolonged internecine dissonance as rival factions strive to assert themselves. This does not necessarily portend a return to the widespread civil strife of the past or a breakdown of the country into warlordism. The conflict may, in fact, be confined to the mysterious recesses of Peking's ornate Forbidden City, where the struggles to ascend to the imperial throne traditionally took place. But continued ferment in one form or another is inevitable—at least until someone of Mao's stature arises.

The uncertainties ahead will bear heavily on America's position abroad. The United States breakthrough to China, engineered in 1972 by the Nixon administration, was largely designed to reinforce Washington's leverage in its dealings with the Soviet Union, whose dispute with Peking then verged on war. In the years since, the United States has benefited from playing the Russians against the Chinese and vice versa. But the turmoil in China over who will succeed Mao could narrow America's room for maneuvering, in two possible ways.

The Chinese radicals, who have long deplored Peking's rapprochement with the United States, may seek to revive—at least in part—the links between China and the Soviet Union that united the two Communist powers during the 1950s. The radicals may be supported in this endeavor by certain senior Chinese army officers, who nostalgically recall the years when they were recipients of Soviet military aid. On the other hand, it is conceivable that outbreaks of fighting inside China may tempt the Rus-

A Barbarian's Guide to Peking

China has fascinated foreigners since the days of Marco Polo. But over the centuries very few travelers to that mysterious land have been able to scratch more than its surface. And most of the foreigners who now go there—or who are stationed in Peking as diplomats—observe even less.

For the Communists, with their organizational genius, have managed to transform a vast country of 900 million people into a tiny circuit of a hundred or so indoctrinated Chinese whose main function is to deal with alien visitors. Their job, in short, is to handle "barbarians," as the Chinese have traditionally called outsiders.

As a result, the congressmen, journalists, professors, businessmen, scientists, lawyers, housewives, and assorted tourists who journey to China under the illusion that they are having a unique experience are, in reality, steered through more or less the same routine. They are taken to the same cities, where they stay in the same lugubrious hotels and ride around in the same limousines driven by the same chauffeurs. The same guides show them around the same factories and farms, the same museums and monuments, the same schools and colleges, the same hospitals and clinics and day-care centers, where the same children sing them the same songs. Above all, the chances are remote that they will talk with anyone but the same handful of specially trained Chinese.

A couple of years ago, not long after James Reston of the *New York Times* had been to China, I was being led around the campus of Peking University when, somewhat impulsively, I asked my interpreter if I might chat with a few students. He agreed cheerfully, suggesting that I select at random four or five young men and women who happened to be standing nearby. We then went to a room where, after polite preliminaries, we plunged into a discussion of the Chinese political situation. The conversation seemed to be lively and spontaneous until, in reply to a question, one of the students began: "Well, as I told Mr. Reston recently. . . ."

This sort of public relations has paid off handsomely for the Communist regime, since even the most conservative foreigners usually come away from China brimming with euphoria. The columnist Joseph Alsop, who had once accused the Communists of deliberately planning to starve people in order to overcome economic problems, returned from his visit praising Chinese agricultural progress and asserting that Chinese peasants are among the richest in Asia. Shirley MacLaine, who made

CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

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sians to intervene, either to back a group which is sympathetic to themselves or perhaps to grab Chinese areas, such as Manchuria or Sinkiang, which the Soviet Union dominated in the past and still yearns to control. Such actions by Moscow would confront the United States with the dilemma of whether or not to intervene in order to block Soviet expansion.

The impact of these events would impose tremendous pressures on Japan, the key American ally in the Pacific. Japan, like the United States, has been taking advantage of the rift between Moscow and Peking to advance its own objectives. But a reconciliation between the Communist giants may prompt the Japanese to reassess their options. They may, to the detriment of the United States, lean toward the renewed Sino-Soviet alliance in hopes of placating the Communists. They may remilitarize out of fear, thereby antagonizing both the Chinese and Russians and putting the United States, their principal protector, on the spot. Or Chinese factional warfare may induce them to become involved, as they did when similar conditions encouraged their invasion of China in the 1930s. Not only would such a thrust by Japan jolt Asia, but also incursions into China by the Soviet Union or the United States or both would turn the world upside down.

All this, though speculative, nevertheless underlines China's importance. China's equilibrium, therefore, is vital. But Mao's essential purpose, during his many years at China's helm, was to promote tension.

To a large degree, the promotion of tension was inherent in Mao's style of leadership. Oddly enough, for a figure of his stature, he lacked the popular appeal usually needed for ruling huge numbers of people. Rarely did he speak in public, since he was difficult to understand because of his reedy voice and thick provincial accent. He was cold, aloof, and—in the view of an American observer who knew him years ago—somewhat sinister. Consequently, his governing technique, as the European expert Pierre Ryckmans pointed out, was to manipulate rival factions, pitting them against each other without allowing one to win decisively, so that the Chairman alone could finally play the supreme arbitrator.

According to Ryckmans, this technique reveals that Mao was better versed in Chinese intrigue than in Marxist doctrine. An official photograph of him taken some time ago, for example, showed his desk stacked with ancient Chinese handbooks rather than with Communist classics.

This juggling act explains why Mao never fully assisted the radicals faithful to him against the moderates he distrusted. In his view the victory of either group would have been a threat to his authority. The same motive prompted him to purge his closest comrades.

In 1959 he dismissed Defense Minister Marshal P'eng Te-huai—the rugged old soldier he had once praised in a poem—because P'eng criticized the Great Leap Forward, a frenetic scheme to shunt China's peasants into immense collective farms. Seven years later he ousted Liu Shao-ch'i, the chief of state, who had opposed the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, the upheaval triggered by Mao to undermine his Communist party foes. Five years afterward his appointed heir, Marshal Lin Piao, died in an inexplicable air crash in Mongolia. Lin, accused of plotting to assassinate Mao, is said by some sources to have been shot before being put on an airplane containing a time bomb. The aircraft, the sources say, was directed toward the Soviet Union in order to implicate the Kremlin in Lin's alleged conspiracy.

Even the suave and urbane Prime Minister Chou En-lai, the most distinguished among the Chinese Communist political figures, did not escape Mao's symbolic scorn. Mao did not attend Chou's funeral in January or pay him public tribute after his death.

Mao also repudiated Chou posthumously by eliminating Teng Hsiao-p'ing, whom Chou had chosen to pursue his pragmatic policies. Teng's downfall, which the Chinese correctly interpreted as a postmortem denunciation of Chou, touched off the unprecedented demonstrations against Mao last April. A compromise character, Hua Kuo-feng, was hastily endorsed as prime minister in the fragile collective leadership pasted together to succeed Mao.

> Like many another charismatic ruler grown senile, Mao Tse-tung outlived his days of glory.

Nor did Mao display much visible warmth toward his four wives and the several children he has had by them. His last wife, Chiang Ch'ing, whom he used as a surrogate radical chief during the Cultural Revolution, once described him as "my strict teacher," adding that "we live together, but he is a man of few words." When Mao's oldest son, An-ying, was killed in the Korean War in 1950, he reportedly received the news serenely, saying: "In war there must be sacrifices. Without sacrifices there will not be victory. To sacrifice my son or other people's sons is just the same."

But in addition to bolstering his rule, Mao's taste for tension reflected a broader tenet—his belief in permanent revolution. To comprehend this conviction, we must look briefly at China and its problems as Mao saw them.

Huge and poor, China has lacked the capital and technology necessary for tapping its natural resources. Barely more than 10 percent of its soil is arable. And its only asset, people, has also been its curse. The Chinese population, which is expected to exceed a billion by the end of this century, has been increasing at a rate faster than the means to feed it. A hundred years ago, when China's population began to spiral upward at alarming speed, the demographic pressure was such that the country exploded in religious wars in which millions were killed. In one of these revolts, sparked by a mystical sect known as the Taipings, some 20 million died.

Mao, who grew up hearing vivid stories of these catastrophes, evolved a program that would meet the challenge. He would organize the population, infuse it with altruism, and channel its energies into the construction of a new China. Under his stimulation, he affirmed, the "masses would release the power of an atom bomb."

This experiment was not designed to enslave the Chinese. On the contrary, it was based on the principle that the people could be animated to serve voluntarily—once, of course, they had been inculcated with Mao's ideology. In his own mind, consequently, Mao perceived himself as a teacher who would instruct the Chinese in new ways.

But the thinking of the Chinese people had been molded by codes of conduct dating back thousands of years. These codes, largely founded on the philosophy of Confucius, laid stress on harmony rather than on change—and they focused on the family and clan as the center of political and social life. The society, in short, was static and cellular, and as such it defied organization on a national scale.

Mao's only alternative, as he saw it, was to destroy this archaic system and steer the loyalties of the individual away from the clan to the nation. As he tried to achieve his ambition, however, he recurrently met resistance from workers, peasants, soldiers, and intellectuals as well as from his own Communist party colleagues—who either clung to old customs or favored more conventional methods of modernization.

Mao grew increasingly impatient with the resistance to his programs—especially in his later years. His obsession for perpetuating his revolution consumed him. Like a guerrilla commander, he launched campaign after campaign against his adversaries, retreating when overwhelmed, attacking as he mustered fresh strength, sometimes staging frontal assaults, sometimes resorting to crafty strategies. His tenure was therefore marked by a series of erratic episodes that often baffled his enemies and left the Chinese population weary.

Mao made no secret of his intention to keep China in a state of constant turbulence. On October 1, 1949, after nearly a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

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R·GIUSTI

THE CURS OF THE UPPER CLASS

The black beast was the Percy enemy come alive, made into muscle and fur and halitosis.

T. S. Garp always suspected he would die young. "Like my father," Garp wrote, "I believe I have a knack for brevity. I'm a one-shot man."

Garp's father was a ball-turret gunner whose nonaccident in the air over France led to his death in Boston's Mercy Hospital, where his last ejaculation was received by a registered nurse named Jenny Fields—a young woman who for some time had wished for a virgin birth. She was a woman who wanted a child of her own without having to sleep with a man more than once (and without *ever* having to live with one).

Technical Sergeant Garp was never conscious of his role as Jenny's brief and mechanical lover; he died in 1942 before the child was born. But Jenny's successful scheme to get herself pregnant got her fired from Boston Mercy. Jenny returned to her parents' home in Dog's Head Harbor, New Hampshire, to complete her gestation. It was there that she delivered her fatherless child.

To the bafflement of her father—a New England shoe tycoon—Jenny Fields named her son T. S. Garp. T. for Technical, S. for Sergeant.

T. S. Garp narrowly escaped growing up on the grounds of an all-girls' school, where his mother was offered the position of school nurse. But Jenny Fields saw the possibly harrowing future that would have been involved in this decision: her little Garp surrounded by women (Jenny and Garp would have had an apartment in one of the dorms). Jenny would have liked the job, but it was for Garp's sake that she declined the offer. Imagining her son's first sexual experience: a fantasy inspired by the sight and feel of the all-girls' laundry room, where, as a game, the girls would bury the child in soft mountains of young women's underwear. Jenny was hired instead by the vast and famous Steering School, where she would be simply one more school nurse among many, and where the apartment offered to her and Garp was in the cold, prison-windowed wing of the school's infirmary annex.

"Never mind," her father told her. He was irritated with her that she chose to work at all; there was money enough, and he'd have been happier if she'd gone into hiding at the family estate in Dog's Head Harbor until her bastard son had grown up and moved away. "If the child has any native intelligence," Jenny's father told her, "he should eventually *attend* Steering, but in the meantime, I suppose, there's no better atmosphere for a boy to be raised in."

"Native intelligence" was one of the ways her father had of referring to Garp's dubious genetic background. The Steering School, where Jenny's father and brothers had gone, was at that time an all-boys' school. Jenny believed that if she could endure her confinement there—through young Garp's prep-school years—she would be doing her best for her son. "To make up for denying him a father," as her father put it to her.

"It's odd," Garp wrote, "that my mother, who perceived herself well enough to know that she wanted nothing to do with living with a man, ended up living with eight hundred boys."

So young Garp grew up with his mother in the infirmary annex of the Steering School. He was not exactly treated as a "faculty brat"—the students' term for all the underage children of the faculty and staff. A school nurse was not considered in quite the same class as a faculty member. Moreover, Jenny made no attempt to invent a mythology for Garp's father—to make up a marriage story for herself, to legitimize her son. She was a Fields; she made a point of telling you her name. Her son was a Garp. She made a point of telling you *his* name. "It's his own name," she said.

Everyone got the picture. Certain kinds of arrogance were not only tolerated by the society of the Steering School; certain kinds were encouraged. But acceptable arrogance was a matter of taste and style. *What* you were arrogant about had to appear worthy—of higher purpose—and the manner in which you were arrogant had to be charming. Wit did not come naturally to Jenny Fields. Garp wrote that his mother "never chose to be arrogant but was only arrogant under duress." Pride was well loved in the community of the Steering School, but Jenny Fields appeared to be proud of an illegitimate child. Nothing to hang her head about, perhaps; however, she might show a little humility. But Jenny was not only proud of Garp; she was especially pleased with the manner in which she had gotten him. The world did not know that manner, yet; Jenny had not brought out her auto-

FICTION BY JOHN IRVING

biography—she hadn't written it, in fact. She was waiting for Garp to be old enough to appreciate the story.

The story Garp knew was all that Jenny would tell anyone who was bold enough to ask. Jenny's story was a sober three sentences long. (1) The father of Garp was a soldier. (2) The war killed him. (3) Who took the time for weddings when there was a war? Both the precision and the mystery of this story might have been interpreted romantically, but Jenny was not the type who invited that kind of speculation. After all, given the mere facts, the father might have been a war hero. A doomed love affair could be imagined. Nurse Fields might have been a field nurse. She might have fallen in love "at the front." And the father might have felt he owed one last mission "to the men." But Jenny Fields did not inspire the imagination of such a melodrama. For one thing, she seemed too pleased with her aloneness; she didn't appear in the least misty about the past. She was never distracted; she was simply all for little Garp—and for being a good nurse.

Of course, the Fields name was known at the Steering School. The famous footwear king of New England was a generous alumnus, and whether or not it was suspected at the time, he would become a trustee. His was not the oldest but not the newest of New England money, and his wife, Jenny's mother—a former Boston Bass—was perhaps still better known at Steering. Among the older faculty there were those who could remember years and years, without interruption, when there had always been a graduating Bass. Yet, to the Steering School, Jenny Fields didn't seem to have inherited all the credentials. She was handsome, but she was plain; she wore her nurse's uniform when she could have dressed in something smarter. In fact, this whole business of being a nurse—of which she also appeared too proud—was curious. Considering her family. Nursing was not enough of a profession for a Fields or a Bass.

Socially, Jenny had that kind of graceless seriousness that makes more frivolous people uncomfortable. She read a lot, a great ransacker of the Steering library. The book someone wanted was always discovered to be checked out to Nurse Fields. Phone calls were politely answered; Jenny frequently offered to deliver the book directly to the party who wanted it, as soon as she finished it. She finished such books promptly, but she had nothing to say about them. In a school community, someone who reads a book for a secretive purpose, other than discussing it, is strange. What was she reading for?

That she attended classes in her off-duty hours was stranger still. It was written in the constitution of the Steering School that faculty and staff and/or their spouses could attend, free of charge, any course offered at Steering, simply by securing the permission of the instructor. Who would turn away a nurse—from the Elizabethans, from the Victorian Novel, from the History of Russia up to 1917, from an Introduction to Genetics, from Western Civilization I & II? Over the years Jenny Fields would march from Caesar to Eisenhower—past Luther and Lenin, Erasmus and mitosis, osmosis and Freud, Rembrandt and chromosomes and van Gogh—from the Styx to the Thames, from Homer to Virginia Woolf. From Athens to Auschwitz, she never said a word. She was the only woman in the classes. In her white uniform she listened so quietly that the boys and finally the teacher forgot her and relaxed; they went on with the learning process while she sat keenly, white and still among them, a witness to everything—maybe determining nothing, possibly judging it all.

Jenny Fields was getting the education she had waited for; now the time seemed ripe. But her motives were not wholly selfish; she was screening the Steering School for her son. When Garp was old enough to attend, she'd be able to give him lots of advice—she'd know the deadweights in every department, those courses that meandered and those that sang.

> Her son's first sexual experience: a fantasy inspired by the sight and feel of the all-girls' laundry room.

Her books spilled out of the tiny wing apartment in the infirmary annex. She spent ten years at the Steering School before discovering that the bookstore offered a ten-percent discount to the faculty and staff (which the bookstore had never offered to her). This made her angry. She was generous with her books, too—eventually shelving them in every room of the bleak infirmary annex. But they outgrew the shelf space and slid into the main infirmary, into the waiting room and into X ray, first covering and then replacing the newspapers and magazines. Slowly, the sick of the Steering School learned what a serious place Steering was—not your ordinary hospital, crammed with light reading and the media trash. While you waited to see the doctor, you could browse through *The Waning of the Middle Ages*; waiting for your lab results, you could ask the nurse to bring you that invaluable genetics manual, *The Fruit Fly Handbook*. If you were seriously ill, or might be visiting the infirmary for a long time, there was sure to be a copy of *The Magic Mountain*. For the boy with a broken leg, and all the athletically wounded, there were the good heroes and their meaty adventures, there were Conrad and Melville instead of *Sports Illustrated*; instead of *Time* and *Newsweek* there were Dickens and Hemingway and Twain. What a wet dream for the lovers of literature, to lie sick at Steering! A hospital with something good to read.

When Jenny Fields had spent twelve years at Steering, it was a habit among the school librarians, upon recognizing that they didn't have a book which someone sought, to say: "Perhaps the infirmary has it."

And at the bookstore, when something was out of stock or out of print, they might recommend that you "find Nurse Fields over at the infirmary; *she* might have it."

And Jenny would frown upon hearing the request and say: "I believe that's in twenty-six, over at the annex, but McCarty is reading it. He has the flu. But perhaps when he's through, he'll be glad to let you have it." Or she might respond: "I last saw that one down at the whirlpool bath. It might be a little wet, in the beginning."

It is impossible to judge Jenny's influence on the quality of education at Steering, but she never got over her anger at being cheated out of the ten-percent discount for ten years.

"My mother supported that bookstore," Garp wrote. "Nobody else at Steering ever read anything."

When Garp was two, the Steering School offered Jenny a three-year contract; she was a good nurse, everyone agreed, and the slight distaste that everyone felt toward her had not increased in those first two years. The baby, after all, was like any baby, perhaps a little darker-skinned in summer than most, and a little sallow-skinned in winter—and a little fat. There was something rounded about him, like a bundled Eskimo, even when he wasn't actually bundled. But illegitimate children are still children, after all. The irritation at Jenny's oddness was acceptably mild.

She accepted the three-year contract. She was learning, improving herself but also preparing the way through Steering for her Garp. "A superior education" is what the Steering School could offer, her father had said. Jenny thought she'd better make sure.

When Garp was five, Jenny Fields was made Head Nurse. It was hard to find young, active nurses who could tolerate and handle the freshness and wild behavior of the boys; it was hard to find anyone willing to live in, and Jenny seemed content to stay in her wing of the infirmary annex. In this sense she became a mother to many: up in the night when one of the boys threw up, or buzzed her, or smashed his water glass. Or when the occasionally bad boys fooled around in the dark aisles, raced their hospital beds, engaged in gladiatorial combat in wheelchairs, stole conversations with girls from the town through the iron-grate windows—or attempted to climb down, or up, the thick rungs of ivy that laced the old brick build-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112

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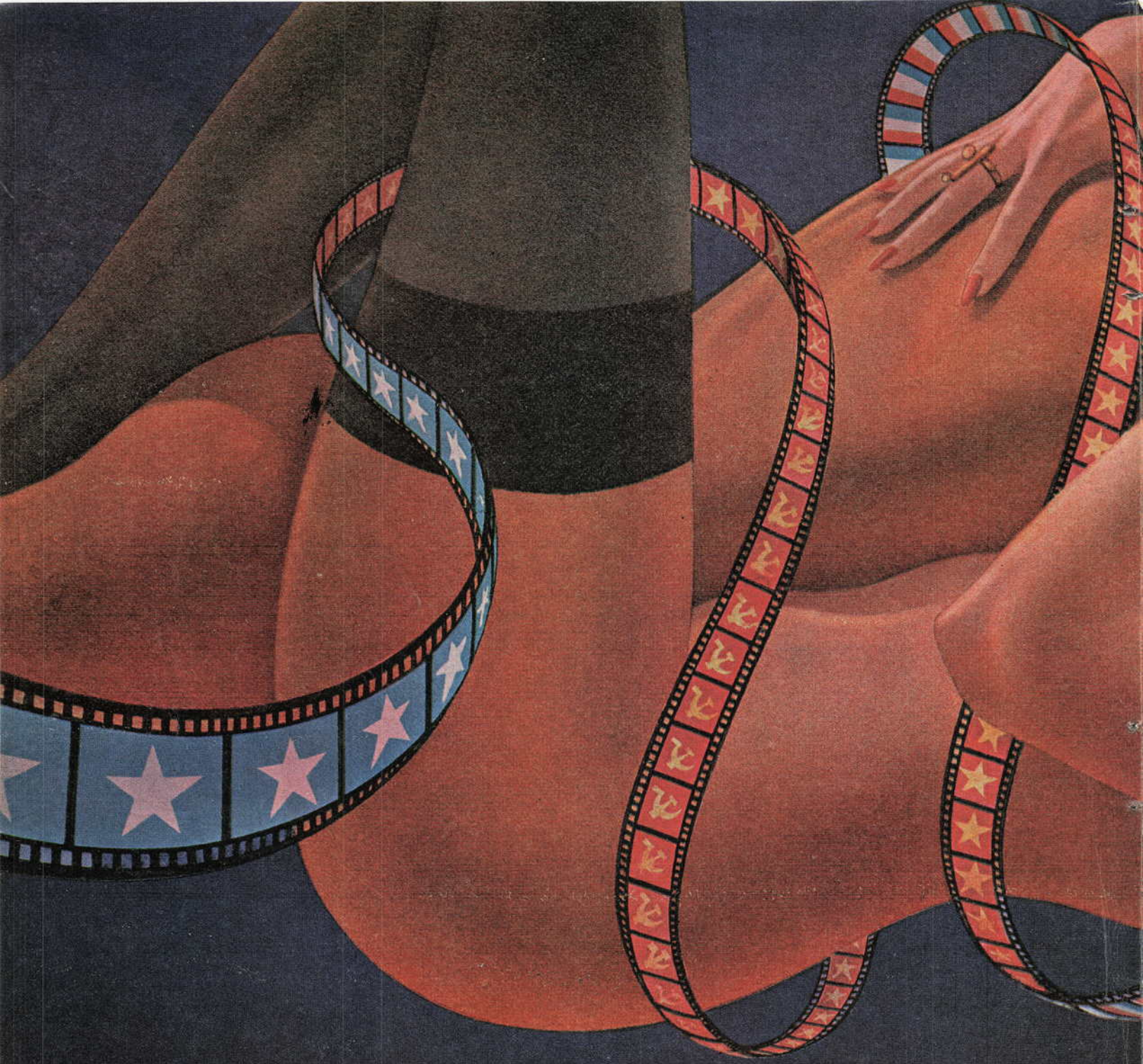


SMILE, YOU'RE ON

The affairs of state sap a man's spirit...even as nice an affair as Lynn.

HUMOR BY NORMAN MARK

Allan's affair with Lynn is doing very well, thank you.

The rest of his life is a shambles.

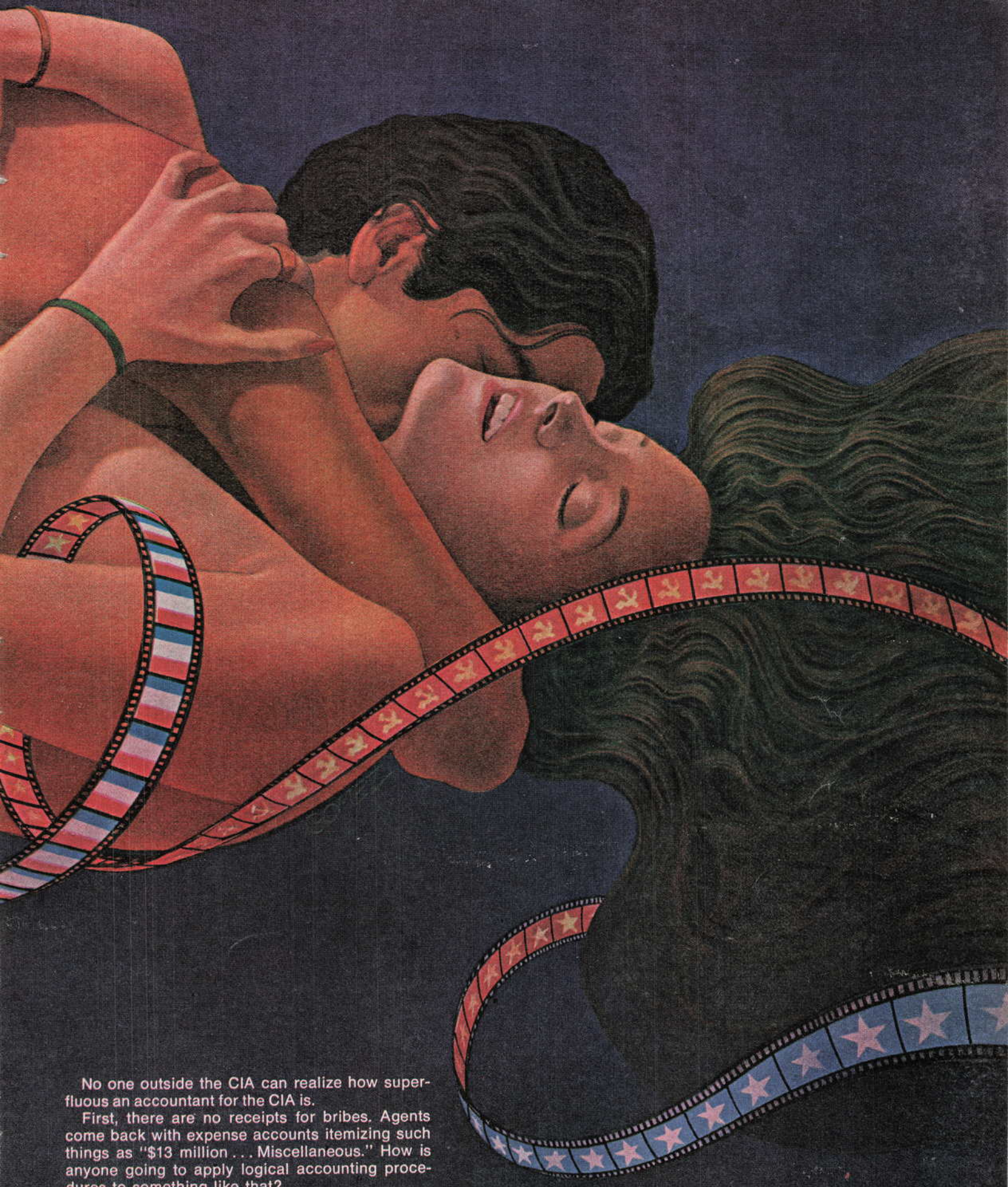
His marriage: so-so, at best.

His kids: growing up, and ignoring him.

His car: maybe transmission problems.

His job: duller than it has a right to be.

Allen works for the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), which should mean glamour, excitement, adventure. But Allan works under the hateful Mr. Graubart. What's more, Allan is an accountant for "The Agency."



No one outside the CIA can realize how superfluous an accountant for the CIA is.

First, there are no receipts for bribes. Agents come back with expense accounts itemizing such things as "$13 million . . . Miscellaneous." How is anyone going to apply logical accounting procedures to something like that?

Second, no one knows how to order equipment. For instance, if the agency wants to give Fidel Castro a scuba suit filled with bubonic plague, how do they go about soliciting bids? They don't.

Third, once equipment is ordered, it's almost

always lost—unaccountably. No one really wants to know where old bubonic-plague-filled wet suits are. It's difficult to amortize such equipment by giving it to dictators. There are some years when even the accounting department must record a total of over $2 billion under the heading of "various outlays."

Allan was just about ready to quit and write his book, *Secret Accounting: A Text for Intelligent Auditors*, when Lynn became Mr. Graubart's secretary.

Mr. Graubart, that hateful man. Always yelling, always wanting the impossible, never satisfied.

But he hired Lynn.

Her hair: tawny, cascading.

Her figure: stupendous.

Her eyes: deep, with a catlike greenish color.

Her mind: quick, alert, logical.

Allan fell in love immediately. Asked her to lunch within an hour of seeing her for the first time. Walked her home after one short week of lunches. Came into said home for coffee, but only after going as far as her door on five occasions. And after only eight languid kaffeeklatsches, stayed for more than coffee.

Allan loved Lynn before he analyzed his chances. If he had, he wouldn't have made a move toward her.

His hair: thinning.

His figure: doesn't look too bad if he holds his breath.

His eyes: watery.

His mind: careful.

Their affair began badly enough. Allan was so anxious to make love to Lynn that he lasted exactly 21.72 seconds. Lynn smiled her tawny smile and told him he was great.

The second time, Allan lasted 34.96 seconds. It was a 60.9756 percent improvement.

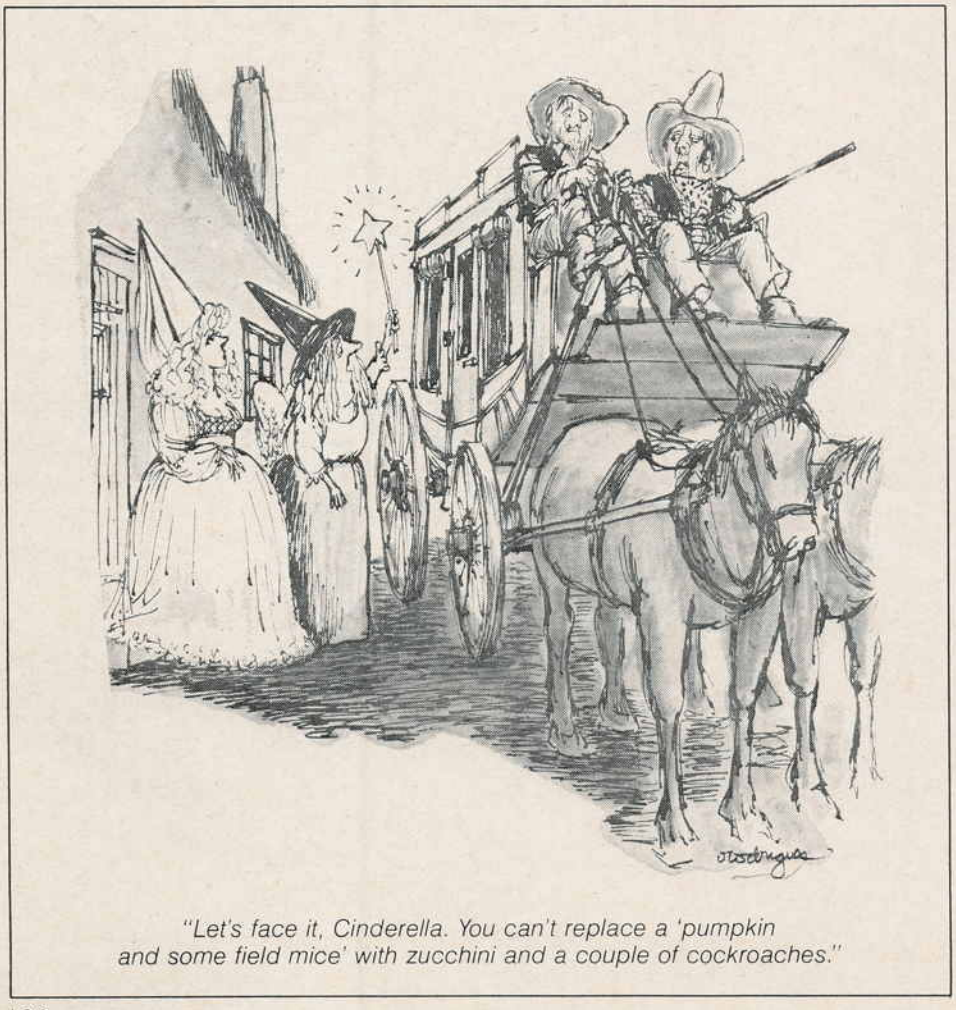
After less than seven sessions, Allan broke a minute. Within a month he was up to five minutes. And three months after the first time with Lynn, he was well over fifteen minutes. On that one night, he found Lynn's thighs to be irresistible, kissed them, followed them to their logical dead end, and succeeded in overcoming whatever his friend Mike had told him about oral sex when both were thirteen years old.

Lynn and Allan meet two or three times a week, sometimes during lunch or after work, but always in the same nearby motel room, "their" room. Allan does most of the talking at these times, and it's usually about sloppy accounting procedures at the CIA. And Lynn listens. Gosh, she is a great listener.

This continues, uneventfully, until the worst day in Allan's life. Graubart, the hated, calls him in. He speaks slowly and only after he closes the door to his office.

"Allan," Graubart begins, "We know you're boffing Lynn."

Allan, stunned, thinks, "Who's 'we'? What 'we'?" But he says nothing.



"Let's face it, Cinderella. You can't replace a 'pumpkin and some field mice' with zucchini and a couple of cockroaches."

"Lynn," continues Graubart, "is our best counterspy. She was placed in our unit to see if we had any double agents. When you approached her, we naturally thought you were the traitor."

Allan asks, "We have a traitor in our unit?"

Graubart, treating Allan as if Allan wasn't entitled to his ten-year service pin, says, "Of course we do. We assume every one of our units is infiltrated, because nearly every one of *theirs* is."

Allan says nothing.

Graubart explains: "From the time you began seeing Lynn, we were watching you."

Allan thinks, "How?" But he says nothing.

Graubart says, "One of our best units filmed everything that went on between you and Lynn."

Allen is astounded. He should have known.

Item: About twenty-five miles of film, for an unexplained purpose, suddenly purchased by the visual-aids department.

Item: Purchase of a camera with infrared lens, capable of taking pictures in the dark, silently.

Item: Rental of one room, adjoining another room, in one unidentified hotel.

The vouchers for all those items passed across Allan's desk. He initialed them and passed them along to the proper authorities. And never knew. How dumb.

Wait! What did they film? Everything? The twenty-second wonder? The oral stuff? Who sees the film? What crew filmed him? What do they think of him now? And Lynn—why didn't she say anything? What kind of a person is she . . . ?

Graubart interrupts Allan's thinking with, "Now we are going to ask a favor of you. We want you to continue the affair with Lynn. And we do not want you to mention this conversation to Lynn."

"Why?" asks the still-dumbfounded Allan.

Graubart, ever surly, hesitates, and then snaps, "What I am about to say is super-top-secret. It is treason to repeat it—anywhere, anytime. Understand?"

Allan does.

Graubart, after turning on the radio on his desk so that a rock-'n'-roll wail fills the room, whispers, "Late last night we learned through a double agent that the Russians have rented the room to the south of yours. We're filming from the room to the north. Since we know you are being filmed by the Ruskies, you must continue your—activity—until that point at which we can use your affair to furnish false information to the Reds."

Allan and Lynn go to their motel room at lunch time. A patriotic duty.

Allan undresses in a crouch and leaps under the covers, pulling them up to his chin.

Lynn undresses in a leisurely way, throwing her clothes here and there, and parading—actually parading—in the nude before the south and north walls. Which walls

CONTINUED ON PAGE 170

Ray Charles' 44 passenger Viscount has the best sound in car stereo.

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A TOUCH OF CLASS

CHRISTMAS BY DESIGN, 1976

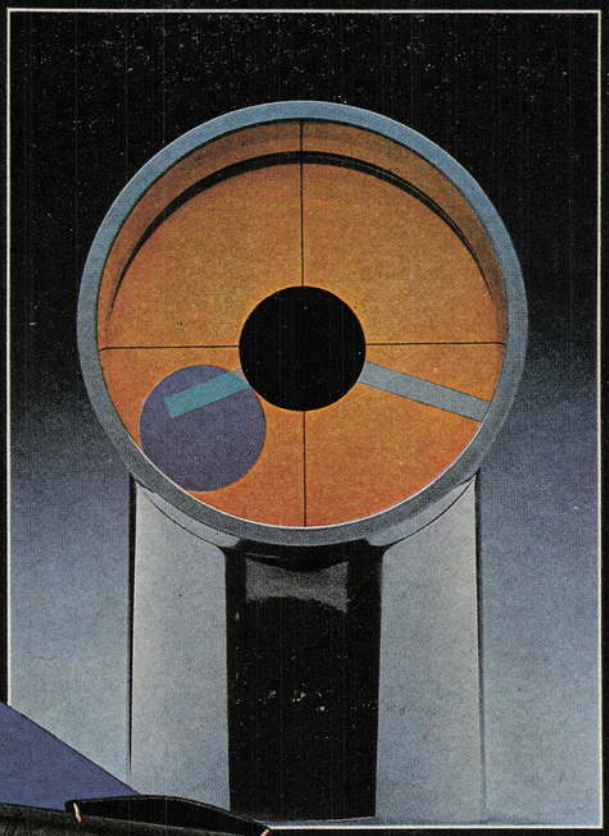
If the traditional ensemble of floral tie and matching, hand-embroidered spats just doesn't seem to cut it for Christmas '76, feel free to let your fantasies feed on our own selection of gifts from some of the world's foremost designers. As "the international magazine for men," *Penthouse* has gathered together a truly global selection of scintillating presents guaranteed to enhance any life-style. Espresso makers from Italy, rugs by the Navahos in the Southwest, chairs by the legendary Le Corbusier, crystal and calculators, stereos and boats, televisions, games, and a clock that tells time in rainbows. So, as you pore over this potpourri of absolutely mandatory luxuries, please note that there is something here to please any man, no matter how discriminating he may be.

Instant bliss for the coffee connoisseur—his own Mini Gaggia Espresso maker from Italy. Thermostatically controlled to keep water at the critical temperature for fine coffee, it boasts a twelve-cup capacity and makes two cups at a time. Available at fine department stores, at shops specializing in coffee paraphernalia, or by mail from Hammacher Schlemmer in New York for $199.50.

You'll have a window on the world with Quasar's nineteen-inch WT-5808 solid-state color TV. Designed in the contemporary mode, featuring "Super Insta-Matic" color tuning and an in-line matrix picture tube for $469.95. And, when you're not scanning the tube, the game's the thing with Othello by Gabriel Industries. Billed as the game that takes "a minute to learn, a lifetime to master," Othello has also proved to be habit-forming. Available everywhere at $9.99.

Photographs by John Paul Endress

(Below) A boat in a box? Well, actually the Aerius 20 by Klepper can be packed into three duffel bags, but it is still the only seventeen-foot, two-seater boat in the world. It fits nicely into a Volkswagen or Honda with room left over for two travelers and all their luggage. The Aerius's weight, folded or unfolded, is only eighty-nine pounds. It has the added advantage of being virtually unsinkable. You can obtain it for $799, sails for an extra $299, from Klepper dealers nationwide or inquire at Hans Klepper Corp., in New York City.



(Left) The Aurora Clock—a hypnotizing meld of time and timelessness. Within its polished aluminum cylinder, polarizing filters fade hue into hue as the minutes float away. Available at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City, where it is part of a permanent design collection, as well as at Dunhill and fine department stores nationwide. Price: $175. (Lower left, clockwise from top) From the Madler leisure collection of distinguished luggage—garment bag $260, handbag $80, travel bag $220, wet pack $50, jet bag $160, all in Nappa leather. (Far left) Spot-bilt jogging shoes by Hyde $21.95.

(Above) How to turn business into pure pleasure. The Radius I desk set—memo case, letter box, pencil holder, and desk pad—all from Dunhill for $167; the Sharp EL-8151 electronic calculator with printout capacity as well as LED display board for $100; the inimitable Mont Blanc Diplomat fountain pen, $95 from Koh-I-Noor Rapidograph, Bloomsbury, N.J.; a crystal decanter by Dunhill, $155; a fine crystal brandy snifter by Baccarat, $26, and, for smokers, a gleaming crystal ashtray also from Baccarat, $250.

(Right) Great leisure needs great lounges. Pictured here is one of the modern classics by the famous Le Corbusier. Covered in brown-and-white hide, this soothing and elegant item is available at $1,350 through Atelier International Ltd. in New York City. Beneath the lounge is an authentic Navaho rug in the traditional storm pattern, $675 from Kohlbergs Indian Crafts, Denver, Colorado.

(Below, clockwise from the top) Accessories make the man, and here are some of the finest: Clairol's space-age hairdryer, the Son of a Gun, $28.99; the world's smallest portable stereo cassette recorder, the Uher CR-210, for $590; the "Mercedes of shavers," the

Eltron rechargeable electric, designed by Braun of West Germany and selling for $80; the Jucker F35 desk lamp, designed by Scarpa in enameled, spun aluminum with revolving and tilting shade for direct or indirect light, $69, from Atelier International Ltd.

(Right) Styling right out of the twenty-first century creates great sound in the here and now. Shown to the right is the brand-new Beosystem 1900 by Bang and Olufsen. The entire system sells for $1,100. You can also buy the components separately, but who would want to?

THE CURS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

ings of the infirmary and its annex.

The infirmary was connected to the annex by an underground tunnel, wide enough for a bed-on-wheels with a slim nurse on either side of it. The bad boys occasionally *bowled* in the tunnel, the sound reaching Jenny and Garp in their faraway wing—as if the test rats and rabbits in the basement laboratory had overnight grown terribly large and were rolling the rubbish barrels deeper underground with their powerful snouts.

But when Garp was five—when his mother was made Head Nurse—the Steering community noticed something strange about him. What could be exactly different about a five-year-old boy is not clear, but there was a certain sleek, dark, wet look to his head (like the head of a seal), and the exaggerated, compact sphere of his body brought back the old speculations about his genes. Temperamentally, the child appeared to resemble his mother: determined, possibly dull, aloof, but eternally watchful. Although he was small for his age, he seemed unnaturally mature in other ways; he had a discomforting calmness. Close to the ground, like a well-balanced animal, he seemed unusually well-coordinated. Other mothers noted, with occasional alarm, that the child could *climb* anything. Look at jungle gyms, swing sets, high slides, bleacher seats, the most dangerous trees. Garp would be at the top of them.

In a community as small as Steering, news spread more easily than ringworm. There was a story: how little Garp climbed to the roof of the infirmary annex, and how his mother didn't know he was there—four stories above where the world was safe. The story cast suspicion on them both—on Garp as a child who could ill-influence other children, on Jenny as a mother who did not look after her son. Of course Garp sensed no discrimination for a while, but Jenny, who was quick at recognizing discrimination (and quick to anticipate it, too), felt that people were making unfair assumptions. Her five-year-old had gotten loose on the roof; therefore, she never looked after him properly. And, therefore, he was clearly an *odd* child. A boy without a father, some said, has dangerous mischief forever on his mind.

"It's odd," Garp wrote, "that the family who would convince *me* of my own uniqueness was never close to my mother's heart. Mother was practical; she believed in evidence and in results. She believed in *specific* jobs: teachers of history, coaches of wrestling—nurses, of course. But the family who convinced me of my own uniqueness was never a family my mother respected. My mother believed that the Percy family *did* nothing."

Jenny Fields was not entirely alone in her belief. Stewart Percy, although he did have a title, did not have a real job. He was called the Secretary of Steering School, but no one ever saw him typing. In fact, he had his own secretary, and no one was very sure *what* she had to type. For a while Stewart Percy appeared to have some connection with the Alumni Association, a body of Steering graduates so powerful with wealth and sentimental with schoolboy nostalgia that they were highly esteemed by the administration of the school. But the Director of Alumni Offices claimed that Stewart Percy was too unpopular with the young alumni, who remembered Percy from the days when they had been Steering students.

Stewart Percy was not popular with students, who themselves suspected Percy of doing nothing. He was a large, florid man with that kind of false barrel chest that can any moment reveal itself to be merely a stomach—the kind of bravely upheld chest that can drop suddenly and forcefully burst open the tweed jacket containing it, lifting the regimental-striped tie with the Steering School colors. "Blood and blue," Garp always called them.

> Jenny kept track of the stitches and missing bits of flesh for which the great, slavering dog was accountable.

Stewart Percy, whom his wife called Stewie—although a generation of Steering schoolboys called him Paunch—had a crew-cut head of hair the color of Distinguished Silver. He had been in the navy in World War II, and his contribution to the curriculum at Steering was a single course he taught for fifteen years—which was as long as it took the history department to develop the nerve and necessary disrespect to forbid him to teach it. For fifteen years it was an embarrassment to them all. Only the most unsuspecting freshmen at Steering were ever suckered into taking it. The course was called My Part of the Pacific, and it concerned only those naval battles of World War II which Stewart Percy had personally fought in; there had been two. There was no text for the course; there were only Stewart's lectures and Stewart's personal slide collection. The slides had been made from old black-and-white photographs—an interestingly blurred process. At least one memorable class-week of slides concerned Stewart's shore leave in Hawaii, where he met and married his wife, Midge.

"Mind you, boys, she was not a *native*," he would faithfully tell his class (although, in the gray slide, it was hard to tell *what* she was). "She was just *visiting* there; she didn't *come* from there." And there would follow an endless number of slides of Midge's gray-blond hair.

All the Percy children were blond, too, and one suspected they would one day become Distinguished Silver, like Stewie, whom the Steering students of Garp's day named after a dish served them in the school dining halls at least once every week: Fat Stew. Fat Stew was made from another of the weekly Steering dining-hall dishes: Mystery Meat. But Jenny Fields used to say that Stewart Percy was entirely made of Distinguished Silver hair.

And whether they called him Paunch or Fat Stew, the boys who took Stewart Percy's My Part of the Pacific course were supposed to know already that Midge was not a Hawaiian native, though they really did have to be told; they were, after all, the least knowing boys at Steering, which is why they had taken Stewart Percy's course. What the smarter boys knew, and what every member of the Steering community was nearly born knowing—and committed thereafter to silent scorn—was that Stewart Percy had married Midge *Steering*. She was the last Steering. The unclaimed Princess of the Steering School. No headmaster had yet come her way. Jenny Fields's father, the footwear king, used to think of Midge Steering's money and shake in his shoes.

"She was such a dingbat," Jenny Fields wrote in her autobiography, "that she went to Hawaii for a vacation during World War II. And she was such a *total* dingbat," Jenny wrote, "that she actually fell in love with Stewart Percy, and she began to have his empty, Distinguished Silver children almost immediately, even before the war was over. And when the war *was* over, she brought him and her growing family back to the Steering School. And she asked the school to give her Stewie a job."

"When I was a boy," Garp wrote, "there were already three or four little Percys, and more—seemingly always more—on the way."

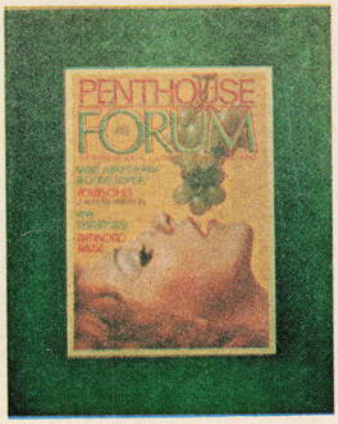
Of Midge Percy's many pregnancies Jenny Fields made up a nasty rhyme:

> What lies in Midge Percy's belly,
> so round and exceedingly fair?
> In fact, it is really nothing
> but a ball of Distinguished Silver hair.

"My mother was a bad writer," Garp wrote, referring to Jenny's autobiography. "She was an even worse poet." But when Garp was five, he was too young to be told such poems. And what made Jenny Fields so unkind concerning Stewart and Midge?

Jenny knew that Fat Stew looked down on her, but Jenny said nothing: she was just wary of the situation. Garp was a playmate of the Percy children, who were not allowed to visit Garp in the infirmary annex. "Our

SEALED WITH A KISS



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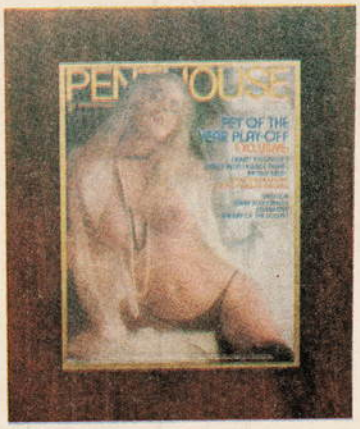

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house is really better for children," Midge told Jenny once, on the phone. "I mean," she laughed, "I don't think there's anything they can *catch*."

Except a little stupidity, Jenny thought, but all she said was: "I know who's contagious and who isn't. And nobody plays on the roof."

To be fair: Jenny knew that the Percy house, which had been the Steering family house, was a comforting house to children. It was carpeted and spacious and full of generations of tasteful toys. It was rich, and because it was cared for by servants, it was also casual. Jenny resented the casualness that the Percy family could afford. Jenny thought that neither Midge nor Stewie had the brains to worry about their children as much as they should; they also had so many. Maybe when you have a *lot* of children, Jenny pondered, you aren't so anxious about each of them.

Jenny was actually worried for her Garp when he was off playing with the Percy children. Jenny had grown up in an upper-class home, too, and she knew perfectly well that upper-class children were not magically protected from danger just because they were somehow born safer, with hardier metabolisms and charmed genes. Around the Steering School, however, there were many who seemed to believe this—because, superficially, it often *looked* true. There *was* something special to look at in the aristocratic children of those families: their hair seemed to stay in place; their skin did not break out. Perhaps they did not appear to be under any stress because there was nothing they wanted, Jenny thought. But then she wondered how she'd escaped being like them.

Her concern for Garp was also based on her specific observations of the Percys. The children ran free, as if their mother believed them to be charmed. Almost albinolike, almost translucent-skinned, the Percy kids really *did* seem more magical, if not actually healthier, than other children. And despite the feeling most of the faculty families had toward Fat Stew, they felt that the Percy children, and even Midge, had obvious "class." Strong, protective genes were at work, they thought.

"My mother," Garp wrote, "was at war with people who took genes seriously."

And one day Jenny watched her small, dark Garp go running across the infirmary lawn, off toward the older faculty houses, white and green-shuttered, where the Percy house sat like the oldest church in a town full of churches. Jenny watched this tribe of children running across the safe, charted footpaths of the school, Garp the fleetest—a string of clumsy, flopping Percys in pursuit of him, and the other children who ran with this mob.

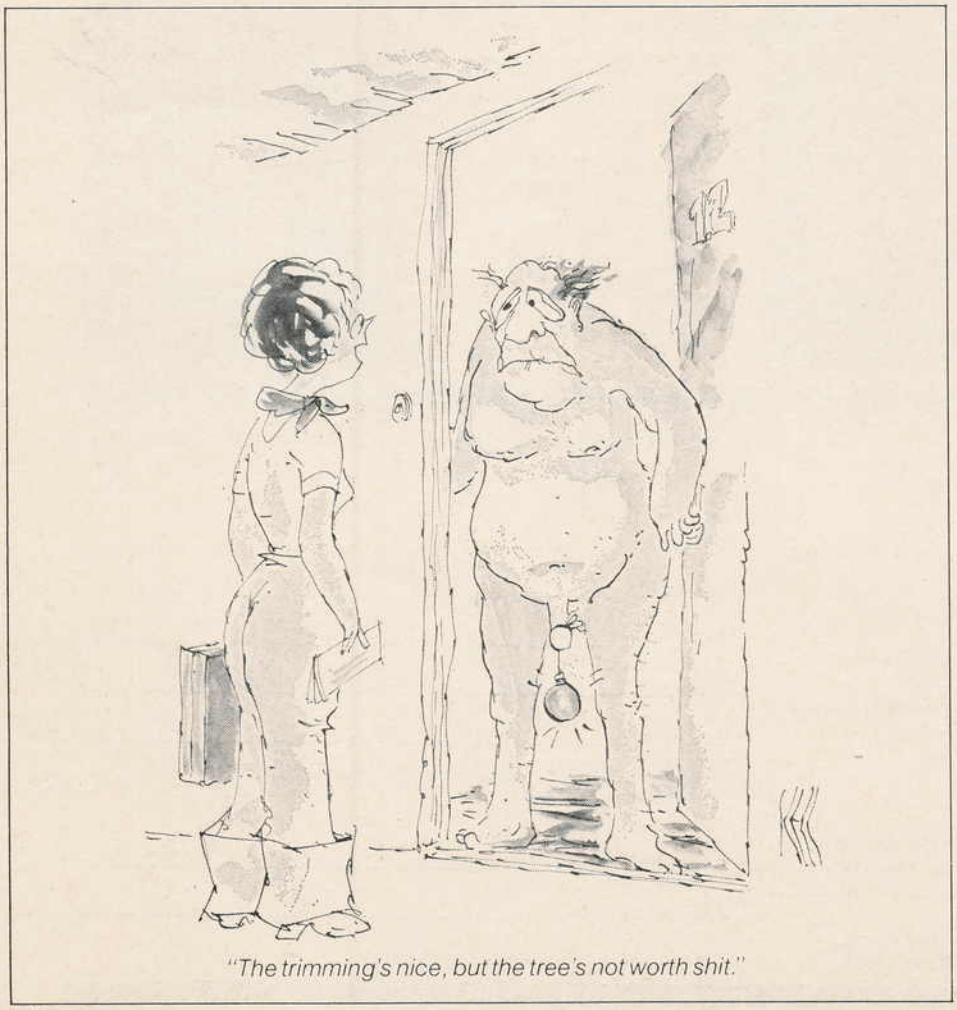
There was Clarence DuGard, whose father taught French and smelled as if he never washed; he never opened a window all winter. There was Talbot Mayer-Jones, whose father knew more about all of America's history than Stewart Percy knew about his small part of the Pacific. There was Emily Hamilton, who had eight brothers and would graduate from an inferior all-girls' school just a year before Steering would vote to admit women; her mother would commit suicide, not necessarily as a result of this vote, but simultaneously with its announcement (causing Stewart Percy to remark that *this* is what would come of having women at Steering: more suicide). And there were the Grove brothers, Ira and Buddy, "from the town"; their father was with the maintenance department of the school, and it was a delicate case whether the boys should even be encouraged to attend Steering and how well it could be expected they would do.

Down through the quadrangles of bright green grass and fresh tar paths, boxed in by buildings of a brick so worn and soft it resembled pink marble, Jenny watched the children run. With them, she was sorry to note, ran the Percy family dog—to Jenny's mind, a mindless oaf that defied the town leash law the way the Percys flaunted their casualness. The dog, a giant Newfoundland, had grown from a puppy that spilled garbage cans and the witless thief of baseballs to being *mean*.

One day when the kids had been playing, the dog had mangled a volleyball—not an act of viciousness, usually—a mere bumble. But when the boy who owned the deflated ball had tried to remove it from the great dog's mouth, the dog bit him—deep puncture wounds in the forearm: not the type of bite, a nurse knew, that was only an accident, a case of "Bonkers getting a little excited, because he loves playing with the children so much." Or so said Midge Percy, who had named the dog Bonkers. She told Jenny that she'd gotten the dog shortly after the birth of her fourth child. The word "bonkers" meant "a little crazy," she told Jenny, and that's how Midge said she still felt about Stewart after their first four children together. "I was just bonkers about him," Midge said to Jenny, "so I named the poor dog Bonkers to prove my feelings for Stewie."

"Midge Percy was bonkers, all right," wrote Jenny Fields. "That dog was a killer, protected by one of the many thin and senseless bits of logic which the upper classes in America are famous for: that the children and pets of the aristocracy couldn't possibly be *too* free or hurt anybody. That *other* people should not overpopulate the world, or be allowed to release *their* dogs, but that the dogs and children of rich people have a *right* to run free. That," Jenny wrote, "is at the heart of the condescension which is a fact of American liberalism: that the rich are 'liberal' only because they can afford to be."

"My mother's writing on politics, literature, and sex is confusing and should be avoided," Garp wrote. "Mother couldn't handle complex sentences, not to mention complex ideas, and her autobiography



"The trimming's nice, but the tree's not worth shit."

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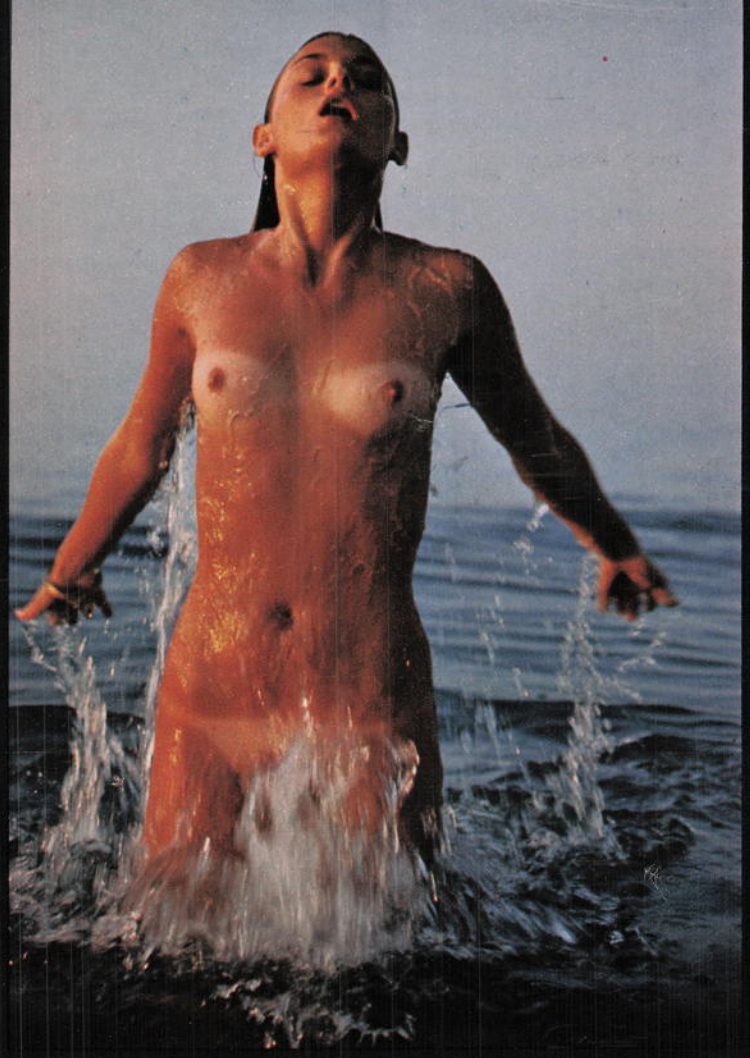
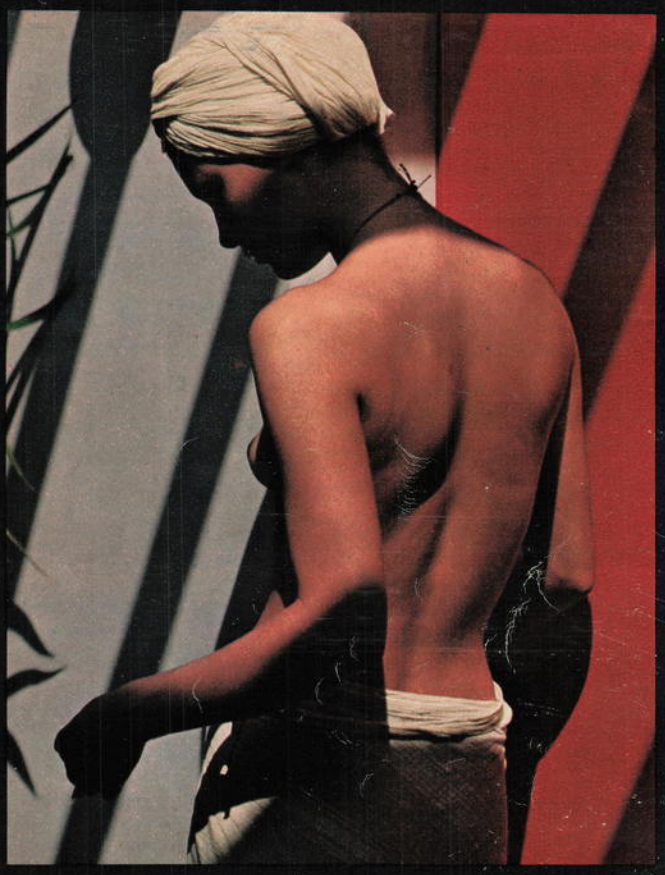
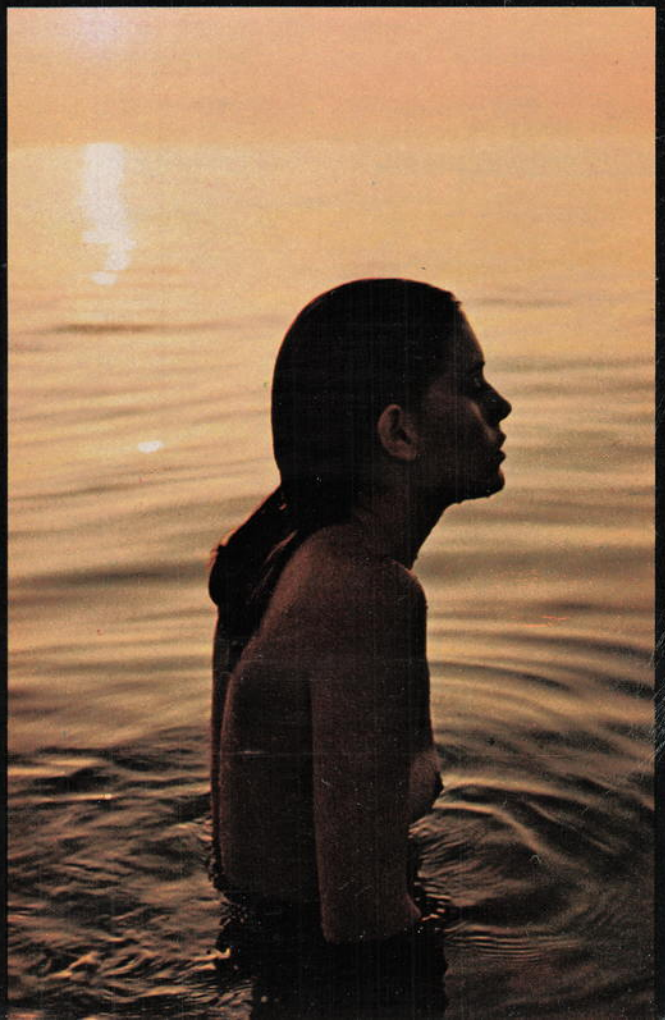
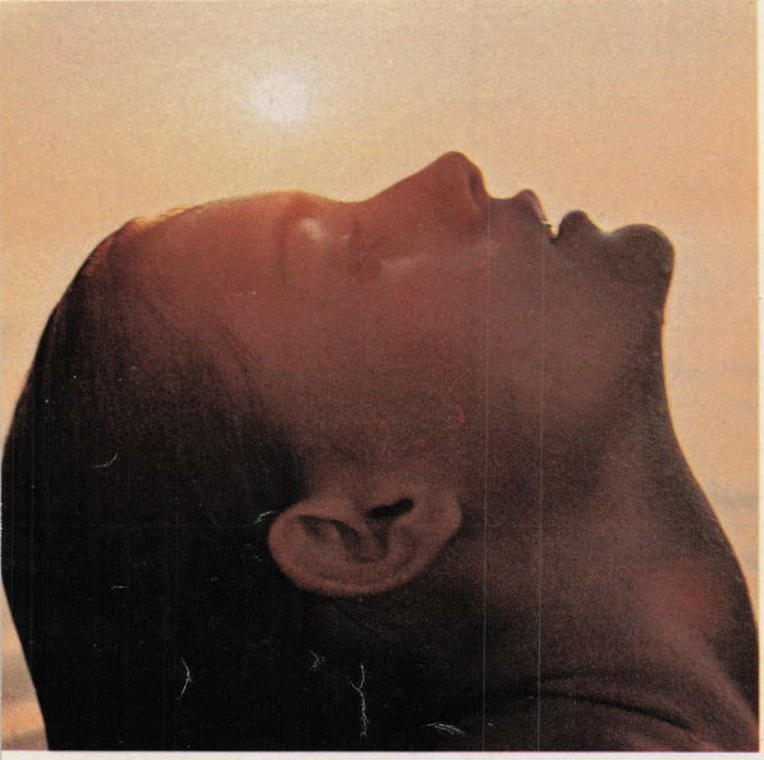


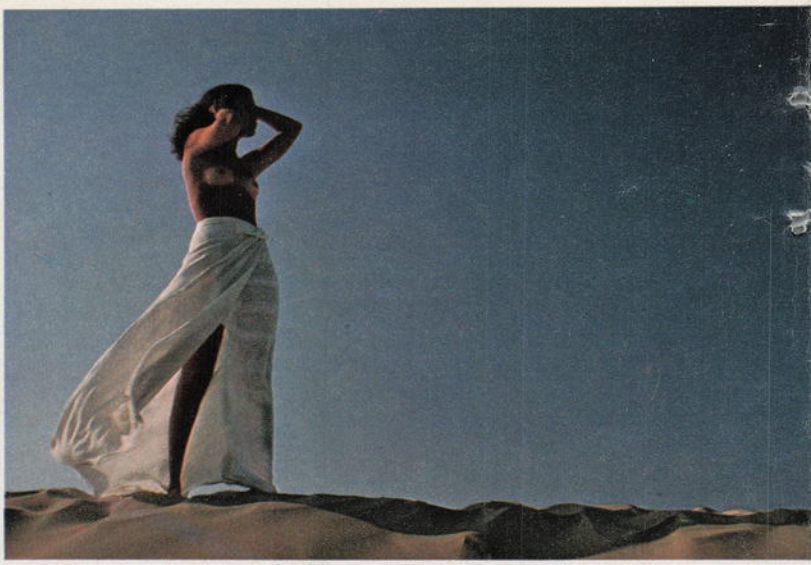


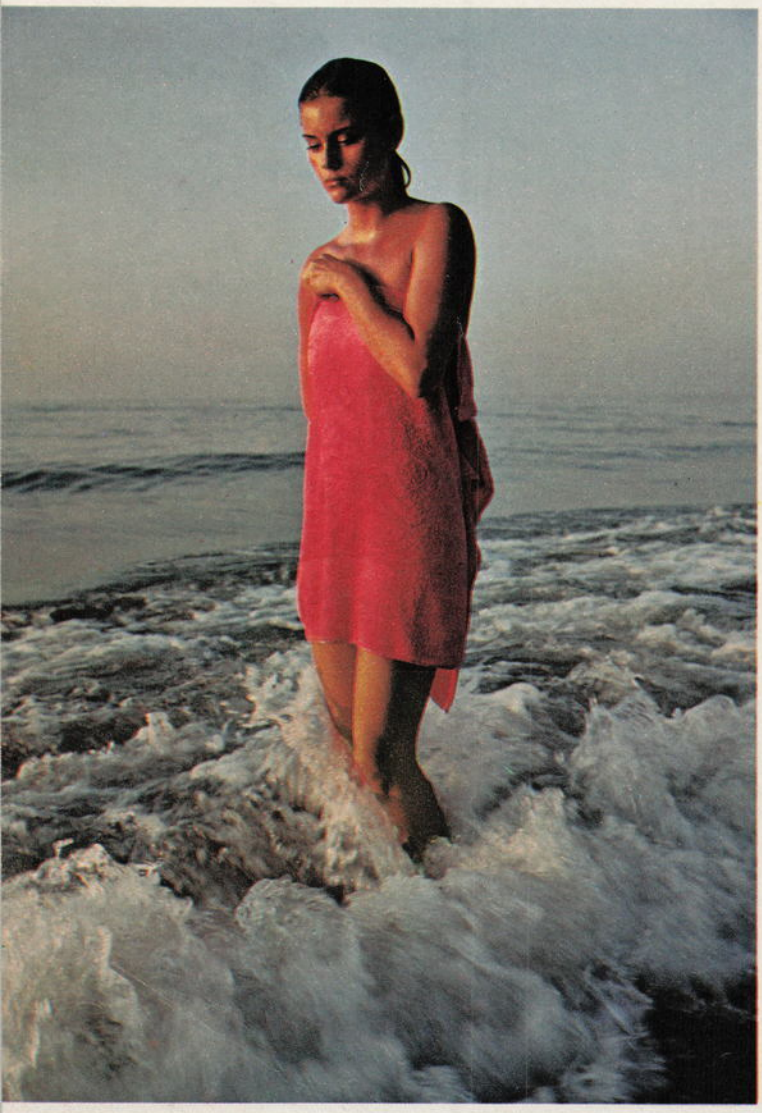


ADRIAN

"The best mornings begin when I awake close to my lover."







SEA NYMPH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALINOWSKI

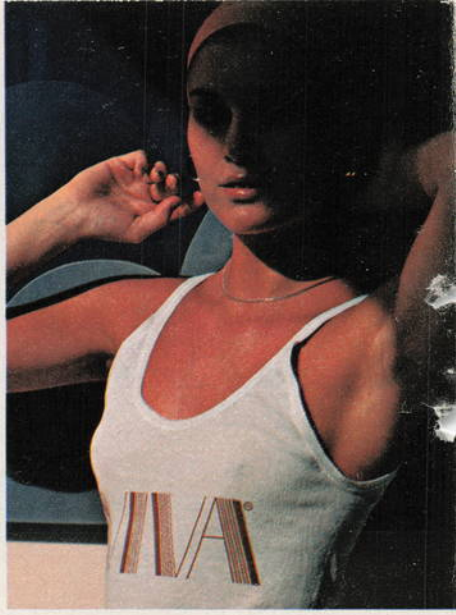
Looking at this month's Pet, Adrian King, rising from the deep blue sea, you might think that you were witnessing a miracle of nature, a mirage. But this lovely sea nymph is deliciously real and sensuously alive. Every inch of Adrian's 34-23-34 body glistens with the pleasures that come with being totally at peace with nature. "There is something really mystical about the ocean, about the way it makes you feel while it caresses your naked body," says Adrian. A native of Michigan who was seduced by Florida's sandy shores, Adrian has a view of life as sunny as her adopted state. "I love my life," she says. "I love making love; I love everything that makes me feel fulfilled as a woman."

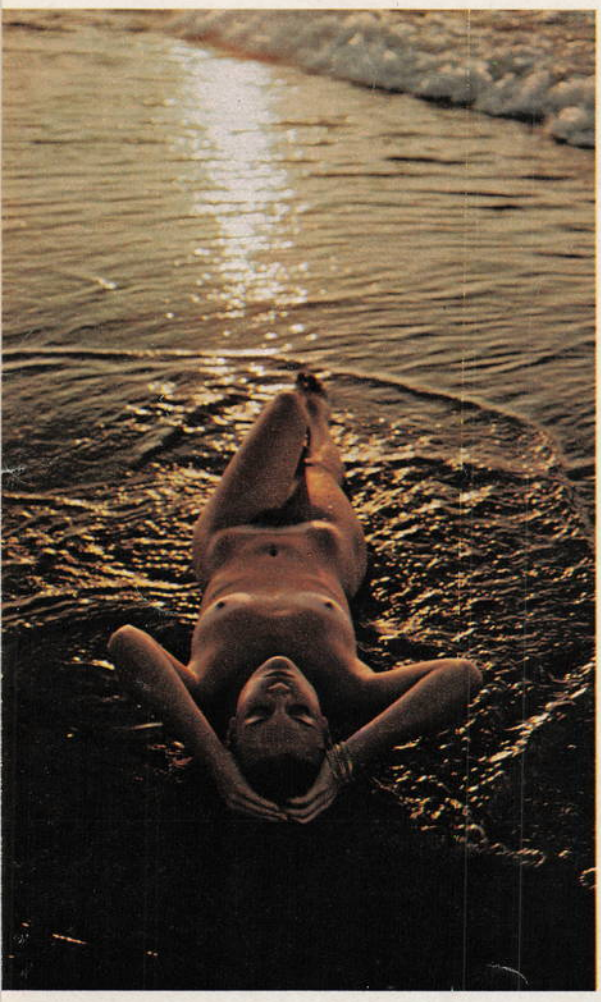
"I never need an alarm clock," says the early-rising Adrian. "Somehow my body knows that the sun is playing off the water, and I want to be there when it does. The best mornings begin when I awake close to a lover. My most passionate lovemaking takes place at daybreak. I'll kiss my man gently and watch him turn toward me, feel him growing hard even before he's fully awake. I enjoy knowing that my warmth is the very first thought of his awakening—that he feels protected, secure, and alive with the touch of my hand. And when I feel him moving deep inside me, I feel totally alive and totally secure."

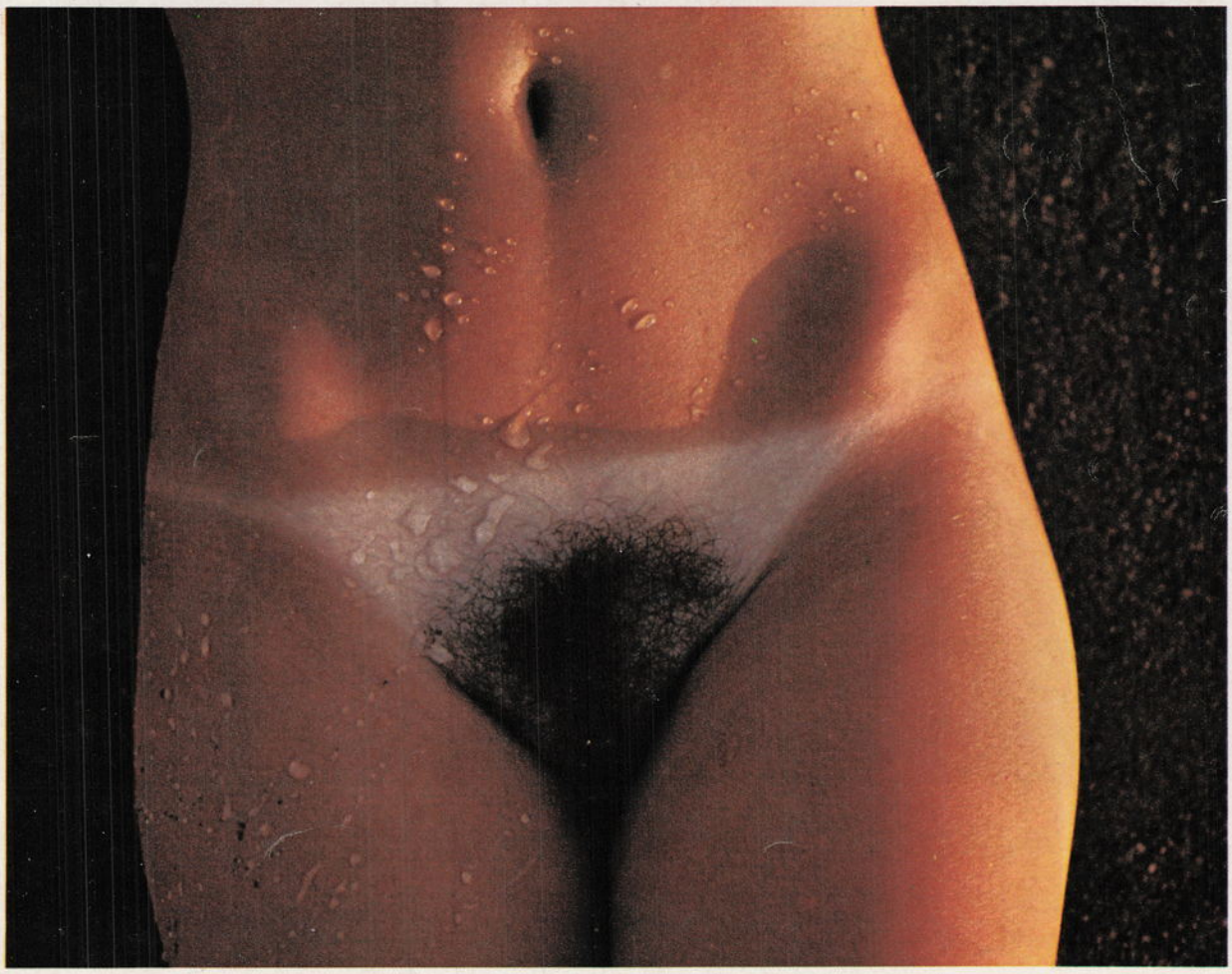
"At daybreak I'll kiss my man gently and feel him growing hard."

"What should a man do to arouse me? Let his fingers play gently across the curves of my body . . . show me his desire."

"The kind of man who excites me has a strong, muscular body; a dark, thick beard; and deep, sensitive eyes. You can learn a lot about a person by looking into his eyes. I want to gaze at a man and know that he believes I'm special, soft, and sensitive—that my body is like a temple, that you enter it with respect and devotion. Too many men think sex ends at the penis. Sex is really an entire state of mind."







"Too many men think sex ends at the penis."

"My body is like a temple... you enter it with respect and devotion."

A twenty-year-old aspiring stewardess, Adrian expresses the philosophy we used to hear when girls were still girls. "I guess I was just brought up a romantic. I know it's old-fashioned, but I still love a man who holds a door open for me or gives me flowers when there's nothing to celebrate but his love for me. When I give of myself, I give completely; and I just expect the same in return." That's an old-fashioned notion that will endure as long as love.

Fashions by Evelyn of Lucaya, Miami; lingerie courtesy of Schwartz's Intimate Apparel, Chicago; locations courtesy of Apogee Townhouse Condominiums, Coconut Grove, and R.L.B.

MISS ADRIAN KING/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

The year 1976 was a dark, bleak term for Vietnam veterans. And each of the thousands of letters *Penthouse* receives reflects one or more elements in the litany of why this was so. Some letters simply refer to the loss or delay of a VA check or request the address of an organization. Most of them, however, relate not one but a host of problems. Judging from our mail, these are the most typical, for one unresolved problem—much more often than not—inevitably leads to a further problem involving even greater complications.

One such case with which *Penthouse* has been involved for the past two years is that of William A. McFarland, Jr. In the judgment of *Penthouse*, McFarland's past, present, and future situation signals the real necessity for not forgetting, in the years ahead, the Vietnam veteran. Tom Tiede of the Newspaper Enterprise Association, who has helped *Penthouse* focus attention on McFarland's situation, capsules McFarland's past thus: "In 1965, the day after he learned of the death of a friend in Vietnam, McFarland, then seventeen years old, enlisted in the army. He went to infantry school, airborne school, canine school, and had advanced jungle training. He also did graduate work in hand-to-hand combat. He learned to kill in a variety of specialized ways.

"When he turned eighteen in 1966, he was sent to Vietnam, where the first dead man he saw was an American mutilated by the Viet Cong, 'with his genitals sewn in his mouth.' After that, the sight of the dead became routine.

"His sergeant died. His best pal was blown away. McFarland began smoking grass, boozing rotgut, and sniffing dope. Eventually he, too, was hit, in both legs, and after several months, six medals, and permanent disability, he was sent home.

"The absence of war, however, did not bring peace to McFarland. He claims the pain-killing agents given him while he was hospitalized were addicting. Also he could not forget Vietnam. He suffered blackouts, nightmares; he tried to kill himself. Six months after his discharge, he was judicially declared mentally incompetent. In 1971 he got into a squabble with a man on a California street. The man was killed, and Bill McFarland was found guilty and given five years to life."

Since McFarland was confined in Soledad, his existence has been a continuing nightmare: first, a battle with the Veterans Administration regarding his disability compensation for wounds received in Vietnam, and then one with prison authorities regarding psychiatric help for his war-induced mental disturbance. After much difficulty, time in the "hole," and run-ins with guards, McFarland was examined. Under clinical sedation, he revealed that the victim started the fight by pulling a gun, and that he in turn went into a blind rage. Self-defense and his own mental instability were direct factors. It was also established by psychologists that at the time of his trial, he had not been competent to participate in his own defense, and that the public defender made no mention of the self-defense factor, or of McFarland's previous, legally established mental incompetence. Still, nothing was done.

McFarland repeatedly sought parole to enter a Veterans Administration hospital in order to get the necessary psychiatric treatment not available to him in prison. Time after time, he was turned down by the California Adult Authority. Letters from McFarland and *Penthouse* to *everyone* in the chain of authority—from the president to the head of the California penal system—produced a Catch-22 response. To wit: "Yes, there may have been a miscarriage of justice, and yes, you need psychiatric assistance. But you can't receive a parole, because you are mentally disturbed."

> One veteran incarcerated in Soledad sought parole to enter a VA hospital for psychiatric help. The Catch-22 response was to deny him parole because he was mentally disturbed.

Finally, however, McFarland's situation did get through to prison authorities. They sent him to the Patton State Hospital for observation and limited psychological treatment. McFarland's mental condition then improved sufficiently for him to return to prison, where in December he will get one more chance to receive a parole. Looking at the past performance of the California Adult Authority, we have no assurance he will be released.

Today Bill McFarland still sees some hope in the future. In letters to *Penthouse* he has indicated his desire to seek the necessary Veterans Administration psychiatric treatment and to pick up the threads of his life. This is not going to be easy. He will be not only an ex-con but also a Vietnam veteran who has suffered from the worst effects of the post-war syndrome. Above all, he will be a human being who urgently needs help to achieve his own personal "Peace with Honor." Encouragement is needed, and *Penthouse* suggests that its readers might personally offer McFarland, in his quest for a parole and a new life, their personal support by writing to him: Mr. William A. McFarland, Jr., California Training Facility Central, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

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THE SORRY STATE OF FEMINISM
(Perhaps It's Time for Human Lib)

By Anne Roiphe

Ms. Roiphe is an author (Up the Sandbox, Long Division, and Torch Song, to be published in January), a journalist, a mother, and a feminist who likes men and other living things.

People aren't very generous even in times of growth and plenty. It seems that economic realities (that horrid expression means somebody who has it all now has a good reason not to share it), ecological realities, conservative swings, backlash, whiplash—all add up to the fact that the women's movement is in for hard times, for some retrenchment, backsliding, and grief. Stingy days certainly lie ahead for everyone, and feminists—militant or mild, their consciousness raised or rising—are all going to have to find some internal barricades and do some fast ducking and a lot of brave sticking-it-out.

From the first squawk in the 1960s to the recent women's caucus negotiating with Jimmy Carter, so much has happened—and happened so quickly—that those of us who were feminists before we knew the word developed a slight euphoria; we thought we were closer to home than the facts have demonstrated. A little recession, the defeat of the Equal Rights Amendment, have humbled us. After all, we are the ones with the least seniority, the least priority; and in bad times, in shrinking weeks, we and our political concerns will be the first to go.

Feminism has enjoyed all the vulgarities, disasters, and delights of other political movements. It began with an evangelical call to justice: Germaine Greer, Kate Millett, Gloria Steinem, et al. It was picked up by little groups of women talking, sharing serious grievances, finding out what they believed about themselves and what the things their mothers told them were that made life unnecessarily hard. A large number of converts of all ages began changing the basic rules and making demands on themselves and the environment—demands that were greater than any made before. The result has been a lot of personal pain and a huge amount of social chaos.

Women's magazines have changed and are no longer pushers of passivity and teachers of cunt power (i.e., manipulating one's sexual equipment for economic or status ends). Women writers have openly described their sexual exploits, their appetites, their disappointments; Erica Jong, Lois Gould, Doris Lessing, and many others have brought into shared knowledge the kind of things women always knew and felt but thought they shouldn't. The consciousness of most or many women in this country is now like a fine aquarium filled with multi-shaped, striped, and dotted iridescent fish: low-lying and high-flying ones, piranha, shark, electric eel, and the gentle sea horse. It's a gorgeous and welcome sight. But many of us are nevertheless worried: Will it hold? Will the condition of women continue to change for the better, or will the next wave of history push us back again on some dry and barren shore?

Now that the initial excitement is over and the pleasures of discovery have dimmed, it might be a good time to look at some of the traps we may have set for ourselves. One of them may be the new snobbisms and hostilities we have incidentally created along the way to liberation. New and potentially very destructive divisions are rather common. I see it in the eyes of women in the suburbs, who expect to be put down or attacked by me when I arrive at a luncheon. They are very defensive, these good women with golf clubs in the backs of their station wagons and children who take violin lessons on Thursday afternoons. They think I think their lives are no good, and they are very eager to tell me how happy they are and how afraid they are that the feminists despise them and how in return, of course, they despise the feminists.

It seems that women are always judging each other, feeling superior or inferior. They sniff around like dogs at the hydrant

> Contrary to Susan Brownmiller, rape is not the founding stone of human societies. This kind of thinking brings feminism to the edge of irrationality.

until the question of who is better, lives better, and has more is settled. Women are competitive in ranking life-styles. We judge each other's children; we have complicated definitions of success. It's not just money or looks or professional success; it's not just love; it's not just friends or belongings or moving up or down the social ladder. We judge on a weird combination of all these factors—and more. Women are always sniffing about each other in very rude ways.

Feminists, the same who for years felt they were strangers within their own culture, have not done enough to reach out and include in their political scope-of-acceptance women whose life choices have been more traditional. It's not unreasonable for each group to fear the other, to feel laughed at or humiliated by the other. (*Ms.* magazine ran a long and rather wonderful story in which the good mother wore blue jeans and no makeup and the bad mother went to the hairdresser and wore stockings and took an overdose of sleeping pills.) Matters of style are still used by women of one group to put down the other. This is actually a rather dangerous business. I think it caused the defeat of the Equal Rights Amendment; and if the backlash continues to grow, it could cause the ultimate stalling of the women's movement itself—particularly if hard economic times continue to squeeze women out of newly won jobs and to limit the opportunities for self-fulfillment in work for both sexes.

The women's movement has also overlooked or underestimated the problems involved in child raising. In their eagerness to proclaim equality with men, some women have adopted men's least appealing value structures. Some women have tended to view the entire business of birth and nurture as slightly revolting, an inferior, rather nonintellectual pursuit—and an unnecessary one, were universal abortion and government day care coast-to-coast realities. This swing of the pendulum toward indifference to babies, to human development, to kindergarten interests, while undoing some of the nonsense of previous generations' glorification and sanctification of the grubbiness of motherhood, ignores the fact that the children must be loved, tended, educated, stimulated, touched, bathed, put to bed, cooked for, and reminded (to take library books back to the library, etc.); and on and on it goes, the daily caring that makes it possible to limit the number of psychotics among us and to keep the species going and the culture viable enough so that it may improve.

It is a complicated problem, this issue of how to provide for the children without destroying or inhibiting the adult. It may be right here that the women's movement—if we are not very careful—will fail. If we bring up a generation of young people who feel cheated of important emotional nourishment in childhood, not only will they be crippled people, but they may also become reactionaries and return to the very family patterns that current feminists are rebelling against.

The day-care prospect is rather frightening. If the quality is not the best, we are in grave trouble. What massive government or state organization can we point to under which quality has not been totally sacrificed to small minds and tight budgets? Rather than push aside the uncomfortable questions regarding how to care for the children, we had better confront the problems directly. I think the only solution lies in a releasing of that vast, untapped resource of fatherhood. If men begin to think of the details of their children's lives—their clothes, their schooling, their dental appointments, their dancing classes, their minor illnesses—as being as much as 50 percent their own responsibility, then perhaps the women can continue to move forward in equality; and the men can grow in real humanity. Ignoring people's needs and desires to have children, and then ignoring the children's absolute necessities, will bring down the women's movement. If women can exercise power and gain commercial and professional success, then men can enjoy and experience their paternity in new and deeper ways.

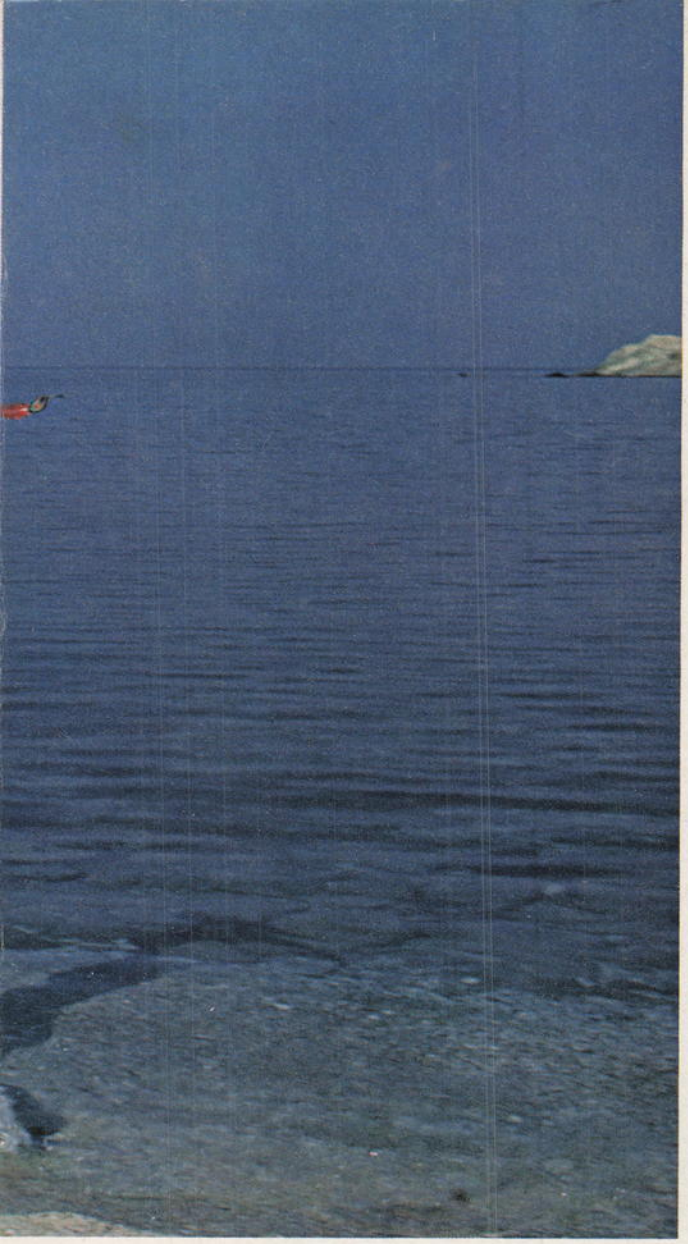
It is true that parenting involves some periods of time devoted to others which offer no (apparent) career or money rewards. Women have been complaining about the sacrifices involved in child care, and men are certainly not eager to take over. The solution, of course, is to share equally, to care equally; and anyone who thinks that there are some kinds of human relationship that do not require some sacrifice of self-interest, some discipline, has never had a real human relationship. While today men all over America are stuffing dishwashers and changing sheets, not many of them yet have a

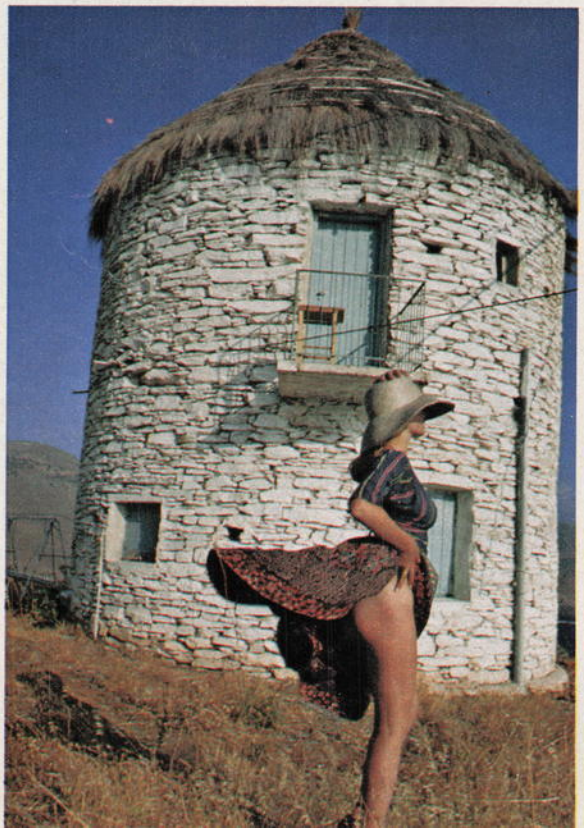
CONTINUED ON PAGE 215

MELANIE LINGERS ON

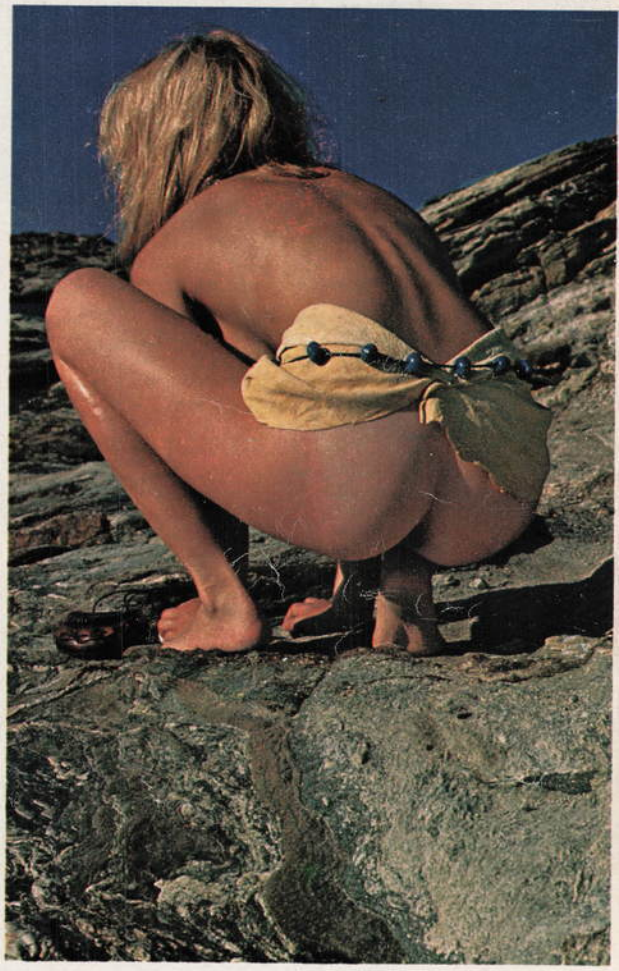
Melanie Richards made straight A's during her first term in college, something she had made a habit of in high school. "So I decided that I deserved a reward," she says. "And since no one stepped up to give me a prize, I awarded myself a trip to Europe. After all, why bother being fluent in Greek if you don't put it to use with a young Greek gentleman?" Melanie's 36-23-35 fluency of form, however, has the kind of inner eloquence that transcends language.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL BRAMMAN





"Back home," says she, "I'm really very quiet. But here in Greece I can do as I like—I can fly a kite, and pretend that I'm free as a bird . . . and I can let my passing fancies run a bit wild. Isn't that what vacations are supposed to be for?"



Melanie believes in tenderness. "Lots of boys back home think that sex is supposed to be aggressive—like how many girls they can screw before graduation. But that's not what it's all about, is it? I know how much pleasure you can give yourself by touching and feeling the right places . . . and you can show a tough-looking guy that your fingers can do the same for him. And what's nice is the way two loving people teach each other what to do.

But here on the coast, I'm finding that the boys don't have to be taught very much. Maybe it's the warmth of the sun, I don't know . . . but everything is just easier, more relaxed, here. It's just a vacation, and it'll be over before I know it, but this is certainly the best gift I could have given myself. In a way it will linger on and on, because I'll never forget it."
Neither will we.

Mao's Legacy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

generation of struggle to impose Communist rule on China, he warned: "These years of battle, these millions of deaths, these sacrifices, are only a beginning. In a few decades this victory will seem like a short prologue to an extended drama. The road ahead is still long, and our task is even more arduous." So, in his view, the Chinese revolution was just starting.

The initial years of Communist rule were phenomenal. Chinese energy and enterprise, boosted by Soviet support, catapulted China into a new era. Old factories were rebuilt and enlarged, and ground was broken for bigger industrial areas. Sleepy market towns burgeoned into huge cities, and the pace was so rapid that coal could not be extracted fast enough for steel mills and the demands of the machine-tool plants could not be satisfied by electric power. At the same time, the Communists stabilized the currency, reformed the bureaucracy, repaired and extended railways, instituted public-health and sanitation programs, and set up a system for equitably distributing available food and clothing.

As a result, China in the middle of the 1950s looked like a model to be emulated by underdeveloped countries, and leaders from Asia, Africa, and Latin America—including many who loathed communism—lauded Mao. But this apparently ideal society was as deceptive as a dormant volcano: flames simmered below its crust.

At the core of the coming tumult was one major difference between Mao and many of his Communist party and Chinese army comrades. They believed that the management of China required a modern, stratified, competent civil apparatus that could cope with complex economic, financial, social, and technical problems, and they argued that ideological purity was less significant than ability. Their example was the Soviet Union, where engineers, scientists, and other technicians had been given political latitude even during the darkest moments of Stalin's tyranny. Mao rebuffed this argument, contending that the creation of a technocratic bureaucracy would eventually lead to the establishment of a privileged class, like the mandarins of ancient China. Such a class, he claimed, would become isolated from the people. It would also greatly dilute his own power and prestige.

This divergence of views surfaced in a dispute between Mao and his opponents over the status of the Chinese army. During the 1930s, when Mao was struggling simultaneously against the Japanese invaders and his Chinese Nationalist foes, he had evolved a theory of guerrilla warfare. It was designed to serve a weak force like the Communists against superior enemies, and it depended on the formation of small, mobile squads of partisans imbued with a one-for-all-and-all-for-one spirit. The concept worked in its time, but Mao clung to it for years afterward, asserting that highly motivated soldiers, rather than sophisticated weapons, were China's best defense.

By the 1950s, however, Chinese army commanders considered Mao's idea to be anachronistic. Badly bruised in their war against the American military machine in Korea, they returned to China with profound respect for advanced technology. They also believed that a modern army must have specialized services, a hierarchy of ranks, pay scales, promotion schedules, fringe benefits, and other military trappings. But these demands confirmed Mao's fears of creeping bureaucracy, and he repeatedly resisted them. The result was a debate over the role of the army that seesawed for years, and it took its toll.

Following an acrimonious showdown in 1959, Mao fired Marshal P'eng Te-huai, the defense minister, and scores of lesser officers. Six years later, he purged Gen. Lo Jui-ch'ing, the chief of staff. And in 1971 his designated heir, Marshal Lin Piao, disappeared under the circumstances earlier noted. As each of these men fell, the Chinese army underwent a major shakeup, and the instability continues as rival military groups allied with political factions jockey for primacy.

> Now that Mao's dead, China will probably be governed by a collective leadership. But this is bound to collapse.

Even more tumultuous was the struggle between Mao and the Communist party apparatus, a conflict that initially became intensified during the 1950s over the question of agricultural development. Consistent with his principles, Mao pushed for the faster collectivization of peasants, while party officials stressed the need for greater technological investment. It was a fight that would zigzag for years.

At a congress in 1956, for instance, the party bosses denounced the "deification of the individual" and diluted Mao's authority by revamping the organization's structure. Two years later, after fortifying his position, Mao counterattacked with the Great Leap Forward, a frenetic drive to mobilize China overnight. But that campaign stumbled, and the Communist party staged a new offensive, again shoving Mao aside. In traditional Chinese fashion, the party officials would praise Mao to the skies while discarding his policies. Or as one of his disciples put it: "They put him on a shelf like a Buddha so that people would kowtow to him as they managed the affairs of state in their own way."

Once again, however, Mao would not accept defeat. He watched and waited, and finally, in late 1965, he struck back in a full-scale drive he called the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution.

Unlike his earlier fights with the Communist party, waged mainly at the top, Mao now used a bigger strategy. Helped by loyal army elements, he organized millions of Red Guards, exhorting them to smash the party apparatus throughout China. The result was a mammoth convulsion. Hordes of Chinese teenagers roamed the country, breaking into party and government offices, dragging out officials and submitting them to humiliating kangaroo courts. Observing Mao's appeal to destroy the remnants of feudal China, they wrecked ancient temples and priceless antiques, and they beat up many old and infirm men and women who allegedly represented "bourgeois" tendencies.

Soon rival Red Guard factions, struggling to promote their own interests, began skirmishing among themselves, first with their fists and later with stolen army weapons. In Wu-han, an industrial complex on the Yangtze River, the local military commander revolted against the government and was put down only after Peking had sent in paratroopers and gunboats. The rich province of Szechwan cut itself off from the rest of China, refusing to export rice to poorer areas. Numbers of Chinese were killed and wounded in other places, and Mao himself confirmed the devastation afterward in a talk with his trusted American biographer, Edgar Snow. He said: "When foreigners reported that China was in great chaos, they were not telling lies. It had been true."

At the end of 1967, fearing that China would be too enfeebled to face a rising Soviet threat to the north and possible American intrusion from Vietnam in the south, the Chinese army stepped in to restore law and order. Within a year China appeared to be headed toward military rule. Typically, Mao manipulated the competing forces around him. He first backed the army group headed by Lin Piao and then shifted his support to a rival faction led by Prime Minister Chou En-lai. When Chou's followers appeared to be gaining, he set loose their adversaries. In the spectacle there was a surrealistic quality that defied understanding. Yet it contained an inner logic—Mao's own obsession with perpetual revolution.

That obsession is his legacy. And it promises, now that he's dead, to keep China astir. So the years ahead in China augur chronic turmoil, which is what Mao wanted. But without him, the revolution is likely to be rudderless, and the consequence could well be disorder that will affect the whole world.

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Guide to Peking

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

a film during her journey in China, ecstatically explained afterward that the trip had changed her life. Even the seasoned journalist Harrison Salisbury was convinced that the doctrines of Mao Tse-tung presented a spiritual challenge to Americans. Inspired by Mao's claim that he had spawned a new breed of "revolutionary man," Salisbury passionately intoned: "When would the New American Man and the New American Woman walk the earth, proud and confident, making the oceans boil and the continents shake?"

The most gullible visitors—and hence the easiest to manipulate—are the foreign businessmen who flock twice a year to the Canton Trade Fair in hopes of transacting deals with the Chinese. Many, like ancient explorers, are stirred by the age-old dream of tapping the wealth of fabled Cathay. Others, having persuaded their firms that money can be made in China, are determined to justify the heavy expenses involved in getting there. Thus they sit week after week in the squalid Tung Fang Hotel, the only hotel they are allowed to occupy, killing their days at model irrigation projects or textile plants or chicken hatcheries they have seen before, and spending their evenings getting drunk among themselves on local beer or their own whiskey. Finally, when a Chinese trade official receives them, he is likely to say that their bid "will be taken under advisement"—which can mean "Return to the hotel until we summon you" or "We shall consider the matter next year." It can also mean nothing.

Few foreign businessmen protest openly against such treatment, since they fear that the Chinese will refuse to renew their visas. They also know—as do the Chinese—that their bosses will penalize them for being rejected. So, for the most part, they suffer humiliation, doing handstands, as it were, for trivial privileges. Not long ago a United States company representative enthusiastically cabled his headquarters that he had "established a dialogue" with the Chinese and was looking forward to a big contract. The source of his excitement? The Chinese had given him special permission to shoot home movies—within the Canton city limits, of course.

Many politicians who show up in China are also often swept away by such an ardent desire to please that they utter the most appalling banalities. Richard Nixon, with whom I traveled to Peking in 1972, is a grotesque case in point. At the Great Wall, for example, he proclaimed: "I think you would have to conclude that this is a great wall." On one particularly snowy day, he announced: "It snows like this in Chicago." And inside the Forbidden City, after examining priceless jade ornaments, he advised his guide to "search everybody now to make sure they don't have anything in their pockets." Four years later, when Nixon revisited China to celebrate the anniversary of his first trip, he obliged the Chinese by publicly endorsing their political line against the Soviet Union. The gesture infuriated the Ford administration.

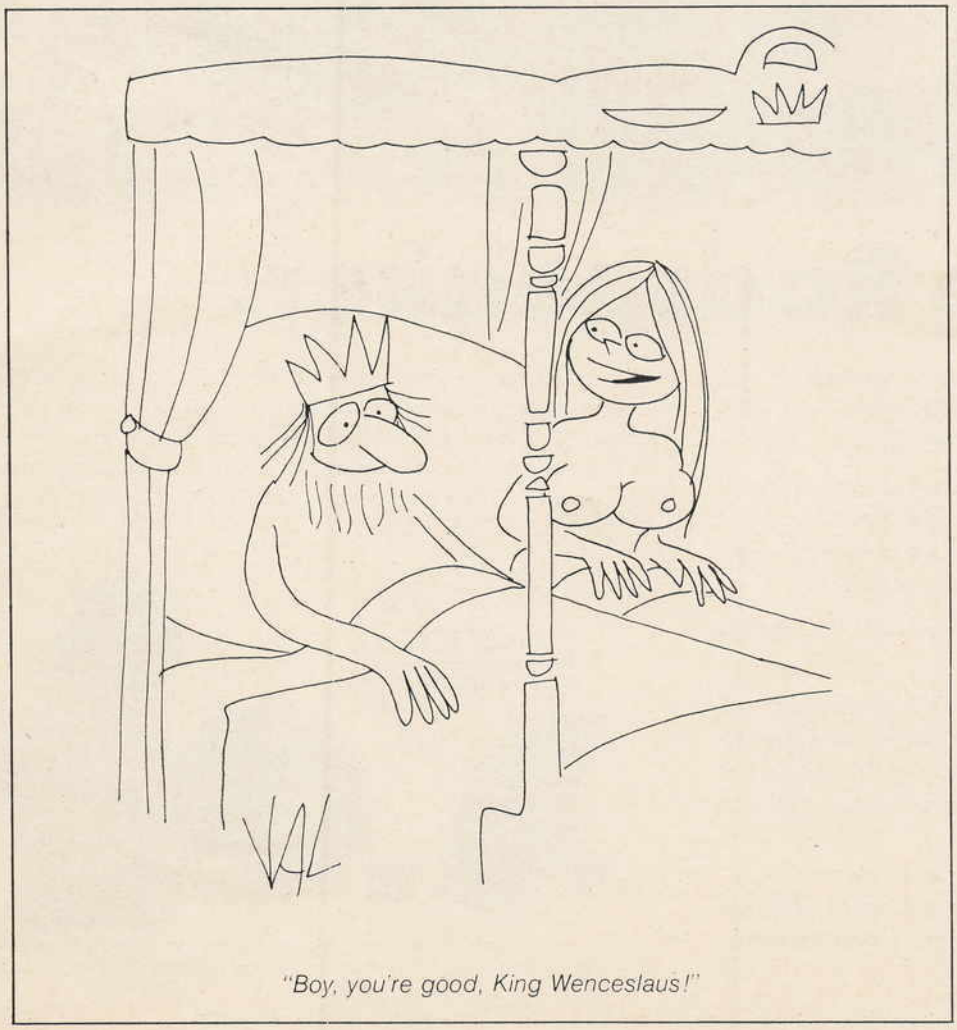
The lavishness of some statements by foreigners embarrasses sophisticated upper-echelon Chinese, who have remarked that laudatory overkill could backfire against China. Chou En-lai, the suave prime minister who died early this year, once admonished United States television crews for "only taking pictures of beautiful things" and ignoring the country's uglier aspects. The foreign minister, Chiao Kuan-hua, complained that American reporters "are not critical enough." As he put it: "They used to write that everything in China was wrong. Now they write that everything in China is right."

Even so, Chinese officials become uneasy when they grapple with "barbarians" who seek to stray from fixed patterns. Requests to visit out-of-the-way places, for instance, are invariably sidestepped as "inconvenient." So are requests to see Chinese who are not out of Central Casting. Another taboo is sex. It obviously flourishes, since the Chinese population is increasing by some 15 million per year. But it is strictly out of bounds for foreigners—unless, of course, they fraternize with other foreigners.

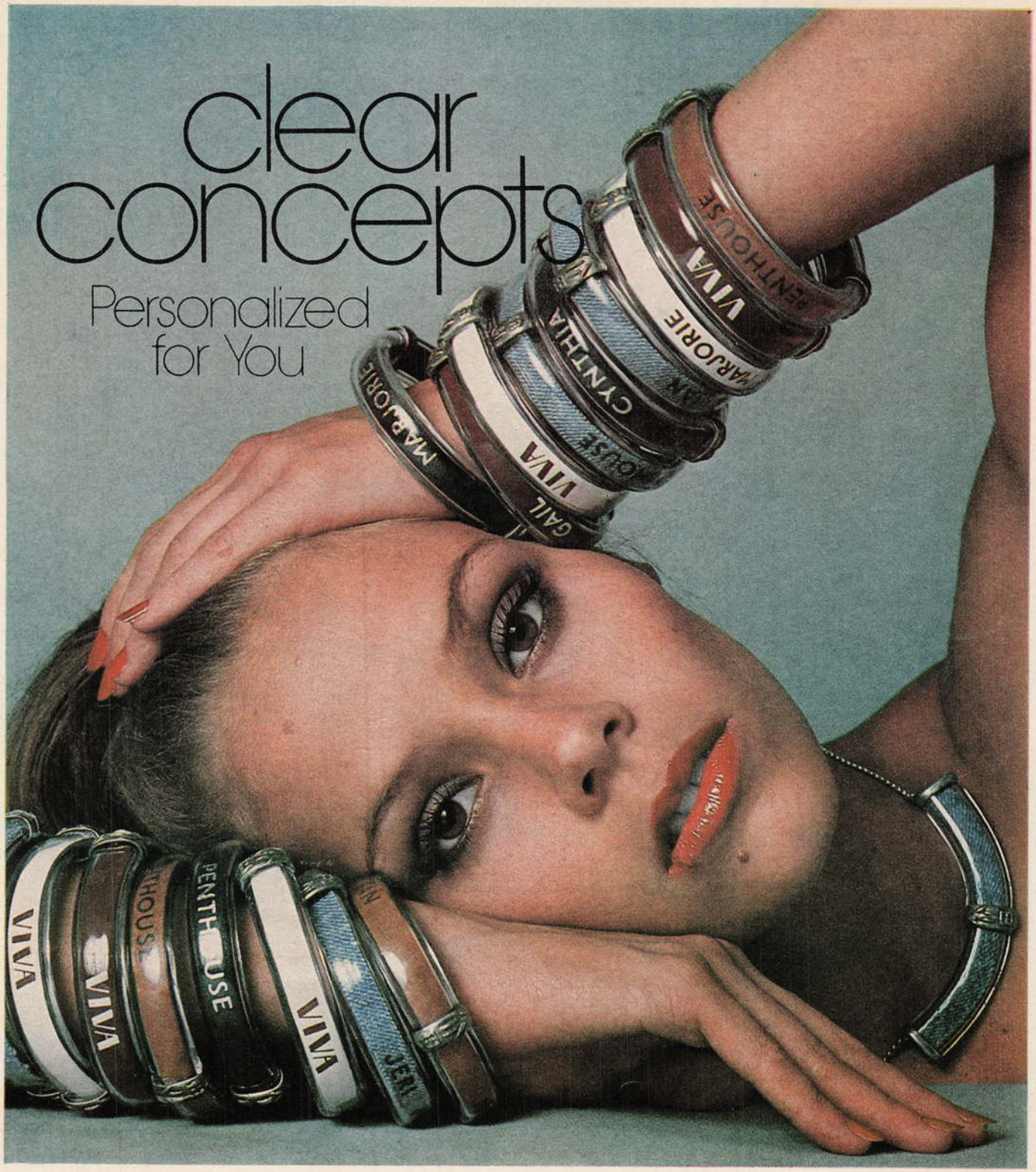
An awkward episode in the sex department occurred in Peking several years ago, when the Chinese laid on a grandiose reception for Indonesia's late President Sukarno, who regarded himself as one of the world's great Casanovas. The reception featured a state banquet at which Chinese leaders toasted their "everlasting fraternal ties" to Indonesia, and, like all other Chinese banquets, it ended early. At that point, Sukarno dropped a lascivious hint that he would concede to further "entertainment." The Chinese firmly asserted that the party was over—to which Sukarno sarcastically shot back: "And that's what you mean by 'everlasting fraternal ties'?"

The Chinese "barbarian"-handlers undertook a less tricky but still difficult task a couple of years ago, when the Peking government invited a group of United States ghetto youngsters to tour China. The enterprise was presumably motivated by the notion that "oppressed" American blacks would be overwhelmed by China's radical dynamism and would spread the word back in the United States. As it turned out, the experiment was a disaster.

The first thing that shook the Chinese guides was the sight of the children, most of them high schoolers. They wore platform shoes, studded suits or jeans, and T-shirts emblazoned with sassy comments. One of them even sported a Vietnam fatigue cap adorned with a Mao Tse-tung badge on one side and a button reading "Bomb



"Boy, you're good, King Wenceslaus!"



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Hanoi" on the other. Several carried portable tape recorders glued to their ears. Then there was their language, which was not only obscene but also incomprehensible to all those Chinese who overheard them.

At the welcome lunch, for example, one boy shoveled a bowl of cabbage into his mouth, sighed, and exclaimed loudly, "Man, these greens is baaaad." Startled by the remark, a Chinese guide rushed over to find out what was wrong from a State Department official escorting the group. The American explained that "bad" signified "good," and that the visitors were delighted with the cuisine. The Chinese began to have doubts.

The doubts escalated as the days went by and the young visitors juked around the country. They were miffed on one occasion when Chinese officials, thinking that American minorities must have something in common with minorities everywhere else, presented them to a collection of tame Lolos, aborigines from the mountains of south China. They also annoyed their hosts by their penetrating questions. At a Shanghai watch factory, for instance, they relentlessly interrogated a woman worker until she admitted that she was not in the job out of choice but because she had been placed there by the government. The idea of government control shocked them, and, to the dismay of the Chinese, they made no secret of their preference for the capitalist, imperialist, racist United States. After patiently putting up for three weeks with this peculiar delegation of "foreign friends," as those accorded entry into China are formally termed, one of the Chinese guides cautiously intimated to the State Department escort that he had never before dealt with such "undisciplined" visitors. It required courage to make such criticism, referring as it did to guests of the regime.

The only foreign visitors who succeed to any degree in cracking the veneer of China are those of Chinese origin who return to see their families. Many hear horrendous tales. One, a California professor, told me of a cousin who has been in and out of so-called labor-reform camps because, two decades ago, he dared to suggest that the Communist party was fallible. Another Chinese-American related the ordeal endured by his relatives during the Cultural Revolution in the mid-1960s, when the Red Guards beat up people alleged to have "bourgeois" inclinations. But most "overseas Chinese" who make the China journey are discreet, since they realize that they can jeopardize their kin by publicizing stories of this kind.

If the itinerary of visitors is rigorously programmed by the Chinese, the supervision of alien diplomats and journalists based in Peking is even more tightly regulated. Before the Communist takeover, foreigners could live anywhere in that lovely city, and many occupied fine, old houses tucked away in colorful alleys. But now the foreign community is restricted to a special neighborhood of hideous apartment buildings, limited to shopping in a designated store, and prohibited from roaming more than twelve miles beyond the metropolitan boundaries without authorization. As a consequence, foreigners who live in the Chinese capital are beginning to resemble the inhabitants of those remote Swiss villages that are snowed-in for most of the year. They mingle only among themselves, intermarry or swap wives, and gradually acquire the sort of mental numbness that comes from lengthy social isolation.

Some foreign residents in Peking find the continual watch on them unbearable. A Canadian diplomat who spent some time there reported not long ago that Chinese guards wrote down "our every movement" and even kept a record on every person who visited his office or apartment. Chinese servants, provided for foreigners by the Peking municipal administration, are also presumed to be spies, and sometimes, when a foreign family and its servants become a bit friendly, the servants are suddenly and inexplicably replaced by new ones. "It's not just control of foreigners but control over everyone," the Canadian diplomat recalled. "Everybody in China checks up on everybody else, and we foreigners are involved in just one aspect of this system."

> Everybody in China checks up on everybody else, and foreigners are involved in just one aspect of this system.

Though the Chinese officially profess amity for all "peoples," some foreigners in Peking are more equal than others. The Albanians and Romanians are high on the list, since their relations with the Soviet Union are cool. Similarly, the Korean and Vietnamese Communists and the Pakistanis receive preferential treatment because of their squabble with India, one of China's main adversaries in Asia. This stature gets these nationalities more commodious buildings in the diplomatic compound, better seats at banquets, and faster access to Chinese officials. Africans are also rated high, but mostly in theory, since the Chinese dislike blacks. The loneliest aliens in Peking are the Russians, the prime enemies of the Chinese. The 400 members of the Russian contingent are secluded in their fortresslike embassy, with their own Russian servants and drivers. Recently, I suggested to a friend going to Peking that he look up a Soviet acquaintance of mine serving there. My friend's Chinese guide refused to take him to the Russian embassy. It was "inconvenient," the guide explained.

For a while after the United States set up the U.S. Liaison Office in Peking in 1973, Americans were very much in vogue—so much so that other foreigners telephoning taxis pretended to be American in order to get faster service. But the fashion rapidly wore off, partly because of a fracas involving the United States Marines, who had been sent to the Chinese capital to guard the Liaison Office, as they do American diplomatic missions everywhere else in the world.

The root of the dispute lay in the fact that the United States and Chinese governments had never really defined the role of the marines beforehand. The Chinese became irritated when they saw the marines in uniform—a spectacle that reminded them of the days when foreign troops enforced foreign laws in China. To placate their hosts, the marines went into mufti, but the Chinese chipped away until one day two years ago, when they found a pretext for a major assault. They focused on the marine recreation room—popularly known in the diplomatic quarter as the "Red Ass Saloon"—and demanded it be closed on the grounds that it was a "commercial activity in a residential area." Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, who acquiesces to Chinese sensitivities, removed the marines from China.

Oddly enough, the Chinese have never objected to a Central Intelligence Agency representative in Peking, even though his identity is no secret to them. When I asked a senior CIA official in Washington to explain this unusual display of tolerance, he offered the following elucidation: "It's a kind of gentlemen's agreement. We know their man here."

One group of Americans having a strange existence in Peking is the radicals, now aged, who settled there when the Communists took over a generation ago. Many of these Americans worked as translators and radio announcers for the regime, and one even acted as the "evil" American in Chinese propaganda movies. During Mao Tse-tung's Cultural Revolution, when rival Chinese political factions were fighting each other, a South Carolinian by the name of Sydney Rittenberg sided with an extreme leftist group—perhaps in an attempt to prove his revolutionary passion. But the line changed, and he was zigging when he should have been zagging. He went to jail on charges of being a "counter-revolutionary—the catch-all indictment for any wrongdoing—and he is still in prison, as far as anyone knows.

Another American, who has been in Peking for twenty years doing odd propaganda jobs, intimated to me that he had reached a dead end. "I'd like to go home," he said, "but what would I do? My whole life has been here."

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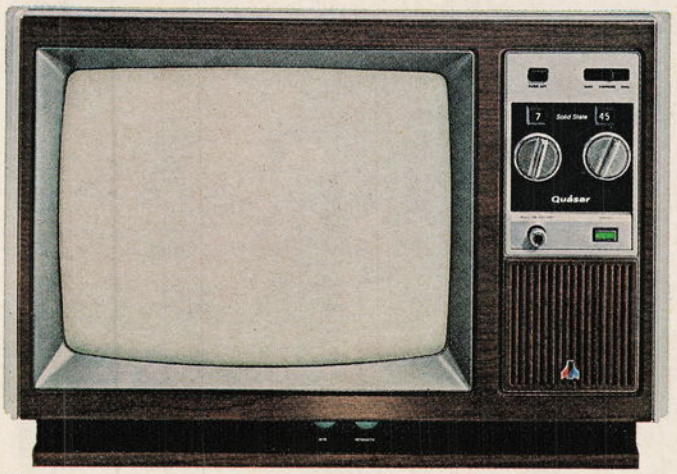

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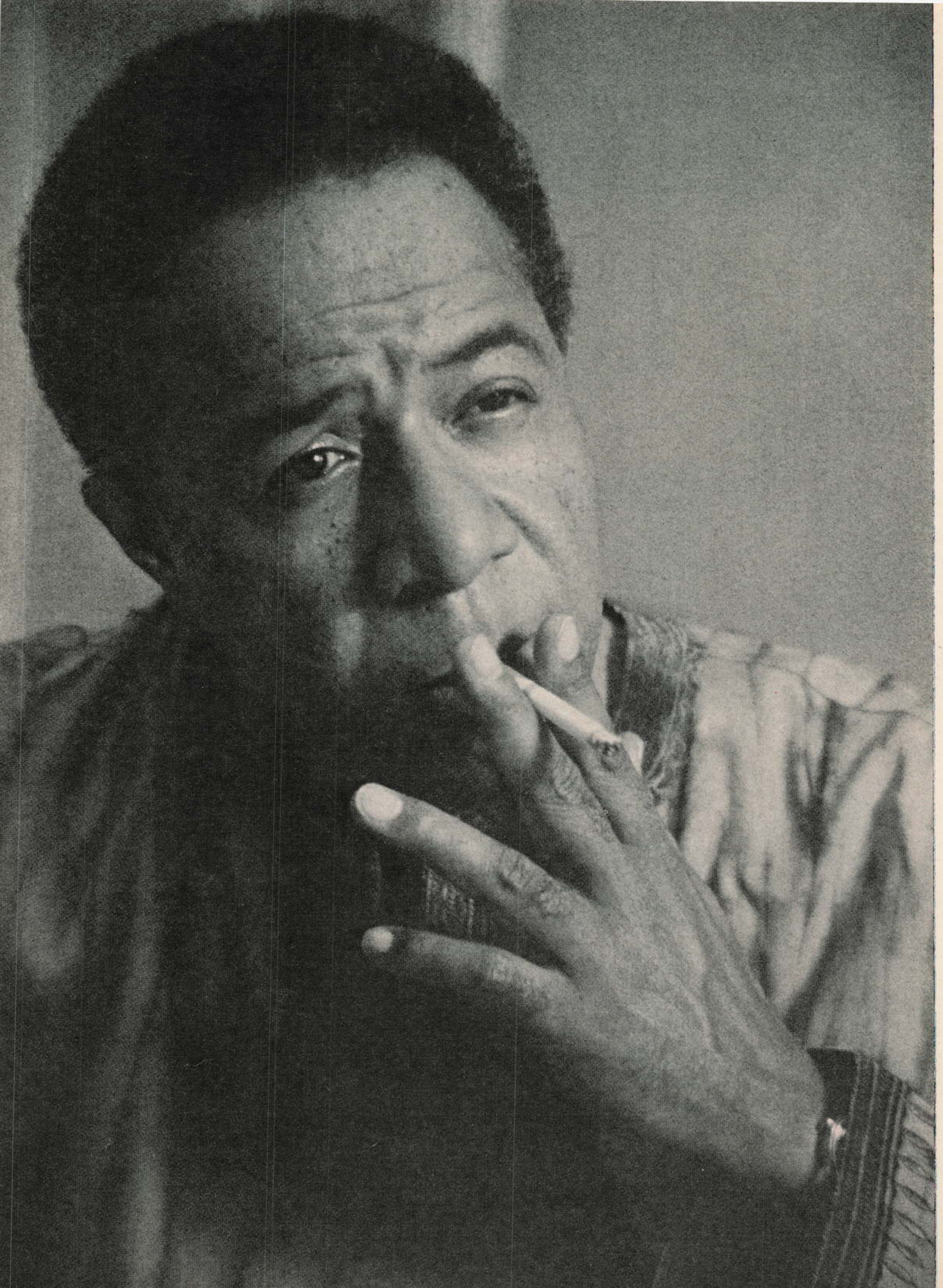

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

ALEX HALEY

> As I lay there, I realized what
> it must have been
> like to have been on a slave
> ship, lying in chains,
> half-strangling
> in the foul air, listening to the
> moans and
> cries in a dozen dialects.
> I knew...I knew.

At the age of fifty-five, Alex Haley has struck it rich. The former magazine writer and twenty-year Coast Guard career man spent ten tough years researching and writing the massive novel *Roots*, which, before it was published by Doubleday this fall, had an advance sale of more than 100,000. A twelve-part television version will be presented by the American Broadcasting Company, beginning this February.

To research *Roots*, Haley traveled more than a half-million miles and spent more than $80,000 (which has to be a world record for research on a novel). Reader's Digest and Doubleday swallowed hard and footed the bill. "For ten years they sweated," Haley says. "But now they're glad."

Haley traced the story of his family back to the tiny African Village from which his seventh-generation ancestor, Kunta Kinte, had been kidnapped by slave traders in the late 1700s. It is probably one of the most fantastic mystery stories ever written, not simply because of its suspense and drama, but because for virtually all whites—and many blacks—it unwraps a part of history that has been at best distorted and at worst hidden.

Most Americans—black and white—have bought the lie that Africans brought here were quickly "washed" of all tribal memories, losing their names and identities. It was a racist joke that blacks had no names of their own, no pre-American culture on which to draw for moral strength. In addition to propounding this myth, white America paid little note to the fact that the black population, in adopting Christianity, had reinjected into it some of the virtues that the white man had squeezed out and forgotten down through the centuries.

Haley himself is embarrassed to admit that he had some fairly arrant misconceptions of his ancestry prior to this book. "I thought of Africa," he says, "as being pretty much the way it had been depicted in the movies. My far-off relatives were there, dancing and waving spears and raising hell while Johnny Weissmuller swung through the trees."

But one Saturday afternoon in 1965 he felt impelled to walk into the National Archives, in Washington, D.C. "I wasn't about to admit that I was trying to find traces of my family. I just sort of sidled up and intimated that I wanted to do some light weekend reading and that maybe I could borrow the 1870 census records of Alamance County, North Carolina."

His attitude quickly changed when he found in the records the names of his great-grandparents, Tom and Irene Murray. Casual research was turned into an obsession.

As a child, on long summer evenings, Haley had listened to his maternal grandmother and her aged relatives, rocking on the porch in Henning, Tenn., talking with reverence of a mysterious man known only as "The African." The African had apparently been brought on a slave ship to Spotsylvania County, Virginia. Four times The African tried to escape. The last time he made the mistake of attacking the white men pursuing him. They cut off half of one foot with an axe. The African never tried to escape again.

Eventually he married, and when his daughter, Kizzy, was old enough, he told her his name was not Tobey but Kunta Kinte. He said he had been captured by slave traders when he had gone into the forest to cut wood to make a drum. He passed on to Kizzy a few words. He pointed at a banjo and said, "Ko." He pointed at a nearby river and said, "Kamby Bolong." These words and a few

Photograph by Earl Miller

others were handed down until, generations later, young Alex heard them in the conversation of old women talking on a southern porch at twilight.

Haley plunged into the records of slave transactions and of the departures and arrivals of slave ships. With the help of a college professor who specialized in African dialects, he found that his ancestor had been speaking the Mandinka tongue, used in the present-day West African nation of Gambia. "Kamby Bolong" meant the Gambia River. "Ko" was a variation of "Kore," a word for a musical instrument.

After years of research, Alex Haley, a brown man, found himself standing in the tiny African village of Juffure, surrounded by its entire population of seventy people, all jet black. "These were my relatives, sixth and seventh cousins. But their blackness gave me an enormous sense of guilt. I felt like a freak, a hybrid. It was a terrible feeling."

But his cousins soon put him at ease and prepared him to meet the *griot*, the tribal "memory bank," an old man who had been trained from childhood to memorize and to recite the histories of many families, stretching back for hundreds of years. From the griot, Haley sought confirmation of his identity.

He had already come a long way. He had taken a lengthy launch ride up the Gambia River, with two supply vehicles simultaneously following a circuitious land route. His quest had also involved renting the services of fourteen people, including three interpreters and four musicians—the latter being necessary because the griot would not recite without musical accompaniment.

The griot began by chanting the history of the Kinte family. He told of how they had originated in the ancient African kingdom of Mali, of how they had migrated to Mauretania and at last settled in Gambia, where their name became one respected and celebrated. One member of the family, Kunta Kinte, was a young man of sixteen rains (years) when he went into the forest to cut wood to make a drum. He was never seen again. This had happened more than 200 rains ago.

"A chill shot up my spine," says Alex Haley. "It was all true."

Haley was born in the tiny town of Henning, Tenn. (pop. 500), fifty miles north of Memphis. He was the son of middle-class parents, his father being a college professor. The family moved to Normal, Ala., when Alex was twelve, and when he was seventeen he enlisted in the Coast Guard.

"My Dad wanted me and my two younger brothers to become Ph.D.'s. But I was always a wanderer. It was in my blood, and when I tracked down the family history I found a reason: I was a copy of a great-great-grandfather named 'Chicken George,' an expert in handling fighting cocks and a man who, even as a slave, traveled all over the country and to England, plying his trade for his master. He loved life and enjoyed all aspects of it. So do I."

Haley spent twenty years in the Coast Guard, which included service during World War II in the Pacific. It was there—in order to while away the hours on shipboard—that he began to write. Eventually his stories began to sell, and he made history by becoming the first Coast Guard "journalist"—a category created specifically for him. Once out of service, at the age of thirty-seven, he became a full-time magazine writer; and at the invitation of Black Muslim leader Malcolm X (who was subsequently assassinated), Haley wrote *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*. Along the way, he married and had two daughters and a son, who are now grown up; ten years ago he was divorced. His brother Julius went on to become an architect for the navy, and his other brother, George, now serves as chief counsel to the United States Information Agency.

Roots promises to become something of a classic in American literature. It remains to be seen how the television adaptation will fare. It has certainly attracted some gifted actors, including Cicely Tyson, Edward Asner, Lorne Greene, and Ben Vereen. "I could have gotten more money for a regular two- or three-hour movie," Haley says, "but with a twelve-part TV film I thought it would have a better chance of being done right."

As soon as the money starts rolling in, Haley intends to reactivate the Kinte Foundation, an organization he formed several years ago to aid people in tracing their genealogy. He had to put the project temporarily in mothballs since it required more time and money than he had at his disposal.

Haley now lives in Los Angeles. "It's probably temporary," he says. "I live everywhere, temporarily." Unfortunately, his parents and the old relatives whose memories inspired his work are now gone. "But they know," says Haley. "I feel them. They know."

Haley, an easygoing and very likable man, was interviewed in his suite at the Barclay Hotel in Manhattan by Richard Ballad.

Penthouse: When you first decided to try and write this book, an old relative—as you quote her in your book—said to you, "Go ahead, boy, yo' sweet grandma an' all of 'em—dey up dere watching what you do." Were there actual moments when you felt the spirits of your ancestors around you?

Haley: Oh, yes. Indeed there were. The most vivid experience came on a ship. I had been experiencing a writer's block a few months previous, while in San Francisco. I was trying to write the part where Kunta is shipped across the ocean from the Gambia to Annapolis, Maryland. I was trying to write of the atmosphere on a slave ship. I made three or four false starts, of maybe thirty pages each, and nothing happened. So I just dumped the stuff and told my agent I was going back to Africa. He was sort of put out by the idea, because I was already late in delivering the book. But I just had to do it.

So, I went to Africa, and there I immediately booked passage on the first ship bound for America. It was a freighter of the Farrell Lines, called the *African Star*. It was out of Monrovia, Liberia, bound for Florida.

Penthouse: But what good would it do you to ship out on a freighter? It was nothing like a slave ship.

Haley: True, it was the lap of luxury, by comparison. But I had a plan; and the captain was a very nice fellow, and my being in the Coast Guard always smoothed things for me when dealing with people in the maritime services. I explained what I was trying to do, and we made arrangements that every night, after dinner, I was to go down into the hold, take off all of my clothes except my underwear, and spend the night stretched out on a plank, in the pitch darkness. It was cold and uncomfortable and spooky; and though—like I say—it wasn't anything like a slave ship, it still helped give me a little feeling for the way it might have been for my ancestor.

Penthouse: Did that break your writer's block?

Haley: Well, it wasn't quite that simple, because along about the third or fourth night I found that I just didn't want to go back down there again. To delay it, I walked back to the fantail—the back end of the ship—and I stood there with my hands on the rail, looking down into the water boiling up from the props.

Now, I must say, peripheral to this, that I had a lot of troubles along about that time. I had an unfinished book, with years of writing ahead of me—at the rate I was going. I still had six generations of my family history to write. The publishers were bugging me. I was heavily in debt. I don't mean the kind of debt where you get letters that say, "Perhaps you've forgotten this bill, so why don't you tie a piece of string around your finger?" I mean the tenth-letter kind, where they write, "You son of a bitch, if we ever catch you we're going to. . . ." And so on. I was at that tenth-letter stage with a lot of different people. Not that I was terribly sensitive to my creditors. My feeling was that no matter what happened—rocks, rain, hail, lawsuits—I had to go right on and do this thing, if I could. But I *was* getting very, very depressed.

So, I'm standing there—with one foot on the bottom rail and my hands on the top—and the thought came into my head, Why don't you just step through, put your head down, and drop in the ocean? And I thought, yeah, why not? That's salvation for all. Everything will disappear. Perfect peace. I felt almost a kind of jubilation. That would fix the sons of bitches—the publishers, the creditors, everybody who was on my back. And I began to feel the thing that people who have almost frozen to death will tell you about: a kind of warm drowsiness. A feeling of comfort.

And then it happened. I heard the voices. It was the most eerie thing I had ever experienced. They weren't strident. They

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were just conversational tones, but they overlapped, interrupting one another and I knew immediately who they were. I knew I was hearing Kunta and his wife, Bell, and Chicken George, and all the members of my family in its various generations. And they were saying things like, "No, don't do that. You have to continue this work." It was as if they were sitting around somewhere, on a front porch, just talking.

It became a physical battle for me to get unstuck from that rail. But with a kind of convulsive effort, I shoved myself back. I was shaking, and I scrambled back over the hatch covers in the center of the ship, scuttling like a crab, afraid to get near the rails. When I finally got to my stateroom, I went into what I would have to call paroxysms of weeping. I suppose it was around three hours later, around midnight, that I gained enough control to get up, go down to the hold, and settle down on my plank for the night. But now, as I lay there, I knew it all. I heard it all. I could imagine now what it must have been like to have been Kunta Kinte, lying in chains, half-strangling in the foul air, listening to the moans and cries in a dozen dialects he couldn't understand. I knew. I knew.

Penthouse: How did you feel, later, as you sat in the village from which your ancestors came and listened to the griot recite the detailed history of your family?

Haley: That chills you. The experience of listening to the griot was all part of a meant-to-be quality that this whole story had. I never even knew that there was that kind of man left in the world, but there I was, listening to him through interpreters. It was awesome, his power of memory. Conversely, the villagers were a little in awe of me. Imagine somebody being dragged into a UFO, 200 years ago, flying off to another planet, and then having his seventh-generation descendant return to earth and tell of where he had been. I was a symbol to those villagers of all their people who had been taken away through all the centuries.

Penthouse: Will you be showing the villagers the film?

Haley: Well, there wouldn't be much point. They wouldn't comprehend what the film was saying. Not just the language. The whole thing. I'm really sorry about that, too. It's kind of sad not to be able to share it with them.

Penthouse: In your book, Kunta and his friends all went to school every day and learned to read and write Arabic. Can the people of Juffure read and write today, or has the educational system deteriorated?

Haley: Well, they can't read or write as they could in Kunta's day. In that sense, they have deteriorated. But remember: they don't think of reading and writing as we do. They can write, in their way, but their whole society is really geared to oral communications. Just as the griots tell their stories.

One of the most impressive things that I learned in Africa was taught me in the city of Banjul, which used to be called Bathurst, and which is the capital of Gambia. When I talked with people there, I expressed surprise at the griot's memory for narrative. They told me that we in our Western culture have become so conditioned to what they call "the crutch of print" that we have almost forgotten the capacity of the human memory. So the people there really develop their oral communicating to a fine degree.

One of the reasons they can do this is that they have fewer things interfering with their concentration. They can be more single-minded than we can be. They are not as beset by as many things as we are. They don't have to make as many appointments. Well—hell, come to think of it they don't make *any* appointments. The idea of an appointment is pretty much alien to them. We may do twelve things in a day. They may spend twelve days thinking about doing a single thing. That's the way their society works.

Penthouse: Do they still communicate by drumbeats, which, as you point out, were so very important in the life of the village two centuries ago?

> I can't help but feel that the South is a much more moral place than other areas of the country—particularly the North—tend to be.

Haley: Not as much as they used to. But they still use drums. They have an even more fascinating system of communications, however. You might call it the grapevine. I've seen it in operation in other places—in the West Indies, for example, when I lived there. When I required the services of a particular person or I needed something, I would mention it to one of the fellows who worked for me. Now, there were no telephones, and the thing or person I wanted might be many miles away. Yet, within an hour or two, whatever I wanted would show up at my door. I was thunderstruck by that. When I found out how it was done, I was utterly fascinated. What they would do is that one person would simply tell another, and that person would tell another, and so on. Things would happen.

Penthouse: Did they have runners who operated over set routes?

Haley: No, nothing like that—nothing organized. All was very loose. But in those societies, there are people in motion at all times, going this way and that. They are like some great, unconscious, unpressured, but beautifully functioning social machine, with the goings and comings of the people forming an intricate series of patterns. People born into that society simply become part of those moving patterns, and they automatically help it function. And so the word, once passed, goes speeding from person to person at really incredible speed. In Africa it's called the "bush telegraph." But you can't pin it down. If you define it, you destroy it.

Penthouse: In Kunta's day, African women were kept very much in their place. This caused Kunta some social problems when he was brought to America and placed in the matriarchal society of the slaves. When you went to Africa, did you find there the same African, patriarchal attitudes toward women?

Haley: Well, the social patterns are not as strong as in Kunta's day, but you would have to say that in the backcountry villages they are certainly distinctly chauvinist.

For instance, in the village of Juffure today, there is still considerable concern on the part of the elders as to the propriety of girls going to school beyond the lower grades. In the cities there is less of that; but in the backcountry, the idea is for a girl to learn from her mother how to be a good wife and mother and then to get herself a husband and raise children. Of course, as in all such societies, women have very definite functions, very definite influences in the life of the tribe; and old women, like old men, are revered and are listened to.

Penthouse: Could you ever be comfortable going back and living permanently as an African, even in a large, modern city?

Haley: No, I could never be comfortable living permanently in black Africa. It is another culture. I would have to adjust and readjust in too many ways. They think differently and they act differently from the ways I'm used to. Their customs are different. A lot of black Americans have tried to return to Africa that way, and not a few of them have come back here after learning that the cultural shock was too much to take. It's not just the middle-class creature comforts, most of which would probably be available. It's the whole different way of viewing life.

Penthouse: Of all the people in your book, Chicken George seemed to capture your imagination the most. Why?

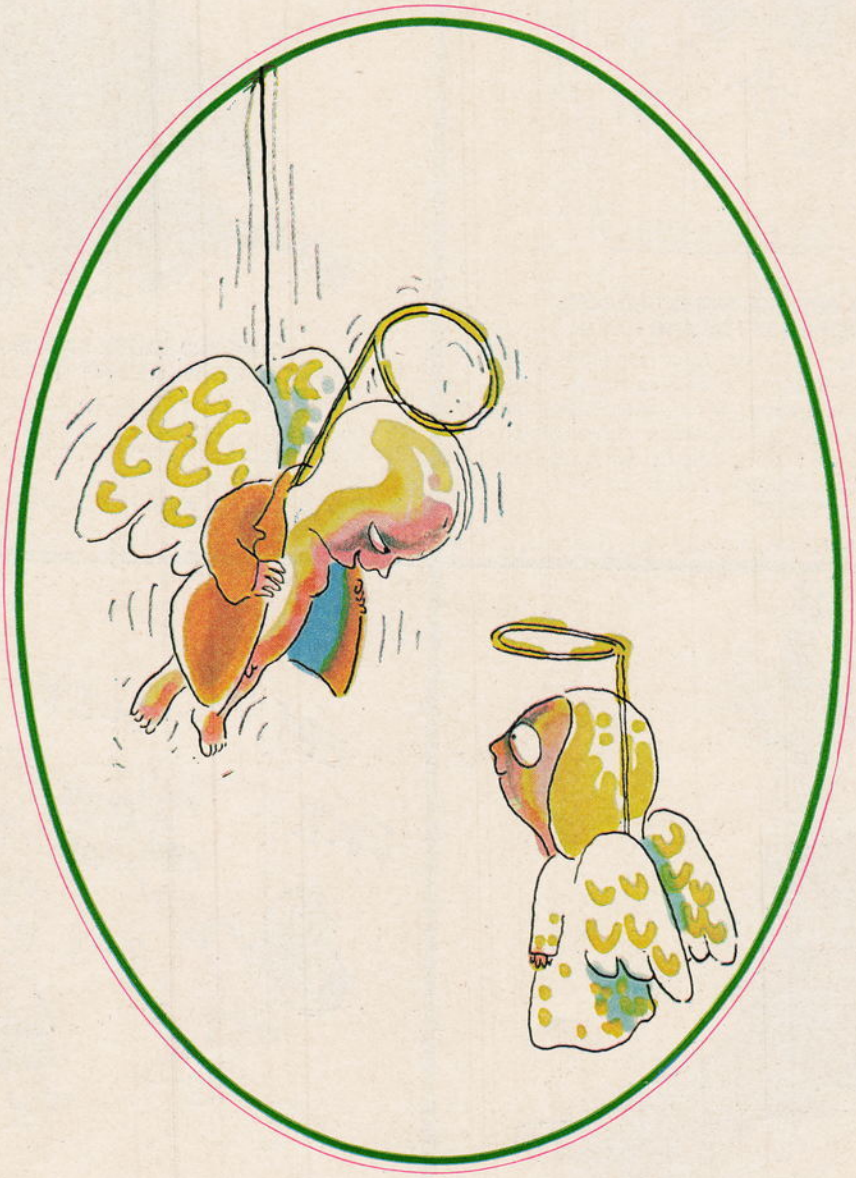
Haley: Well, Chicken George was really George Lea. He was the grandson of Kunta. His mother, Kizzy, had been raped by her white owner, Tom Lea, who was, therefore, Chicken George's father. He got that name, Chicken George, because he became one of the greatest handlers of fighting cocks in his time. As a result—and within the context of slavery—George was a wanderer, a traveler, a buccaneer, a sporting man. He traveled all over the South, handling those fighting chickens for his master-father. He even wound up in England, for God's sake. Well, I felt an affinity for him immediately. I think it's his blood which I carry which has made me a wanderer, a kind of buccaneer, a lady-chaser of some talents in my younger years—all

CONTINUED ON PAGE 176

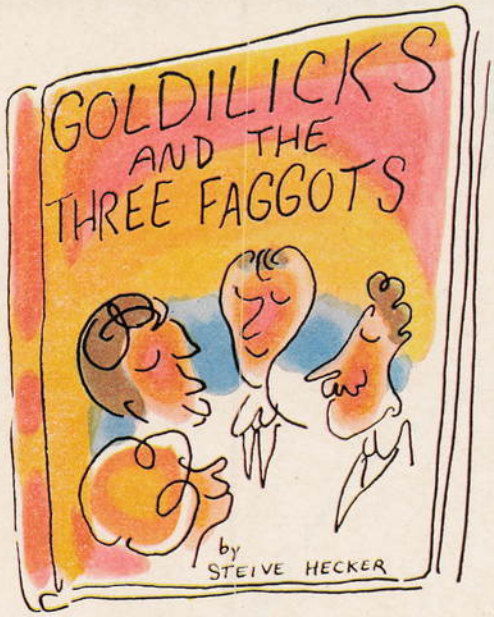
TOYS

For Degenerate Children

BY BILL LEE



What's in store for your little dimpled, darling pervert? We've got toys, lots of toys, that will help to carry your titillated tyke over the hump of degenerate childhood and into the full-fledged corruption of the adult world. The Yellow Brick Road of life is lined with used condoms, sex shops, everything from vaginal jelly to Pomeranian bullwhips. Why not toys . . . toys for the tainted (and tumescent) tots of busy parents?



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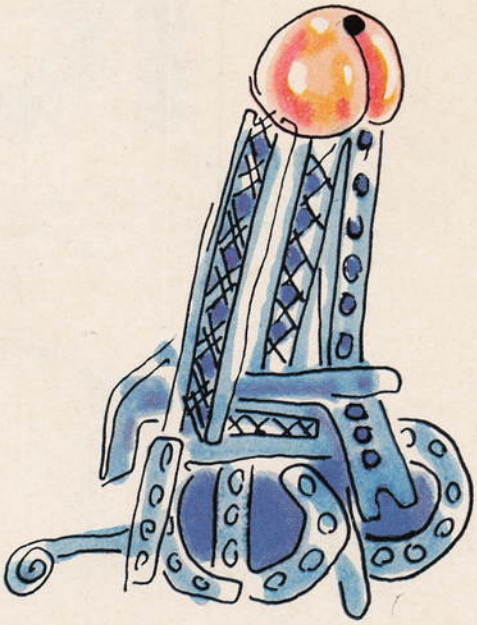

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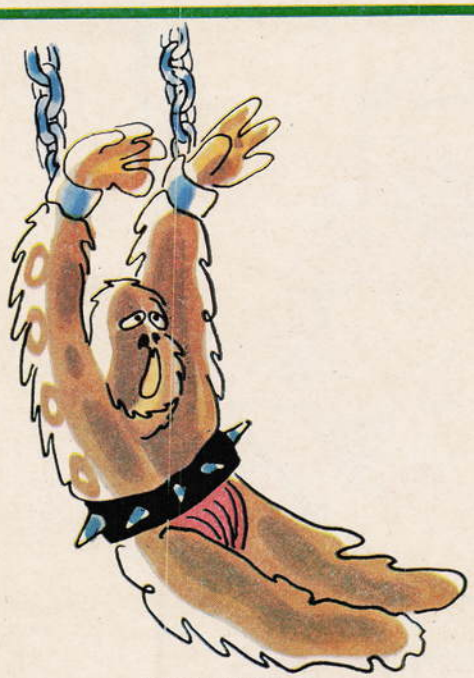

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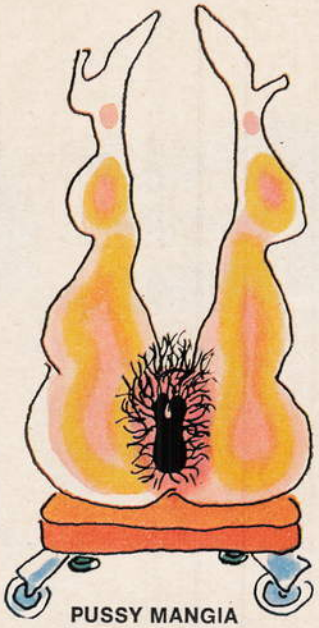

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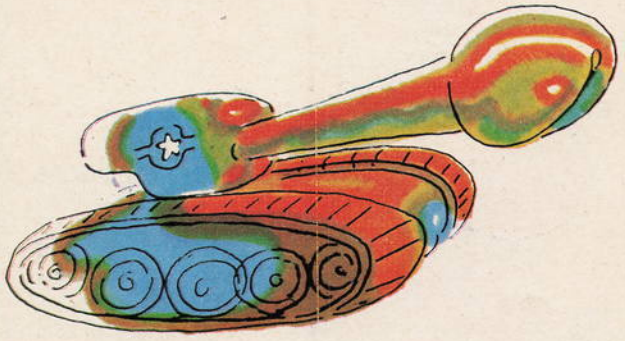

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THE HARD CANARD
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Suck-A-Duck will moan and smile all the while. For the orally hung girls or boys in your happy home.

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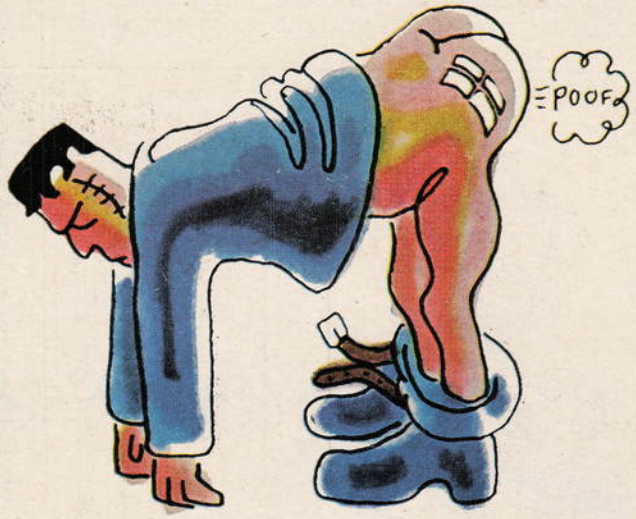

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THE CURS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

should not have entitled her to pronounce on everything."

But Garp would have agreed that the Percys' dog, Bonkers the Newfoundland Retriever, was dangerous. A Newfoundland is a breed of oily-coated dog resembling an all-black Saint Bernard with webbed feet. On the Percys' lawn, Bonkers broke up a touch-football game by hurling his two hundred youthful pounds on five-year-old Garp's back and biting off the child's left earlobe. Bonkers would probably have taken more of the ear, but he was a dog notably lacking concentration. The other children fled in all directions, like sparrows on whom a usually benign bird-feeder has just fallen.

"Bonkie bit someone," said a younger Percy, pulling Midge away from the phone.

It was a Percy family habit to put a *-y* or an *-ie* at the end of almost every family member's name. Thus the children Stewart (Jr.), Randolph, William, Cushman (a girl), and Bainbridge (another girl), were called, within the family: Stewie Two, Dopie, Shrill Willy, Cushie, and Pooh. Poor Bainbridge, whose name did not fit easily into a *-y* or an *-ie* ending, was also the last in the family to be in diapers; thus, in an attempt to be both descriptive and literary, *she* was Pooh.

It was Cushie at Midge's arm, telling her mother that "Bonkie bit someone."

"Who'd he get this time?" said Fat Stew; he seized up a squash racquet, as if he were going to take charge of the matter, but he was completely undressed, and it was Midge who drew her dressing gown together and prepared to be the first grown-up to run outside to inspect the damage.

Stewart Percy was frequently undressed, at home. No one knows why. Perhaps it was to relieve himself of the strain of how *very* dressed he was when he strolled the Steering campus with nothing to do, Distinguished Silver on display, and perhaps it was out of necessity—for all the procreation he was responsible for, he must have been frequently undressed.

"Bonkie bit Garp," said little Cushie Percy, but neither Stewart nor Midge noticed that Garp was there, in the doorway, the whole side of his head bloody and chewed.

"Mrs. Percy?" Garp whispered, not loud enough to be heard.

"So it was Garp?" Fat Stew said. Bending to return the squash racquet to the closet, he farted. Midge looked at him. "So Bonkie bit Garp," Stewart mused. "Well, at least the dog's got good taste, doesn't he?"

"Oh, Stewie," Midge said, a laughter light as spit escaping her. "Garp's still just a little boy." And there he was, in fact, near to fainting and bleeding on the costly hall rug, which actually spread, without a tuck or a ripple, through four of the monstrous first-floor rooms.

Cushie Percy, whose young life would terminate in childbirth while she tried to deliver what would have been only her first child, saw Garp bleeding on the Steering family heirloom: the remarkable carpet. "Oh, gross!" she cried, running out the door.

"Oh, I'll have to call your mother," Midge told Garp, who felt dizzy with the great dog's growl and slobber still singing in his partial ear.

For years Garp would mistakenly interpret Cushie Percy's outcry of "Oh, gross!" He thought she was *not* referring to his gnawed and messy ear but to her father's great, gray nakedness which filled the hall. *That* was what was gross to Garp: the silver, barrel-bellied navy man approaching him in the nude from the well of the Percys' towering spiral staircase.

Stewart Percy knelt down in front of Garp and peered curiously into the boy's bloody face, he did not appear to be directing his attention to the mauled ear, and Garp wondered if he should advise the enormous, naked man concerning the whereabouts of his injury, but Stewart Percy was not looking for where Garp was hurt. He was looking at Garp's shining brown eyes, at their color and at their shape, and he seemed to convince himself of something, because he nodded austerely and said up to his foolish, blond Midge: "Jap."

It would be years before Garp would fully comprehend this, too. But Stewie Percy said to Midge: "I spent enough time in the Pacific to recognize Jap eyes when I see them. I told you it was a Jap." The *it* Stewart Percy referred to was whoever he had decided Garp's father was. And Stewart Percy, from his experience in his part of the Pacific, had decided that Garp's father was Japanese.

"At that moment," Garp wrote, "I thought 'Jap' was a word that meant my ear was gone."

"No sense in calling his mother," Stewart said to Midge. "Just take him to the infirmary. She's a nurse; she'll know what to do."

Jenny knew, all right. "Why not bring the dog over here?" she asked Midge, while she gingerly washed around what was left of Garp's little ear.

"Bonkers?" Midge asked.

"Bring him here," Jenny said, "and I'll give him a shot."

"An injection?" Midge asked. She laughed. "Do you mean there's actually a *shot* to make him so he won't bite any more people?"

"No," Jenny said. "I mean there's a shot to make him *dead*. *That* kind of an injection. *Then* he won't bite any more people."

"Thus," Garp wrote, "was the war begun. For my mother, I think, it was a class war, which she later said all wars were. For me, I just knew to watch out for Bonkers. And for the rest of the Percys."

Stewart Percy sent Jenny Fields a memo on the stationery of the Secretary of the Steering School: "I cannot believe you actually want us to have Bonkers put to sleep," Stewart wrote.

"You bet your ass I do," Jenny said to him, on the phone. "Or at least tie him up."

"There's no point in *having* a dog if the dog can't run free," Stewart said.

"Then kill him," Jenny said.

"Bonkers has had all his shots, thank you just the same," Stewart said. "He's a gentle dog, really. Only if he's provoked . . ."

"Obviously," Garp wrote, "Fat Stew felt

"An apple in the mouth would have sufficed, Jenkins."

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that Bonkers had been provoked by my *Jap*ness. And properly provoked, of course."

"What's 'good taste' mean?" Garp asked Jenny. At the infirmary a doctor sewed up his ear, and Jenny gave him a shot.

"Good taste?" Jenny asked. The odd-looking amputation forced Garp always to wear his hair long, a style he often complained about.

"Fat Stew said that Bonkers has got good taste," Garp said.

"To bite you?" Jenny asked.

"I guess so," Garp said. "What's it mean?"

Jenny knew, all right. But she said: "It means that Bonkers must have known you were the best-tasting kid in the whole pile of kids."

"Am I?" Garp asked.

"Sure," Jenny said.

"How'd he know?" Garp asked.

"*I* don't know." Jenny said.

"What's 'Jap' mean?" Garp asked.

"Did Fat Stew say that to you?" Jenny asked him.

"No," Garp said. "I think he said it about my ear."

"Oh yes, your ear," Jenny said. "It means you have *special* ears." But she was wondering whether to tell him what she felt about the Percys, now; or whether he was enough like her to profit at some later, more important time from the experience of anger. Perhaps, she thought, I should save this morsel for him, for a time when he could use it. In her mind Jenny saw always more and larger battles ahead.

"My mother seemed to need an enemy," Garp wrote. "Real or imagined, my mother's enemy helped her to see the way *she* should behave and how she should instruct me. She was no natural at motherhood; in fact, I think Mother doubted that anything happened naturally. She was self-conscious and deliberate to the end."

It was the world according to Fat Stew that became Jenny's enemy in those early years for Garp. That phase might be called "Getting Garp Ready for Steering."

She watched his hair grow and cover the missing part of his ear. She was a little surprised at his handsomeness, because handsomeness had not been a factor in her relationship with Technical Sergeant Garp; if the sergeant had been handsome, Jenny Fields hadn't really noticed. But young Garp was handsome, she could see, though he remained small—as if born to fit in the ball-turret installation.

The band of children who coursed the Steering footpaths and grassy quadrangles and playing fields grew more awkward and self-conscious as Jenny watched them grow. Clarence DuGard soon needed glasses, which he was always smashing; over the years Jenny would treat him many times for ear infections and once for a broken nose. Talbot Mayer-Jones developed a lisp; he had a bottle-shaped body, though a lovely disposition, and low-grade chronic sinusitis. Emily Hamilton grew so tall that her knees and elbows were forever raw and bleeding from all her falls, and the way her small breasts stuck out made Jenny wince—occasionally wishing she had a daughter. Ira and Buddy Grove, "from the town," were thick in the ankles and wrists and necks, their fingers smudged and mashed from messing around in their father's maintenance department. And up grew the Percy children, blond and metallically clean, their eyes the color of the dull ice on the brackish Steering River that seeped through the salt marshes to the nearby sea.

Stewart, Jr., who was called Stewie Two, graduated from Steering before Garp was even of age to enter the school; Jenny treated him twice for a sprained ankle and once for gonorrhea. He later went through law school—many times, the flu—and a divorce. Randolph Percy was called Dopie until his dying day (of a heart attack, when he was only thirty-five; he was a procreator after his fat father's heart, himself the father of five). Dopie never managed to graduate from Steering, but successfully transferred to some other prep school and graduated after a while. Once Midge cried out in the Sunday dining room, "Our Dopie's dead!" His nickname sounded so awful in that context that the family, after Dopie's death, finally spoke of him as Randolph. William Percy, Shrill Willy, was embarrassed by *his* stupid nickname, to his credit; and although he was three years older than Garp, he befriended Garp in a very decent fashion while he was an upperclassman at Steering and Garp was just starting out. Jenny always liked William, whom she called William; she treated him many times for bronchitis and was moved enough by the news of his death (in a war, immediately following his graduation from Yale) that she even wrote a long letter of commiseration to Midge and Fat Stew.

As for the Percy girls, Cushie would get hers (and Garp would even get to play a small part; they were near the same age). And poor Bainbridge, the youngest Percy, who was cursed to be called Pooh, would be spared *her* encounter with Garp until Garp was in his prime.

All these children, and her Garp, Jenny watched grow. While Jenny waited for Garp to get ready for Steering, the black beast Bonkers grew very old, and slower—but not toothless, Jenny noticed. And always Garp watched out for him, even after Bonkers stopped running with the crowd; when he lurked, hulking by the Percys' white front pillars—as matted and tangled and nasty as a thorn bush in the dark—Garp still kept his eye on him. An occasional younger child—or someone new in the neighborhood—would get too close and be chomped. Jenny kept track of the stitches and missing bits of flesh for which the great, slavering dog was accountable, but Fat Stew endured all her criticisms and Bonkers lived.

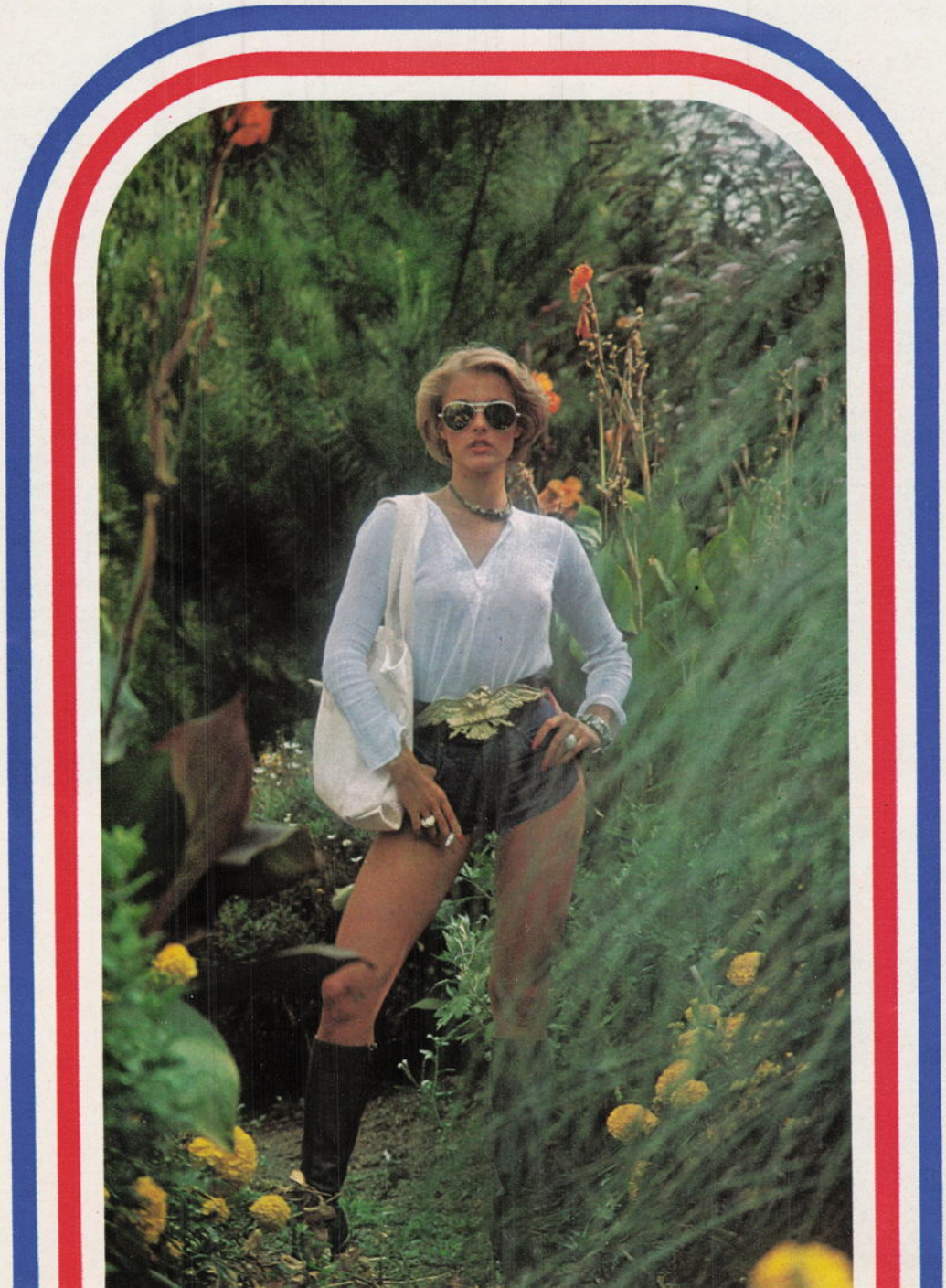
"I believe my mother grew fond of that animal's presence, although she would never have admitted it," Garp wrote. "Bonkers was the Percy Enemy come alive, made into muscle and fur and halitosis. It must have pleased my mother to watch the old dog slowing down while I grew up."

By the time Garp was ready for Steering, black Bonkers was fourteen years old. By the time Garp entered the Steering School, Jenny Fields had a few Distinguished Silver hairs of her own. By the time Garp started Steering, Jenny had taken all the courses that were worth taking and had listed them in order of universal value and entertainment. By the time Garp was a Steering student, Jenny Fields had been awarded the traditional gift for faculty and staff enduring fifteen years of service: the famous Steering dinner plates. The stern brick buildings of the school—including the infirmary annex—were baked into the big eating surfaces of the plates, vividly rendered in the Steering School colors. Good old blood and blue.

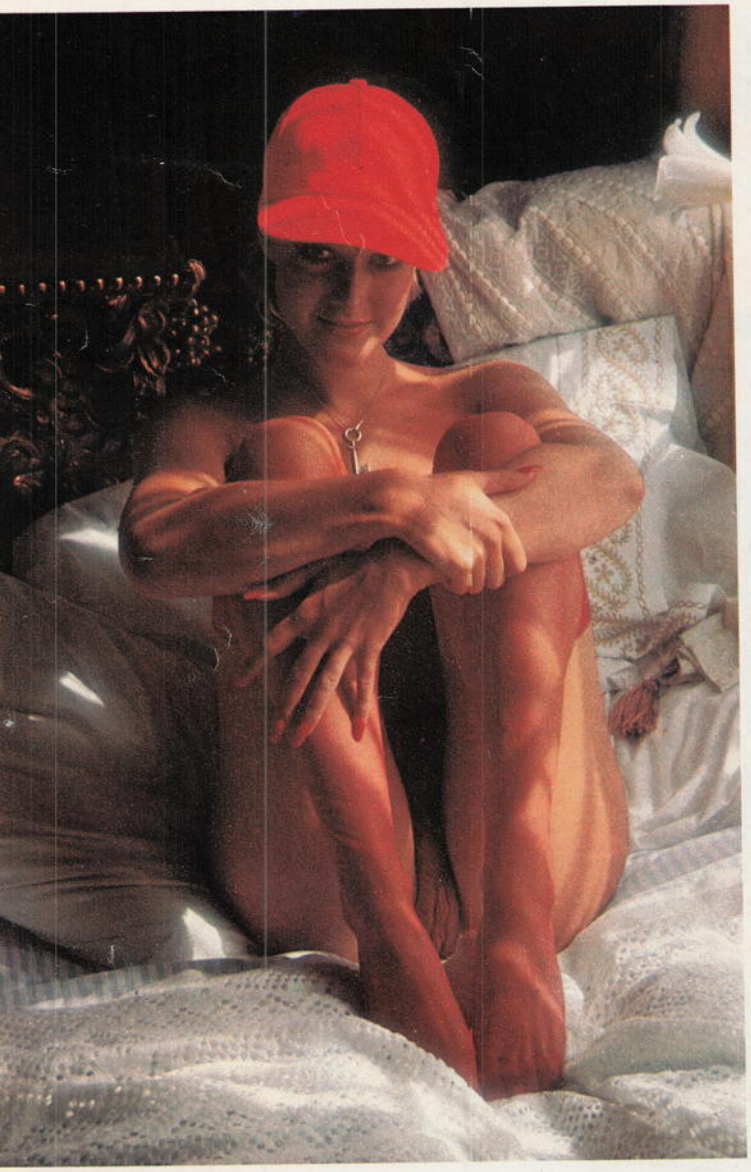
"There's no fool like an old fool."

BRITAIN'S

Pet of the Year



"There is nothing, absolutely nothing, quite so beautiful as a hard, erect penis."

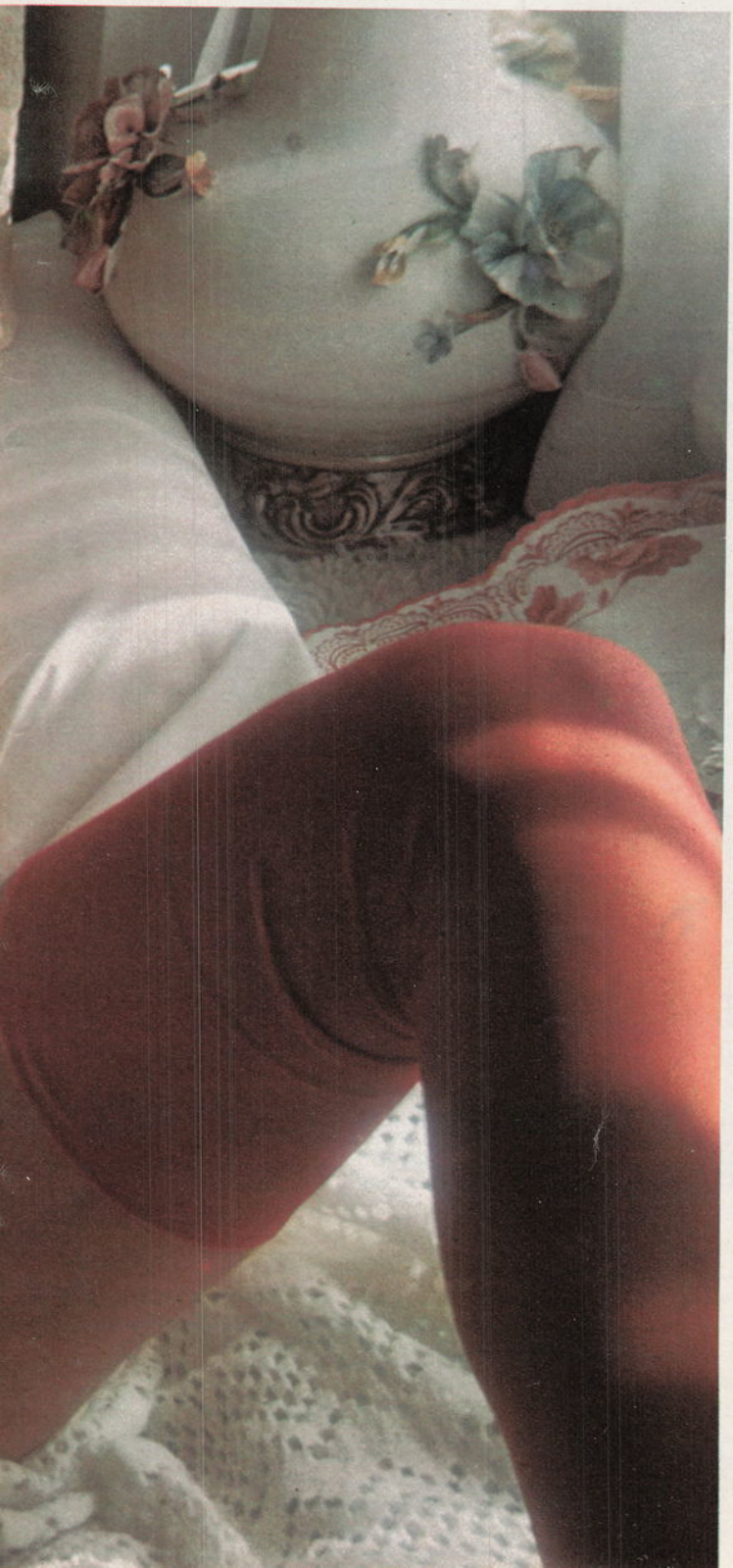


JANE HARGRAVE

As long as there's an England, there'll be the national British bird, a proud, cool chick who knows how to feather her nest with erotic and other delights. And as long as there are Englishmen, this high-flying species will be prized beyond all but the motorcar. Indeed, even in these dastardly times of drought and devaluation the British upper lip stiffens in defense of its own. Passionately. Thus, when the votes for the 1976 Pet of the Year Playoff were tallied, it became apparent that British birdwatchers, suitably stiffened to the occasion, preferred a comely country lass, insisting that *their* pert-breasted bird-of-paradise, Jane Hargrave, take wing as the most desirable Pet in the world.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

"I've always wanted to be famous," says Jane. "Even as a little girl, I had bags of ambition. My *Penthouse* Pet Pictorial (July 1975) was only the beginning —although I must admit that it's the kind of beginning almost any girl would envy. Now it's films. *Penthouse* is branching out, and I'm branching out with them. I do a very sexy part in *Gore Vidal's Caligula*. And then we're going to make four more films, including one by Fellini. My drive probably results from spending years in a convent. I haven't adopted the nuns' sexual mores, but I have borrowed their dedication and applied it to my career. I guess it isn't surprising that the people I feel most comfortable around have my kind of drive."



It was Jane's ambition that prompted her to flee London for a chance to work at *Penthouse*'s New York office. "New York is a wonderful city," says the shapely (35-23-35) Jane. "I loved being there. But I was always aware of being a stranger. Eventually, the homing instinct won out." Not that Jane was a stranger to the nomadic life. Her father was a foreign correspondent, stationed in Moscow, and it was in that forbidding climate that Jane first discovered sex. "I spent most of my time at a club for the U.S. Marines who were stationed at the embassy. There was one chap who caught my fancy. He was very handsome and aggressive—but *I* was the one who decided we should go to bed."

In bed Jane has both a relaxed approach to lovemaking and a feral sexuality while she performs. "Sometimes I can be extremely randy and won't need much foreplay," she confides. "An orgasm isn't that fantastically important to me. I get more of a kick out of giving my partner pleasure. But what *really* turns me on is *seeing* his erection... knowing that it's all meant for me, that I'm going to wrap myself around this gorgeous symbol of his masculinity, that it's going to be throbbing inside of me. There is nothing, absolutely nothing, quite so beautiful as a hard, erect penis. And it's lovely to know that I made it happen."

Franco

Whether she's nightlifing in New York, romping in Rome, or languishing blissfully at home in her London flat, this is one jet-age bird whose experiences far exceed her twenty-one years. "You learn things by being out in the world," she says. "The men I've known in other countries (and not necessarily intimately) have all helped teach me a lot about life—and about myself. But still your real personality comes out at home. That's why it pleases me when my own countrymen want *me* as their Pet of the Year." So...whilst the British pound may be down and its currency soft, her male folk remain a hard and feisty lot.

SMILE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

hide the cameras of the East and West, respectively. (Espionage does get rather confusing.)

Lynn then tries to pull down the covers on the bed, but Allan wants to be completely under-cover. They wrestle, Allan wins, and Lynn gets under the covers with him.

They begin. Lynn touches Allan. All over. Often. For, oh, maybe twenty minutes.

Nothing happens. The Wilt.

Allan is flunking two screen tests.

Lynn dives under the covers. Allan feels her long hair brushing ever downward. Until. Until. Her lips. Those full, moist lips.

Any stone would become a volcano under such ministrations.

Allan grows. Allan is ready.

Allan dives under the covers, too, groping, feeling, grabbing, squeezing, touching, caressing, centering himself . . .

And the phone rings.

Lynn's head pops out from beneath the covers, and she picks up the phone and replies, "Yes? Uh-huh . . . oh, I understand. My order of egg-foo-yung is ready."

Lynn joins Allan under the covers. She snuggles close to him, her soft breasts against him, and she whispers, very, very, very softly, "That was Graubart. The Chinese have rented the room above us."

Allan gasps, "You mean?"

Lynn says, "Do you know any dirty quotations of Chairman Mao?"

Lynn continues her caresses for a while, but it's no good.

The Wilts.

The next day, his wife calls him at work. She is a bit terrified. A friend of hers came over for a visit, took out a cigarette, hadn't lit it yet, but was waving it about to make a point. Suddenly, out of nowhere, it lit.

Later, his wife took a roast out of the refrigerator. And while she was holding it on a plate, slightly above her head, before she could put in the oven—it cooked itself.

Also, the cavities in her teeth feel very warm.

What's going on? she asks.

Allan assures her that everything is all right, but he knows differently. Microwaves. Someone has planted microphones in his home. The batteries for them are running down, and the other side (or maybe his side—who knows?) is bombarding his home with microwaves to recharge them.

Allan is considering registering a complaint to Graubart when Graubart calls him into his office.

"Allan," Graubart says oh-so-seriously, "I've seen the rushes on your performance yesterday. You looked terrible. Where's the realism? Where's the boyish shyness? You've got to be more convincing, or we'll have to ask for a retake of many of your scenes."

Allan threatens to quit. But Graubart observes that if he should do that, his film is sure to premiere simultaneously in America, Russia, and China.

Then Graubart adds: "By the way, we have preliminary information that French intelligence has rented the room below you. At least, we have snapshots of a man, wearing a beret and carrying a soufflé pan, entering the building with a large motion-picture camera."

After deflecting Allan's renewed threats to quit, Graubart reveals, "We know why they're so interested in you—it's about germs. No, not yours: *ours*. The other sides believe we also have an antidote to a new disease we've developed. The disease shrinks people to under six inches in height and makes them talk with a pitch so high that they irritate dogs, which inevitably eat the people in a furious frenzy. In many cases, the disease also makes pee-pees fall off. A horrible death."

Allan agrees.

Graubart says, "Of course, we have no cure. But they seem to think we do. In any case, we're not anxious for them to somehow discover the same disease and bomb us with it."

At the very moment of orgasm, just when his mind should have blanked out, Allan D. Murphy III shouts, "DI-ETHYL-BI-DEXTROSE-HOLLANDAISE A LA PÊCHE!!!"

Allan believes that makes sense.

Graubart explains that he wants Allan to say the word "di-ethyl-bi-dextrose-hollandaise à la pêche." He can just mention it casually in conversation. But say it clearly, not when Allan is performing orally on Lynn. (That always muffled their conversations in the past, Graubart says, with what Allan interprets to be a sneer.)

So Allan returns, reluctantly, to That Room.

He gets into bed with Lynn and once again disappoints the Russians, Americans, Chinese, and the Frenchman with the soufflé pan. He can almost hear four crews, of three men each (cameraman, sound man, and producer), booing him.

Lynn begins her caresses. Softly. Gently. Easily.

And she has an effect.

Things explode in Allan's mind. Pins, nuts, bolts, springs, and cogs are loosened. He suddenly throws off the covers on the bed. He attacks Lynn, strongly, manfully, almost brutally.

After all, this is show business, he thinks. Another opening, another show. The show must go on.

He plunges into Lynn, losing himself in his role.

It's a classic Stanislavsky scene. His subtext, his mental image below his conscious one, is an X-rated movie. He's the star of the movie. The production depends on him. He's coming through. Lynn is going wild, thrashing, moaning, nibbling his shoulder. He's leading her upward, making a star out of her, too.

Mentally, he can almost see the dozen men, huddled near the walls, floor, ceiling; sweating, peeping, knowing they are seeing an Academy Award performance.

Suddenly, Allan knows it is almost over. He is almost ready. One final lunge, a masterful, forceful, downward swoop, using his every back and thigh muscle.

Allan, a lowly accountant, a nebbish who had never done anything brave or noble, now gives his all for his country.

At the very moment of orgasm, just when his mind should have blanked out, when his physical being should have taken charge, when pure pleasure should have enveloped him, Allan D. Murphy III shouts, "DI-ETHYL-BI-DEXTROSE-HOLLANDAISE A LA PÊCHE!!!"

And with each subsiding twitch, Allan's refrain comes through, clear, enunciated: "I owe it all to di-ethyl-bi-dextrose-hollandaise à la pêche. . . . Once I was six inches small, now I am tall. . . . I owe it all to di-ethyl-bi-dextrose-hollandaise à la pêche. . . . It made me a mensch."

Then he goes to sleep.

While he sleeps, the Russians quietly pack their cameras and check out. So do the Americans, Chinese, and French.

So does Lynn.

Two weeks after this culminating episode, Allan quits the CIA, having signed an agreement never to write his memoirs. He becomes the chief tax accountant for the Washington, D.C., intelligence community.

Five years after the above-described incident, Allan hears that versions of the film starring him have been viewed at New Year's Eve parties in four countries on three continents.

Under the Freedom of Information Act, he tries to get a copy of the American version. His request is denied, in the national interest.

All along, the CIA gladly pays for the psychoanalysis which Allan requires. For a good ten years following his Oscar performance, Allan, it seems, believes people to be in the walls watching him. It's the only way he can have sex: by assuming it's for a live, four-camera show.

When his wife assures him no one is there, he wilts. When she shouts, "Take one!" he's ready again.

Then, as a Christmas present, his wife buys a portable home-video tape unit, which the happy couple use to record their sexual activities.

Allan D. Murphy III is fine now, except that he continues to shout a funny, almost unpronounceable word every time he has an orgasm.

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Cognac

Brandy seems to have turned up first in Italy, about 500 years ago. It was quite a time after that before people started noticing that it tasted good and had agreeable effects when swallowed. Previously, it had been treated almost everywhere as a medicine, one that would cure most diseases known to science. The use of it wasn't only internal; the eighteenth-century Irish actor and playwright Charles Macklin never took a bath in his life, but he rubbed himself all over with brandy every morning. Expensive even then, and tough on the more delicate parts of the male anatomy, I should think, but it seems to have worked—he lived to be 100 years old. Even today, it's reckoned that more than half of the brandy sold in the United States (and England, too) is bought for medicinal purposes. Accident victims and people in shock from other causes are supposed to need to have their hearts stimulated, which any spirit will do, but brandy best of all. That's the story. In fact, I'm told that you are at least as likely to kill as to revive the sufferer by dosing him like this. One detail is true, though: nothing works on the heart like brandy, as anyone can testify who has taken too much of it and woken in the small hours to find the whole of his bedroom going thump-thump. A drink to treat with respect. And not only for physical reasons. You can say that brandy, especially if the brandy is French cognac, is the finest spirit in the world without fear of contradiction, unless a Scotsman happens to be listening. (I would agree that the best Scotch malt whiskeys are about as good as any brandy.) Though all wine-producing countries and districts also produce brandies of one sort or another, the differences in climate, soil, method of production, and so on see to it that the range of quality is wide indeed; and frightful, as well as wonderful, drinks go by the name of brandy. The name itself deserves a brief look before we go on. It's connected with "brand," in the hot-iron sense, and comes from the Dutch *brandewijn*, which ought to mean burnt wine but turns out to mean distilled wine, more precisely an alcoholic liquor distilled from wine. If you flavor that liquor with cherries or apricots, the result is called cherry or apricot brandy; if you make a spirit out of plum juice or pear juice, you have plum or pear brandy; but with just plain brandy, the only fruit concerned is the grape. The grapes from which

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Poring
over
the
king
of spirits.

BY KINGSLEY AMIS

PHOTOGRAPH BY BEN SWEDOWSKY/LETTERING BY RAY BARBER
Crystal glass from Baccarat, Inc., N.Y.C.

the best wine is made are usually not worth eating—too sour. In the same kind of way, the wines from which the best brandy is distilled tend to make rough drinking. The wines of the Cognac district of western France, just above Bordeaux (on the map, Cognac is about a third of the way up on the left-hand side), are said to be "sour, brackish, and distinctly unpalatable." Nevertheless, these much-maligned wines yield what is acclaimed by tradition and recognized generally as the finest brandy in the world.

The reasons for this—like the reasons why the red wines from that same Bordeaux area are the finest of their kind—don't readily lend themselves to analysis. Pure chance probably comes first. Then the quality of the soil—poor, full of chalk and limestone; vines like soil that is too harsh for other plants to flourish in. The sunshine can't help being right—not too much of it and never too intense. And so on. But the human factors count for at least as much. Every stage of the production process, from the harvesting of the grapes through fermentation and distillation to maturing and bottling, is carried out with the utmost skill and care. If this sounds like an ad man's gush, it's also the universal verdict of outside experts who have looked into the matter. And the French laws governing liquor manufacture, immensely detailed and very strictly enforced, must play their part, too.

The Cognac vineyards are—luckily—extensive, covering not much under 250 square miles. The little town of Cognac itself (population around 18,000) is near the middle, on the River Charente. It's well worth a short detour if you happen to be interested in little French towns and, of course, is worth a considerable one if you're interested in cognac. (Preferred usage seems to be Cognac for the town and the area, cognac—lower case—for the drink.) A couple of the distilling companies have their cellars right in the town, and visitors are very welcome to make a tour of them. I went around the Hennessy cellars some years ago and was almost overcome with emotion.

The whole Cognac area is marked out into seven subdivisions, each named after the type of countryside in which its grapes are grown. These subdivisions are graded, in a strict order of merit, as follows, starting with that regarded as the most distinguished: Grande Champagne, Petite Champagne, Broderies, Fins Bois, Bons Bois, Bois Ordinaires, and Bois Communs. "Champagne" here has nothing to do with the sparkling wine, which is made in an area hundreds of miles away, in northeastern France; the word means nothing more than "grassy plain." You may see bottles with the subdivision named on the label—especially, of course, if it's at the top end of the order. Anything labeled "Fine Champagne cognac" must, by French law, contain at least 50 percent cognac made in Grande Champagne.

I won't bore you with all the details of the preparation. Basically, a white wine is made and is distilled twice over, and the resulting spirit is then matured in casks of uncharred wood, usually oak. Even within a specific subdivision of Cognac, this spirit will not be completely uniform; and the blender's job is to see to it that, by mixing the brandies from different casks and, usually, of different ages, what reaches the public is as uniform as he can get it. This means that So-and-so's brandy of such-and-such a grade will be the same everywhere, every year.

A word about years. Most drinkers of the products of Burgundy or Bordeaux, or of other table wines, know that the year of production is important (though it can often be rather less important than they may think). One reason for this is that a table wine goes on changing and maturing (and sometimes getting worse) after being bottled, so that a ten-year-old red wine, say, is usually (not always) better than the same article after only two years of life. All brandy, on the other hand, being a spirit, perdures indefinitely, remaining just as it was at the moment when the cap was sealed; the number of years since its bottling, then, doesn't matter. So, for practical purposes, there's no such thing as a "vintage cognac," and French law forbids the use of a vintage label, even when the liquid in the bottle was all made within the same year.

> Avoid anything that comes in a funny bottle—this applies to *all* drinks, not just to brandy.

That, as I said, doesn't often happen. The blender will have mixed different brandies of varying ages, which makes it difficult to arrive at a round figure for what really is important: the number of years over which the contents of any given bottle of cognac have been matured in the wood. How old is a quantity of brandy made up of 50 percent that's six years old, 30 percent eight years old, and the rest twelve years old? A difficult, if not impossible, reckoning. Why can't the cognac distillers adopt the system by which Scotch whiskeys are labeled, such that "ten years old" means not "All of this is ten years old," but rather, "The youngest, least mature parts of this are ten years old"? Because they've never done it that way, I suppose.

So, you won't find a year of any sort on a cognac label, neither vintage nor age; and if ever you do, it's a promotional device unapproved by the distillers. There is, however, a grading system. Unfortunately, it isn't very consistent. The lowest grade of cognac you're likely to see carries the familiar three-star label. This means nothing definite. One company's three-star brandy may be a couple of years old; another's, three or four years old (on average). Nor does the number of stars on the label have any significance.

The next grade up from three-star is often labeled VSOP, standing for Very Superior Old Pale. Some people think paleness is a sign of quality, but it isn't. After that, the thing goes more or less wild. VO means Very Old, and FO means Fine Old, and XO means Extra Old; but neither the law nor common agreement establishes which is oldest or best. (I noticed on my visit to the Hennessy cellars, by the way, that the initials of these English words and phrases were used by everybody there, even chalked on the casks; a reminder of the satisfying hold the British used to have, and to some extent still do, on the French drink trade.)

If you have followed me this far, you must be close to despair. I can almost hear you muttering, even shouting, "How the hell"—or something like that—"can I know which bottle of cognac is which when I have no years or proper grades to guide me?" The answer is blindingly simple: look at the price. In the world of drink, as much as in any other (and more than most), you get what you pay for. I have not, regrettably, sampled every product of every cognac distiller; but I know of none that seems to be out of order, over- or underpriced for its quality.

Some of what I've been saying applies also to the only brandy fit to be compared with cognac. This is armagnac, and let it be said straight off that if the two are compared, armagnac finishes very definitely in second place. But at its best, it's a splendid drink. Plenty of people like it as a change from cognac, and there are those who prefer it, while differing with one another about why: one expert finds it gentler; another, more pungent. Could it be both? Anyway, it's different. The Armagnac region of southwestern France is not all that far from Cognac, but it is a good deal smaller, producing only about a quarter as much brandy. The central town is Condom—yes, I wondered about that, too, but I don't know the answer. The subdivisions, in order of merit, are Grand Armagnac, Fin Armagnac, and Petit Armagnac.

Now at last to the stage where someone actually opens a bottle of brandy, cognac, or armagnac, and starts pouring.

Into what? Not, please, into one of those outsize balloon affairs that require two hands to lift. You need something roundish but smallish, with a short stem, made of thin glass, narrowing toward the top so as to trap the aroma. The drink should be at room temperature. If they start to heat your glass over a flame before pouring, get

CONTINUED ON PAGE 212

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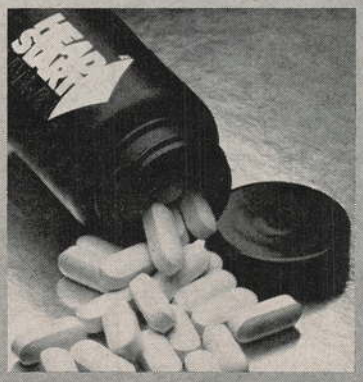

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HALEY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 148

the qualities that Chicken George had. A lot of us—if we could trace our ancestry and get a reading on the characters of some of our forefathers—would probably find one person whom we would immediately recognize and of whom we would say, "Hey, that's me!" That's how I felt when I found out about Chicken George.

Penthouse: Have you ever wondered whether any of the white people you've met were descended from the whites who once "owned" your ancestors as slaves?

Haley: I not only wondered, I had my curiosity satisfied. I was lecturing in a place I'd never heard of, called Indianola, Iowa. The lecture site was Simpson College, which I also had never heard of. I was telling the people about early plantation life, the slaves, the masters, and so on. When I finished, the usual crowd of well-wishers came forward, and there was polite conversation about how much they enjoyed it, as there is after almost any lecture. I noticed, in the background, a man about my height and my age, with blue eyes and a blond crew cut. Something told me that he was going to say something more than, "I enjoyed it." When we got to each other, we tried to shake hands, missed, and tried again. I don't know what symbolism you might read into that. Then he said, "I don't quite know how to tell you this. But my family is very genealogically oriented, and I believe I'm the seventh-generation descendant of the Waller family, which bought your forefather off that slave ship." I looked at him and I said, "You got to be kidding." But he wasn't. His name was Waller Wiser, and he was at that time the dean at Simpson College. He was descended, on his mother's side, from John Waller of Spotsylvania County, Virginia. According to the records I had unearthed, Kunta Kinte had been bought off the ship by a "Massa" John Waller of the same county.

Penthouse: What did you say to each other?

Haley: Well, we've never stopped asking each other why it happened, why after two centuries we should meet, pretty much as peers, since he is now the provost at Capital University, in Columbus, Ohio, and I am an author. We get together frequently. He has visited with me at my home in Jamaica, and I have stayed at his home, and we have become warm friends.

But there have been other such meetings, and, as a matter of fact, I've been involved in one of them. Shortly before the Civil War, my family was sold to the Murray plantation. I have subsequently met members of that branch of the Murray family. As a matter of fact, last June the family held a reunion near Burlington, North Carolina, and they invited me to be the speaker. We met at this beautiful little crossroads church, and I spoke at the ceremony in the church. And all the ladies had brought basket lunches and spread cloths on the tables, and we all sampled the good things. There were about 200 white Murrays and perhaps a dozen black Murrays, some of the latter being directly related to the whites through master-slave pairings and some of them simply having taken the Murray name. Anyway, after lunch we all strolled around the old graveyard, reading the markers, and you'd hear one or another call out, here's the daughter of so and so, or here's great-grandfather. It was a wonderful experience for black and white.

Penthouse: Going back to Kunta, who was bought by John Waller. He was just seventeen, and captivity drove him wild. He escaped four times before slave catchers caught him and cut off half of one foot. How could they mutilate somebody else's "property," namely, John Waller's?

Haley: Oh, well, you see Kunta had committed the unpardonable sin: he had attacked a white man. That could and often did mean instant death. I've looked through the records of the antebellum south, and time and again I found slaves murdered and their white murderers tried and freed in ten minutes, the defense usually being that the slave had dared attack a white man. So the slave catchers—once Kunta fought back, hitting one of them with a rock—had the right to kill him. Instead, they gave him the grotesque choice of losing his genitals or half of one foot. I'm grateful, personally, that he chose the foot.

Penthouse: Are you at all puzzled by the "Founding Fathers," who could articulate such lofty sentiments regarding life and liberty but who could also own slaves?

Haley: Well, no, not puzzled. It was just that the whites in that time did not regard blacks as people. They were property. White men and women had been enslaved, too. They worked as indentured servants, although they were usually not treated as badly. Their families weren't split up and sold, and they could eventually win their freedom. So while it wasn't right, it wasn't, in the context of the times, unreasonable to enslave human beings to do work which had to be done. There was no technology to get things done; so white people swallowed their morality and picked up the whip.

Penthouse: Blacks in America had about three hundred years to perfect an image behind which they could con the white man. What kind of effect did this have?

Haley: Well, it's true that the whole idea of conning the white man developed out of the necessity to survive in slave days. And after slavery it was still necessary. "Conning the boss"—no matter what color you are—is a survival technique still practiced by people today, black and white. But as you say, the perfecting of an image by the blacks enabled them to study and learn much more about white people than the whites ever learned about the blacks. Now, during slavery days, this conning of the white man was very successful and was used to reinforce the white fantasy that slaves were people who didn't have to be watched too scrupulously; and this facade was used to keep the white unaware of what the black was really thinking. The delusion was carried on, through the years, to such an extent that in the 1960s, when the black revolution was at full tide, literally millions of white people were astounded by the turn of events. "What's wrong with

"I'll phone you back later, Myrna. Something big has come up."

them? What do they want?" Most people, up until that time, thought that blacks were reasonably happy and had no big grievances. Obviously they had never been exposed to blacks in any meaningful way. They had not been educated as to the truth.

Penthouse: Did you experience much in the way of racial prejudice while you grew up in Henning, Tennessee?

Haley: I didn't encounter it early. My parents shielded us, and our lives were spent largely within the black community. I just kind of regarded white people as over yonder somewhere. They lived on their side of town, and we lived on our side. The first time I was ever physically proximate to many white people for any sustained period of time was while I was in the service. I found that I was uncomfortable around them. I got away from them when I could. It took me two years before I got to be comfortable in the presence of white people.

Penthouse: Do you think that was a good way to grow up?

Haley: Yeah, I do. What the hell does a ghetto do to a child by the time that child is age ten? I found out a lot when I was working with Malcolm X, when I was writing his autobiography. He grew up in the ghetto, in the gutter. He told me things I never knew. Growing up in little Henning, Tennessee, we were poorer than the average people in the ghetto in dollar terms. But we were infinitely richer in the terms of the society we had, the interaction of the people, the pride in the community, the self-policing—morally speaking—of the people in the community. These were very positive things that we had.

Penthouse: Do you think the South is a better place to live?

Haley: Well, I can't help but feel that the South is a much more moral place than other sections of the country—particularly the North—tend to be. People in the South, black and white, are much more polite. They have much more respect for older people, and they have many more positive virtues than people in the North. It probably has something to do with the climate of agrarian areas as compared to industrial areas. Fewer people help things.

Little boys . . . hell, I mean, I guess that's where it starts. As kids we'd get out of the house and get together and run. We might run three miles across the pastures, chasing a rabbit. Things like that. What does the kid in the city do? In the congested city? The cramped city? He can't exert his energy in those healthful ways, not psychically or morally or physically. He's stunted, in a way.

Penthouse: So, you're a country boy through and through.

Haley: Guilty.

Penthouse: How white are you?

Haley: Well, if you go on my father's side, I could march in the Knights of Columbus parade. Both of his parents were the children of slave mothers and white fathers. One of my ancestors was an Irish colonel. I went to Ireland and did research on him, and I must say the Irish were wonderful,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 188

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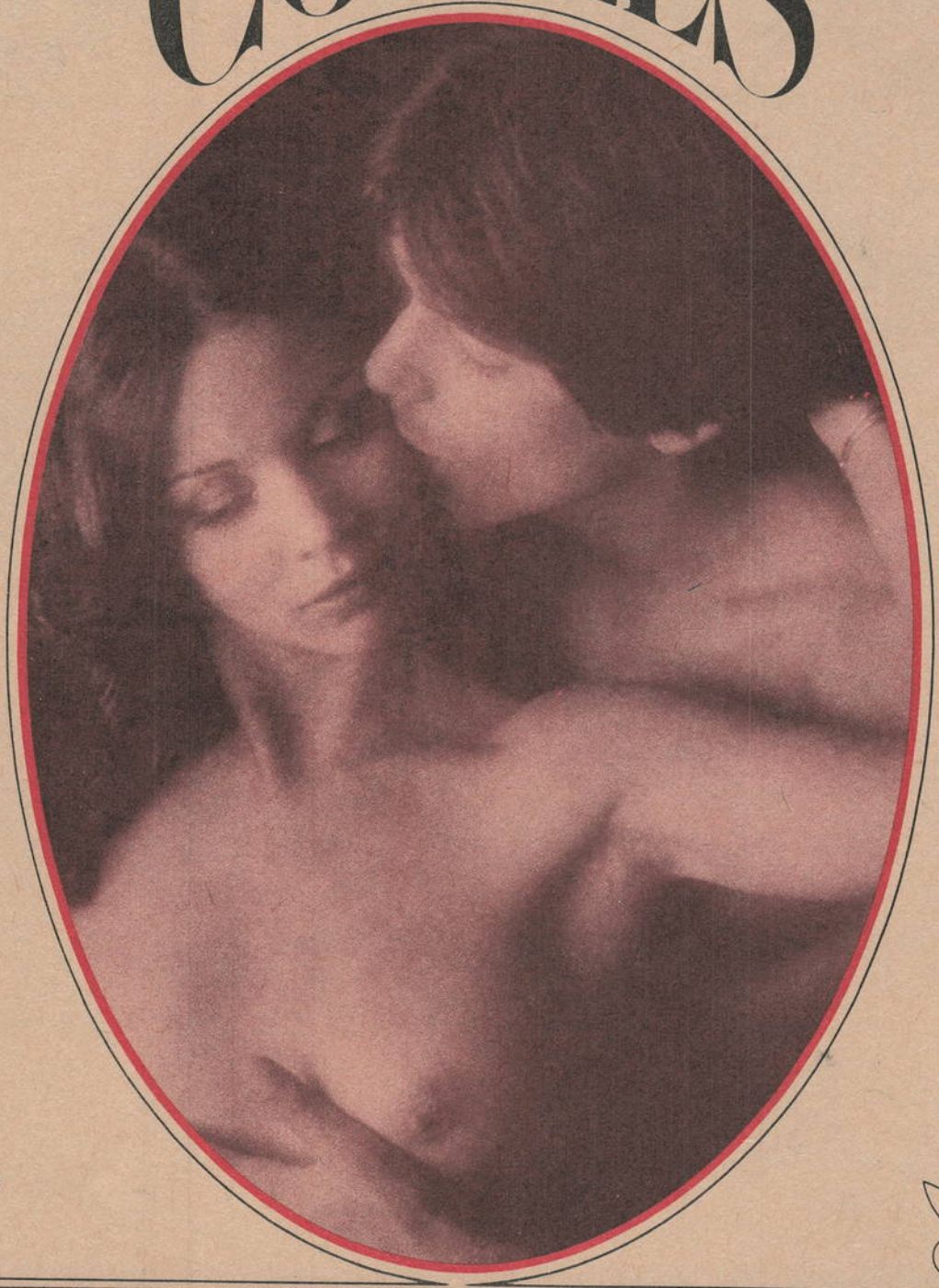


THE INGENUE PIMP AND HER YOUNG MALE WHORE

It seemed the perfect solution
for an impoverished, young couple. She'd procure the rich, horny women
for her libidinous lover to screw. And he'd much rather provide
stud service than live on food stamps.

"What kind of woman pays a man to make love to her? Women who get off on paying for it. Women who want to screw but don't want some creep hanging around afterward. Horny women."

BILLY'S STORY: I'm a lover, and I'm a whore. To one woman I'm devoted; to the rest, I'm just available. That's the way I like to describe myself, especially after a few shots of J.W. Dant.

I guess I could give you a lot of bullshit and say I'm really a songwriter, but why put you on? I love writing music, and someday I'm going to make it big. But right now I pay the rent by screwing horny women. When I tell people this, they laugh and I know what they're thinking: that I'll always be a prostitute—well, as long as my looks hold up. At least I enjoy my work, and that's more than I can say for most people. Ask anyone what he thinks he'll be doing five years from now. Christ! All you'll hear are a lot of pipe dreams. In reality, he'll be at the same job, doing the same thing, five years from now.

When I was living in New York City a few years back, I knew all these waiters who call themselves "actors." Here in Nashville I know all kinds of clerks who call themselves "singers." Well, I'm a male prostitute, clear and simple. I wasn't a prostitute, though, when I first met Louise six years ago.

Louise was a freshman in college, and I was a dope dealer who wanted to be a songwriter. A year earlier, at the age of nineteen, I'd driven in from Dallas with three kilos of Chihuahua Gold and a dozen songs in my suitcase. The dope sold; the songs didn't. I got an apartment on South Street, near the Row, and continued making the rounds with my songs. Every six weeks or so, I'd run down to the Rio Grande and haul back a couple of kilos.

On Christmas Eve, 1970, I dropped off an ounce at a friend's house. He had a few people sitting around, and one of them was Louise. She was seventeen and full of schoolgirl energy. We got stoned, started talking, and ended up at a bar, where we got loaded on sour mash. I recall being overwhelmed when I looked at her mouth. It was gorgeous, full of sex and magic and sin—a mouth that could make your crotch flutter and scream with pleasure. When the bar closed, I brought Louise to my apartment and undressed her. She lay on my bed, naked, loose, while I drew my tongue along the

Photographs by Earl Miller

Penthouse presents another in its series of interviews uncovering the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship—analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist. Couples who wish to be interviewed should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Couples," Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

length of her leg and then up where her thighs were hot and sticky. My mouth touched her cunt, and her pelvis rocked, slow and hard. She slithered, stirred, and I felt my cock sliding into her mouth and a thousand hot, smooth pleasures and then the pulsing and shuddering as she sucked my semen down her throat. Moments later I was atop her, fucking. We came together, kissing, then fell asleep.

Two months later Louise moved in with me. It was about that same time that I became a whore. One night, at a strip joint in Printers Alley, I got to talking with a little Oriental guy who ran a massage parlor on lower Broadway. We made a deal on a pound of dope. He said he wanted a nice, neat brick so that he could gift wrap it and give it to his nephew as a birthday present. Two days later I dropped by his office with the pound. He seemed delighted that I had actually showed up. He paid me and then took from a desk drawer six Polaroids, which he handed to me. Each photo showed a girl sitting on a couch. Four girls wore underwear, and two wore nighties. "Got nigger girl, too," he said, "but no picture yet. Just start work Tuesday." Then, smiling, as one might offer a cigarette or a Coca-Cola: "Want handjob, free? Take pick. On me." I held up a Polaroid of a girl in a nightie. She looked like my sister, except older and coarse.

I sat on a bed, in a cubicle walled with cheap wood paneling. In walked the girl who looked like my sister. "Lay down, honey," she said, like a nurse. She removed her dress and sat beside me in her pantyhose and bra. She stuck a fresh stick of gum in her mouth and began manipulating my cock. She masturbated me and then wiped me off with a paper towel. She stepped back into her dress, zipped it up, and left. I returned to the Chinaman's office.

"Good massage?" he asked while he tied the pound of dope with bright pink ribbon. "Get thirty dollars for that. Girl take ten, me twenty. Fuck, blowjob, more money. Got ads in yellow pages, guy call up, send girl to motel. Got seven girl here. Plus two men, free-lance. One homo, other fuck ladies. Crazy business. Lotsa money."

Several nights later I ran into him again in the bar where we had first met, and I asked him to tell me more about the man who got paid to fuck ladies. And two days later we had lunch, the three of us: the Chinaman, the man who got paid to fuck ladies, and me.

That night I told Louise about our lunch. She wondered what sort of woman had to pay a man to make love to her, and I told her what I had been told: horny women pay men to make love to them. To put it more precisely, horny women who don't want to bother with picking up men. Women who get off on paying someone to fuck them. Women who want to get fucked but don't want some creep hanging around afterward. Wives who dread entanglement or dread rejection. Horny women.

We spoke about it, nibbling at the edge of the unmentionable, and finally Louise said, "And you think it sounds like fun?" I said that I'd like to try it, and she didn't object, although it seemed she was a bit upset. Louise is a devout libertine, and I knew that no matter how distressed she was by what I first hinted at and then said outright, she would never allow herself to show her bewilderment. Instead, she repeated her question, only in a more condescending tone: "What sort of woman has to pay a man to make love to her?"

As it actually happened, my first client was an attractive lady in her late twenties or early thirties, in town on business. The Chinaman had told me to trust her, not to ask for any of the money up front. I arrived at her room at the King of the Road, at the appointed time, and she asked me to undress, then to undress her. "I want you to go down on me," she said. I chewed and sucked on her for ten, maybe fifteen, minutes. She sounded as if she were about to come. She asked me to stick it in; so I fucked her and continued to fuck her even after I had shot off inside her, until she went silent. Sixty for me, twenty for the Chinaman.

Very few of the women were what you might call weird. One had me eat her pussy while she moaned and babbled over the telephone to someone whose gender I couldn't make out. A young girl in formal attire asked me to masturbate her as she lay in a tub of hot water. One just wanted to cuddle.

> I'm a lover, and I'm a whore.
> To one woman
> I'm devoted; to the rest,
> I'm just available.
> So what if I screw women just
> to pay the rent
> and the liquor bills?

As time went on, Louise grew less resentful and more interested. Whenever I came home from one of my assignations, I'd tell her about it and she'd listen, wide-eyed and rapt. Eventually, she began soliciting for me. Talking to some people in the music business here in Nashville, she'd bring up the subject of male prostitution, and once in a while there'd be some interest. It surprised us both that the younger ones were most interested, most eager. Young girls, though, rarely came back. It was a one-time fling, an experiment—except for a pair who visited me for the last two years. This July one of them got married, and I haven't seen either since. Their names are Peggy and Sally, and they're session singers for a lot of the big C. & W. stars. Now that I think about it, they were the only clients I allowed to visit me at home. To tell the truth, they were also my favorites.

At first I thought that they were gay. They'd jump into bed together and lie there holding hands in a sort of giddy fright, like two kids entering a funhouse. We had a routine, the three of us. First I'd lick Peggy's cunt and then Sally's. Then I'd fuck one of them while the other watched, her face flush against our hips. After I came, each of them took turns licking my cock while the other played with herself. When I got hard again, I fucked the other one. Then they'd lie back, and I'd suck their tits as they held hands. Several times Louise sat peeking in at us from the kitchen, but the girls never knew it.

Fucking women for money has never made me feel guilty or dirty, and I don't feel it's hurt things between Louise and me one bit. She's come to accept the fact that once or twice or three times a week I'll be fucking another woman or licking another woman's cunt. I've never developed anything more than a fondness for any of these women, and Louise knows that. She also knows that I won't be doing this line of work forever. She says that when I'm a successful songwriter, we'll both look back on the whole thing and laugh. And knowing

that she has this attitude really makes me feel good.

LOUISE'S STORY:

My mother doesn't approve of Billy and me living together. God only knows what her reaction would be if she knew that Billy was a male whore. Sometimes I'm not even sure what my own reaction is. Several years ago, when he first got involved in hustling, I was fairly sick about it. I guess I was jealous, really. But as things evolved, I not only learned to live with it but even grew to like it in a goofy sort of way. My closest girl friend's husband works for the state-employment service. Other girls I know are hooked up with teachers or accountants. None of their jobs is as interesting as Billy's, and none of them is a nicer guy than Billy, either. It's a good feeling—a strange feeling but a good feeling—to know that the guy you live with fucks women day in and day out and still prefers you.

Billy really makes good money. When he first started out, he made, I think, fifty or sixty a shot. Now it's up to a hundred, sometimes more, and since I began bringing business to him, a lot of his money is clear, money that Jimmy, his boss, doesn't take a cut of since he doesn't know about it.

How do I solicit women for Billy? (Oh, by the way, Billy only screws women. It'd be more profitable, of course, if he'd also make it with guys—bisexual prostitutes do the best business—but he's just not into the gay scene, not at all!) I get clients for Billy—female clients—through my secretarial job with a recording company.

After I dropped out of junior college, where I was a business major, I got a job with the public-relations branch of a big Nashville recording firm. I know that Nashville has this big rep as being all for God, country, and apple pie. Crap! None of the parties I attended in college could compare with the wild goings-on I've seen in this business. I didn't even know what a quaalude was until I started beating the keys for some big recording exec. Naturally, with all those downers—you know, barbiturates—the sex available in this business is pretty much for free—so free, in fact, you might think that there'd be no need for prostitutes, especially male prostitutes like Billy. Wrong!

When you're a woman and in Nashville, you'd be surprised how strong the double standard is. If you're a star or even a starlet, it's just that much worse. It's considered proper to fuck only within your own class. I mean, none of the biggies can go off for a quickie with one of the sessionmen. It just isn't done if you want to remain respected. That's where Billy and I come in. Everything's very discreet, and no one will ever know. We're business people, and we respect the stars' privacy.

Of course, Billy and I also deal with people other than performers. There are many music conventions in Nashville, and a lot of these people just don't have the time to spend looking for sex. They want it quick and fast and good. After all, their careers are built around efficiency; why should sex be any different for them?

Although none of the publicists will ever admit the truth, their job involves arranging sex for out-of-town guests and clients. Generally, a publicist would never ask her secretary for help in getting a prostitute, but this girl I work for here is a little naive. Actually, the job is a bit more than she can handle, to begin with. She's only two years older than I am, and so she confides in me more than is normal for a boss and secretary. She dislikes procuring prostitutes, but it's either that or the unemployment line. One day one of her clients was hornier than a female convict, and she didn't know of any stud. She was in a jam, and I suggested she try Billy out on the lady in question. Luckily for Billy and me, she took a chance. Billy can be sensational in the sack, and I just knew everything would work out fine—and it did! From then on, my boss asked for Billy on a regular basis. There were never any complaints, either.

Of course, she doesn't know that Billy and I are actually involved with one another or even living together. In her mind, Billy and I are just close business friends. I give her a lot of bullshit that he wants to write music, that prostitution is just a temporary thing, et cetera. Who knows? Maybe my job can also help with that side of his career some day.

> I procure successful women who want their sex quick and fast and good. Their careers are built around efficiency; why should their sex be any different?

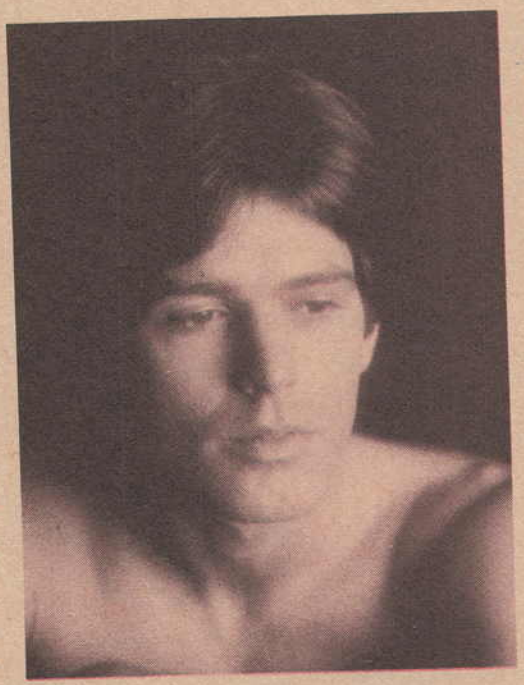
In a way, Billy's job has brought some new fun into our sex life. Some nights I have him tell me about the woman he's been with, what she asked him to do, how she reacted, and it really gets me churning down there. He told me once about a girl who had asked him to masturbate her in a tub of real hot water—how she lay there moaning and panting as he rubbed her clit and kissed her neck. As he was talking, giving me a play-by-play, I unzipped his pants and put my mouth to his cock, and I slowly sucked him off while he talked. As he described the girl's orgasm, I could feel his cock start pulsing in my mouth, ready to come. So I moved my head faster and faster, and he came in my mouth at the same time the girl's orgasm had peaked in his story.

He had a couple of girls—I forget their names, which is funny because I'm the one who brought them to Billy in the first place. Anyway, they were in town on a convention. I'm pretty sure one was named Sally. They were both beautiful and right at the stage where their bodies were at their fullest. They always visited Billy together, and a few times Billy left the bedroom door ajar so that I could peek in. The first time I did this, a rush went up my spine and my hand was on my crotch before I knew what hit me. The sight of Billy fucking this strange young girl while another young girl licked at his hips was dizzying, and I just stood there, my legs taut, peering in and rubbing my clit in a frenzy. And when I came—Christ! that was the only time I've ever jerked off standing up. Come to think of it, I got cramps in both my legs.

Once, on a dare from Billy, I masqueraded as a whore for a night. I dressed in a teeny sleeveless top, a little blue skirt that came up to my buns, black pantyhose, and a pair of outrageous platforms. I went down and hung around on the corner of Broadway and Third. A farm boy walked by and I said, "Wanna go out?" He asked me how much. I told him seventy-five, which is a totally ridiculous amount for a street whore to

ask. When he said okay, I started getting cold feet and so I told him he'd have to pay for a room, too. I said I'd only go to the Spence, which charges about fifty bucks a room. Then he said, "Whatever you say, darlin'." We got a room at the Spence, which meant that I didn't really look all that much like a hooker, I guess, since they never would've given us the room if they thought I was a prostitute. It's really a proper place.

The farm boy was real quiet, and he gave me the seventy-five before he took off his pants. He said he wanted to undress me, and he did, very slowly. First he slipped off my top. I had no bra on, and he bent and kissed my nipples. Then he dropped my skirt, got on his knees, and pulled my pantyhose down, kissing my legs as he went along. He took off my shoes, tossed my pantyhose across the room, and inched my panties off as he kissed my belly. We got on the bed, and he told me to suck his cock. It was pretty large, a lot bigger than Billy's. I grasped the root of it with my hand and took the rest of it in my mouth. He held my head between his palms and started to grind my face down as he pumped his hips. After a few minutes he said, sort of matter-of-factly, "Suck hard. I'm gonna come in your mouth." Then he shot off in three hot spurts. Then he said, "Fiddle with my cock." And when it hardened again, he told me to get on top of him. He fucked me a long time. I really got into it and started rocking hard. I felt myself coming and moved my face down to kiss him, and he came then, too, as we kissed. We lay there for a few minutes, and he began playing with himself. He knelt over me and jerked off onto my face. His name was Jerry.



Believe it or not, that was the only time I've been unfaithful to Billy, and it was mostly Billy's idea, to begin with. He made me tell him all about it, and he really got off on it. I guess a lot of people would have difficulty comprehending how happy Billy and I are together. But to us, all that really matters is that we are a happy couple. Billy wants to be a songwriter, and I know that someday he'll be a success. But until then, the way we live is just fine by me.

I'm trying to talk Billy into writing a song about male whores, but he doesn't think anyone would cut it. In any case, if you ever switch on your car radio and hear some country star sing "Born to Pump," think of us.

DR. ROBERT CHARTHAM COMMENTS:

It is an extremely widely held view that the majority of people who enter prostitution initially do so against their will. A young girl runs out of money before she can find a job, and—

- By good luck, meets a fellow who gives her a meal and then afterward seduces her. He offers her a roof and food in return for sex. She doesn't know that he's a professional pimp on the lookout for new girls. In a few days he will have her "on the game" and keep her there by threats if not by actual blows. Or,
- She is compelled to offer her body for money in order to survive. Nearly always it is for "just a little while, until I find a proper job." However, *force majeure* keeps her on the game. Or, as the vicissitudes of fate may befall her:
- She is picked up and befriended by a professional madam, who operates in the same manner as the pimp.

My research in the area of prostitution, however, reveals that while it is true that quite a number of whores have entered the profession for those reasons, an equal number have voluntarily gone "on the game." Why?

- They are really highly sexed women. They adore sex and admit that getting paid for what they enjoy is even better.
- It is an easy way to earn a living, although it may not always be very enjoyable.
- They have an insatiable desire for sex. They are truly promiscuous and could never be satisfied with just one man.
- They really are "tarts with hearts of gold." They've generally developed maternal instincts but have no love of children. They devote their bodies and their skills to making men sexually happy.

Now, to be a really professional hooker, you've got to be sexually receptive at all times. The female is physiologically equipped to be so; she does not have to be sexually aroused to allow a penis to penetrate her vagina.

There have, of course, been male whores for as long as there have been female whores. But until recently, gigolos excepted, they have only serviced male homosexuals and only a few have been full-time whores. The reason is that unlike women, very few men are sexually available at any time of the day or night. To be sexually available, a man must have an erection. Also, a man is usually expected to ejaculate. To be able to be available at any required moment, a man must have extraordinary powers of recuperation. Only a small proportion of men can sustain an erection after ejaculation and produce further orgasms with each penetration. Between each ejaculation the period for arousal increases in duration, and after a number of ejaculations, there may be orgasm but only "dry-runs," i.e., no ejaculate. For this reason, many male homosexuals who copulate for money are youths. Also, in homosexual intercourse, both partners need not have an erection.

I know only two full-time male hookers, that is, male prostitutes who make their livings entirely from their profession. One of these men is heterosexual, and the other is exclusively gay. I met both of them two years ago when I was conducting a study of human sexual capacity and performance for my book, *Your Sex-Drive: Myths, Manias, and Mysteries* (Pinnacle Books).

One of these male prostitutes is Phillip. At twenty-five, he is very handsome and has set himself up as a full-time heterosexual male prostitute. He had been a guest at a weekend party at which a woman had challenged all the men present to fuck her as often as they could in an hour. Phillip had won, coming six times in an hour: the first three times with the same erection, then resting five minutes between the next two, and ten minutes before the final one. It was part of the

game that the men should withdraw before they ejaculated so that all could see they weren't faking it. Phillip produced a few drops of semen even with his sixth orgasm. Later he was to demonstrate this performance for me during our experiments. In fact, he went one better and had seven orgasms in fifty-eight minutes. His staying power, to put it mildly, was unique.

It was the woman at the party who suggested, "You ought to set yourself up as a professional stud. I can send you clients, provided I have one free session a week. If you need financial help in setting up a pad, you've only to ask."

"So I did!" Phillip told me. He has five clients a day, Monday through Friday. He gives each an hour and rests half an hour in between. His minimum fee is fifty dollars an hour with a sliding scale according to the client's needs. He begins at 11:00 A.M. and says good-bye to his last client just after 5:00 P.M. "They're mostly married women," he says, "and like to be home when their husbands get in from the office."

He is stashing away quite a fortune, earning between $1,000 and $1,500 a week, tax-free. His overhead is about 15 percent. He employs a maid from 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., who changes the bed linen between sessions. His apartment is in a fashionable part of London.

"I sometimes think I'll retire when I'm thirty and get another job," he once told me. However, he was honest enough to add, "I doubt it though. As long as I can keep it up for at least three clients a day, I'll remain a prostitute. Why waste all this talent? Most of my clients are regulars, and I have quite a friendship going with most of them; so I don't feel like a whore. I enjoy every fuck I have. On weekends I fuck—for free, of course—with one of my girl friends."

Trevor, the gay male prostitute, has a heart of gold. "I've always been highly sexed," he says. When asked if he is capable of committing himself to anybody, he explains, "I really loved Robin, and we used to have it off twice every evening and sixty-nine ourselves silly on weekends. Then all of a sudden he disappeared, without even leaving the customary note. I don't mind telling you it nearly broke my heart. I made up my mind that I'd never get into a permanent relationship again."

Trevor is a blond, well-built Adonis of twenty-three. He has a resonant voice, and he looks like the clean-cut, all-American boy. "I don't like the 'tea-room trade,'" he once told me, "but one evening when I was desperate for sex, I went to a sauna and let myself be picked up. I reckon he was in his late thirties, built like a bull in every sense. We had a lovely time at his pad, and he made me stay all night, though there was no sex until morning. As I was leaving, he said, 'Would you be very offended if I offered you a small present? You just don't know what this has meant to me. If we meet again—that's if you'd like to—I'll give you even more money.' He said it so diffidently, I couldn't refuse. When I opened the envelope there was fifty dollars in it. I was amazed. Well, I needn't go into details, need I? Anyhow, I turn four or five tricks a day, except on Sundays. I devote the whole of Sunday to Tom, who arrives about ten in the morning; then we dine together and separate.

Most of my clients are at least thirty. They come from most walks of life. The young ones—guys around my age—I generally charge about $15. I've never charged more than $125, and that one is a famous old aristocrat whom I recognized. He has a permanent booking at six o'clock every Thursday evening. You might even go so far as to say we have a kind of friendship, although we don't really talk much.

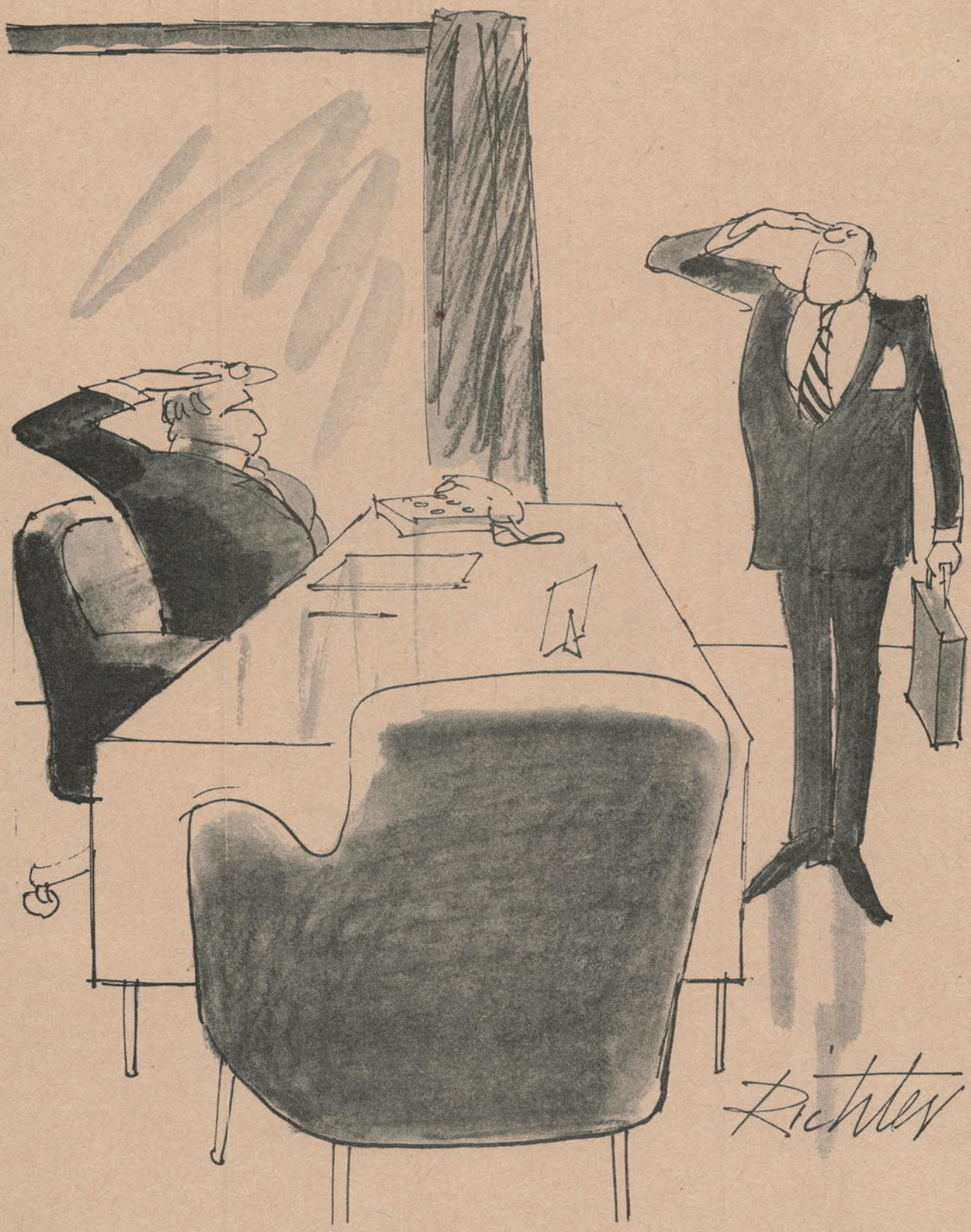
"Why do I do it? First, because I'm so fucking horny. Second, because it prevents me from being lonely. And third—and it means a lot to me—I know I'm making people happy."

Like Phillip, Trevor has a very high recuperative capacity. He beat Phillip by having nine orgasms in fifty minutes. I've used both of these male prostitutes as sex surrogates for some of my patients.

In one of my sex surveys I asked a number of heterosexual men if they would become whores. Roughly 65 percent said, "No!"—and emphatically so. The idea of accepting money from a woman for sex was abhorrent to their sensibilities. About 20 percent said they were certain it would affect their performances. Not only would their male-sex role be threatened; but also if they were being paid for it, they would try so hard to please that they might never get an erection. Ten percent said that if being a male hooker meant you had to accept all comers, then it certainly wasn't the job for them. The remaining 5 percent said they would have no scruples about accepting money for sex—if they could find the clientele.

Now, where does Billy fit into all this? That he can sell himself shows that he has strong promiscuous tendencies, stronger, that is, than most men because he will accept all clients offered—sight unseen. I think, however, that his experience has given him attitudes toward sex—in all its manifestations—that are not absolutely desirable. There is a very blatant cynicism about all his sexual activities, including his relations with Louise. And, really, this relationship seems to be primarily physical. I doubt that when he's a successful songwriter "we'll both look back on the whole thing and laugh." (He ought to have said, "if," because few people making four or five hundred bucks a week through sex are going to have much incentive for songwriting.)

When I first read these narratives, I was worried about Louise's role in all this. Her active pimping particularly worried me. But then I thought, "What's the difference between being a male whore's pimp and regular trick and the female hooker who has her pimp, with whom she is very often in love? Initially, I told myself that there's no difference at all. But there is, of course. Since Billy took up whoring, Louise's attitudes toward sex have changed. At the moment she is probably more cynical about sex than Billy is. One can only hope she will one day wake up to the fact that "living off immoral earnings" is not all that desirable. I don't think she'll be around when Billy writes "Born to Pump." If she hasn't regained her standards by then, Billy will have found her to be dull. Despite her insistence that "the way we live now is just fine by me." She is too sensitive a person to go on playing the degrading role of pimp.



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HALEY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 177

gave me every help—that is, until a couple of priests found out I was Protestant. That did it. Their cooperation ended. It was all right to be black, but not Protestant. I'll have to say that was an interesting and provocative experience.

But to get back to my white ancestors. On my mother's side—which is the side descended from Kunta Kinte, the original African—there is just one white ancestor, and he was a plantation owner named Tom Lea. He was the one who bought Kizzy, Kunta's daughter, after Kizzy had been accused of forging a pass to try to help her boyfriend escape to the North. Tom Lea raped Kizzy, and their son was the aforementioned Chicken George. The only other color variation came when George's son, Tom—named after his white grandfather—married Irene, who was the daughter of a black and a Cherokee Indian. She became the mother of Cynthia, who was my grandmother.

Penthouse: You once said, "We can't feel a blood kinship with somebody of another race, because we just haven't been trained that way." Could you go into that a little more deeply?

Haley: Sure. It's this way. The culture in which we have been brought up has imposed this attitude. If you are told, from your earliest years, that you are apart from somebody, and then, twenty years later, somebody pops up from that foreign group and says, "Hey, I'm your great-grandfather," it's pretty hard to feel that that makes any difference.

I think about the only way you can feel any whiteness is to have been physically in communication, in contact, with your white relative since birth. Most blacks are really part African and part European, with some probability of American Indian blood as well. So the word *black* is kind of a seized word. It's not literally true. Just look at some of the black people you see on the street. Some of them are lighter than you. But it's just about impossible, after twenty or thirty years of brainwashing, to get them to accept their whiteness.

Penthouse: Have you known people who have crossed the color line and who are living as whites?

Haley: Let me put it this way. In 1972 I wrote an article for the *New York Times*. I got about a thousand letters. I suppose about twenty of them were among the most poignant I have ever received. They were mostly men, and they were all of a grandparent's age. They wrote to me of the sufferings they had endured because they had, years back, skipped over and joined the white race. They wrote of the psychic terrors of living among whites, being considered whites themselves, always fearing exposure. The hardest thing was hearing what was said about blacks by white friends who weren't aware that they were in the presence of a "technical" black. For most of these people, their mates and children were also unaware. They never told them. They couldn't *afford* to tell them.

The whole thing became almost unendurable for them during the black revolution of the sixties. They longed to speak out, to tell somebody. But they couldn't. Two of these men sent me pictures of their families, their white wives and children. Some of them wrote of the terrible fear that somewhere down the line, one of their children would turn out darker, or even completely black. They talked of the temptation to tell their mates, to share their secret with another human being. But they couldn't, out of fear that it would destroy the lives of their loved ones.

Penthouse: How do you feel about interracial marriages, in general?

Haley: Well, they're happening more frequently now. Openly. But there is resistance from both sides. A growing number of educated blacks have very strong feelings about family bonds and are appalled by the idea of intermarriage. I don't personally feel—anymore—that interracial marriages are necessarily the sign of doom. But if I were involved in such a marriage, there would be certain parts of the world in which I would choose to live and not others. New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles—they don't hassle you as much there.

Penthouse: So, the North isn't all bad?

Haley: No, but interestingly enough, the South is changing more rapidly. When we were in Savannah, filming the first part of *Roots*, I was astounded at the changes in conditions, the changed attitudes. There were not a whole lot of mixed couples walking around. But I did see *some*, and nobody was running around yelling, "Get a rope!" Let me tell you that twenty years ago that would have been a very serious matter in Savannah.

Penthouse: But would these people want Alex Haley living next door?

Haley: Apparently the real estate men would. We went down to Saint Simon Island, Georgia, which is an almost totally white and wealthy stronghold. There was an interview, and I had my picture in the paper; and I was quoted as saying how I enjoyed the area and how lovely it was, and I said I thought it would be a great place for a writer to live and work. Well, good Lord, within the next two days I was visited by at least eight white real-estate people, all urging me to buy two-hundred- and three-hundred-thousand-dollar homes—and these were not in Shanty Town. Ten years ago, I know, that would have been impossible. So, race doesn't seem to bother them. Money and prestige: if you've got either one or both, they're interested.

Penthouse: How do you explain the black support for Jimmy Carter?

Haley: Well, the majority of blacks in this country are southern-oriented. Even though they may live in other places, even though they may have been *born* in other places, their heritage and their family memories stem from the South. So Jimmy Carter symbolizes, for me at least, the *New* South. You see, whites and blacks in the Old South, despite their estrangement, were always physically interdependent. They needed each other to survive. It was fairly characteristic, even when I was a boy, for poor whites to live on the same block

"Patricia Elaine Thompson, may I have a word with you?"

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with blacks and across the street. Out of this grew a closeness that contradicted the apparent estrangement. So, a black is just naturally going to be drawn to a fair-minded southern white more than he would to a northerner.

Penthouse: Why don't we hear very much about Malcolm X anymore? Is he still important to the black community?

Haley: Well, let me begin by saying that Malcolm died tragically, but perhaps if there was a right time to go, for him, that was probably it. He no longer had his original power base with the Nation of Islam. He had made his trip to Mecca and he had come back saying, look, all white men are not devils, as the Nation of Islam insists. He tempered his approach. He was trying to strengthen his own organization at that time and wasn't doing too well. He had formed the Organization for African Unity, which, together with the Nation of Islam, was known as The Black Muslim Movement. And he had both sides hassling him, moderates and militants, each demanding to know where he stood. Things weren't going well for him.

But today, more than a decade after his death, Malcolm is very much revered, particularly by young blacks, who regard him as virtually a saint. Most whites are not aware of his lasting impact, because they are not in close contact with the black community. Martin Luther King is the image the white media remember best, and Malcolm is forgotten. But consider that *The Autobiography of Malcolm X* has sold close to six million copies.

Penthouse: What has happened to the civil-rights movement?

Haley: Well, it's changed form. We still have the image of the movement as it was in the sixties, with overt protests, things burning, people being beaten up, jailed . . . killed. In those days it was the fight to win equality in schools, restaurants, transportation facilities, and so on. Now most of these objectives have been achieved. Interestingly enough, I've talked with white businessmen who are relieved that the blacks can now participate as consumers in all areas. There are a lot of nice hotels in big cities that would have gone out of business if it hadn't been for black customers. Blacks bring in a hell of a lot of money.

But right now the movement has moved on. The objectives are different. The targets are more elusive—the black quota systems, political gerrymandering to keep blacks unrepresented in the legislatures, stuff like that. Blacks are now in the political arena in full force as mayors of major cities and in various other high offices. They are also coming forward in the whole area of cultural affairs. I like to think that *Roots* is a step forward in this way. I hope it will make all people want to take a better look at where they came from.

Penthouse: What about busing, which seems to be inspiring violence of the type we knew in the sixties?

Haley: Well, this is proving to be one of the great tests of our democracy. Whoever is considered "least among you" must have equal rights or you do not, in fact, have a democracy. Busing holds up a mirror, so that we see our attitudes as they really are.

Now, I think that there is a lot of sincere anguish and pain among both black and white parents because of this. I might note that there generally seems to be less opposition to having children of another race bused in to *your* school. But whichever way it's done, you are first asking people to send their kids to an institution which many of them regard with suspicion anyway, namely, the public school. Now, in addition, you send them to a *strange* school with *strange* kids of another race. Now you've got big emotional problems. It's not like drafting some adult for service in the army. These are vulnerable little kids. And on top of all this, you've got the issue of increased resentment of the government's encroaching more and more into our lives.

We have gotten into the bad habit of expecting the government to help us do what we think we can't do ourselves. But eventually we wind up with the government forcing us to do more and more things. In individual communities—where democratic processes are guaranteed, of course—I'd like to see blacks and whites work this out for themselves. Unfortunately, that seems a long way off right now.

Penthouse: Is America still a racist nation?

Haley: Yes, to a degree, we are still racist. And it's not simply black-white racism. There is prejudice affecting American Indians, Latins, Jews, and various religious and social groups. But I'm an optimist. I think things are improving.

Penthouse: How has the publicity, the successful book and TV-movie sales, affected your life?

Haley: Boy, someday I would like to do a retrospective kind of essay on what happens when, after umpteen years of just slugging along, you really hit. God damn, your life changes! You find yourself almost caught up by a kind of centrifugal force. Something else takes over. It's tough to keep your balance.

Penthouse: You're fifty-five years old. Imagine what it must be for a twenty-year-old rock star.

Haley: I have talked to young people who have hit the top that way, and so many of them have burned out before they reached thirty. Their heads blow. You walk up and down Sunset Boulevard and you see kids who look like they ought to be in the tenth grade driving a Rolls Royce, with broads practically hanging out the windows. They just screw themselves to death, for one thing. They've got the groupies, and they get into the dope thing and they blow their heads. So, I feel lucky having this come later in life. I'm lucky to have had experience, over the years, working as a writer. I've seen a lot, heard a lot. I can sense a lot of the things to avoid. The women, for example, start coming around. You know, all of a sudden you get handsome as hell, and you start getting invitations if you just blink your eyes. But I try to avoid it like the plague. I know that if I spend one night like that, I've lost six paragraphs. That didn't matter when I was young and doing the Chicken George routine. But not now. I can't afford the time. Time is the most precious thing I own.

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SECRET POLICE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

totally false."

But, when Donald H. Carroll, then LEIU general chairman, testified before a Senate subcommittee probing criminal-justice data banks in 1974, he defined the purpose of the LEIU as, "the gathering, recording, investigating, and exchange of confidential information not available through regular police channels on individuals and organizations involved in, *but not necessarily limited to*," organized crime (emphasis added). And a 1973 report on the Interstate Organized Crime Index contained this statement: "The LEIU data base was comprised of persons of interest to intelligence units other than organized crime subjects." Lieutenant Henry had a copy of the report, and I asked him about the statement.

"I don't understand that statement at all," he said. "I didn't see it, or it certainly would have been cleared up. There are no subjects in the LEIU data base except those involved as either principals or associates in organized crime activities. They don't have to belong to La Cosa Nostra, but they've got to be involved in some conspiratorial organized crime activity."

"Would the LEIU's definition of organized crime include radicals or bomb-throwers?" I asked.

"No, it certainly does not," Lieutenant Henry replied. "The LEAA [Law Enforcement Assistance Administration] has often asked us to include that kind of individual, and we finally told them to get off the subject. We're not in that kind of business."

The 1973 report containing a copy of the mysterious statement was written by a group headed by Charles E. Casey, assistant director of the Organized Crime and Criminal Intelligence Branch of the California Department of Justice (an LEIU member agency). I called him and asked what the statement meant.

"I'm not sure I can explain what it means," he replied. "The LEIU data base is 100 percent organized crime, except for a few of what I would call 'arrested or identified terrorists.' I really couldn't explain the statement, right off the bat."

What is an "identified terrorist," and how does he or she differ from the "arrested" variety? The answer is that it's not necessary to have been convicted of any crime, or even arrested, in order to earn oneself a LEIU dossier, according to the 1974 Senate testimony of then LEIU general chairman Donald Carroll. An "identified terrorist" is anyone the LEIU believes to be a terrorist.

Lieutenant Henry's "no bomb-throwers or radicals" claim seems in direct contradiction to Casey's admission that the LEIU files contain "a few terrorists," and neither man offers a very adequate explanation of the "persons other than organized crime subjects" slip appearing in the report of an LEAA-funded study that Casey him-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 200

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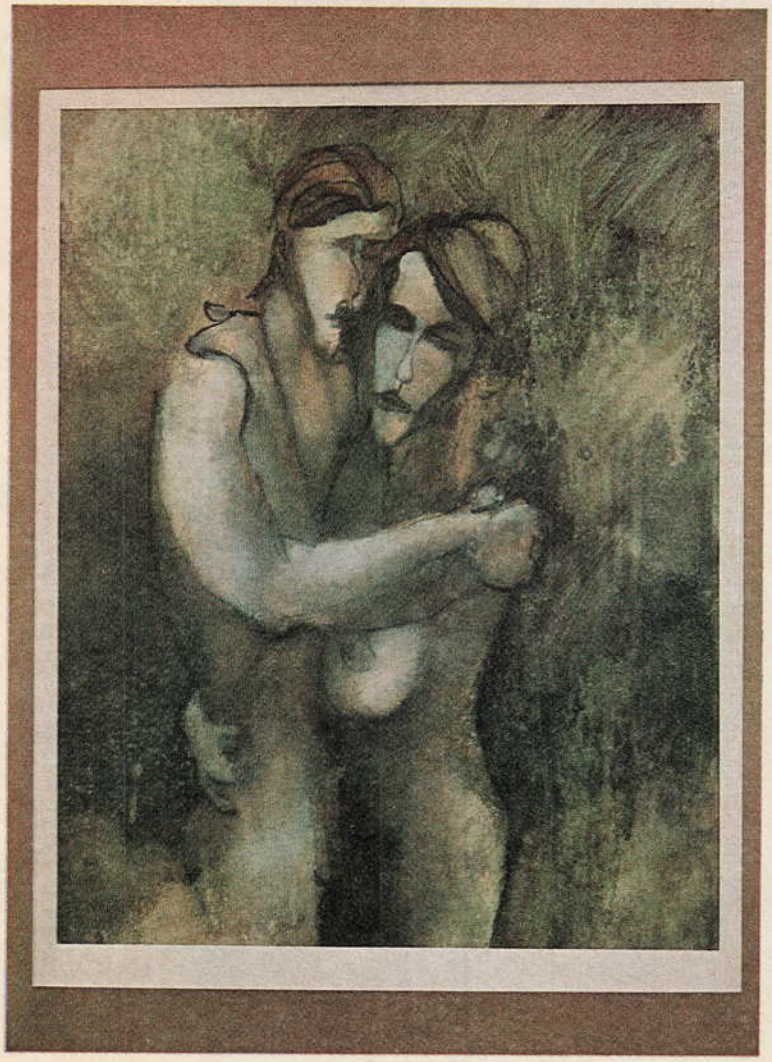

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SECRET POLICE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 194

self directed. Still, what does it matter if the LEIU has added a few bombers, kidnappers, and hijackers to its collection of loan sharks, pimps, hit men, and gamblers? The disturbing thing about the LEIU files is that the criteria for opening a dossier on someone seem rather vague and subjective. If a person can be deemed a member of organized crime even though he doesn't belong to the Mafia, has never been convicted of anything, and has never been arrested, one is moved to wonder whether the LEIU's definition of an "identified terrorist" is broad enough to include people who simply disagree with the government.

Lt. J.O. Brannon is a Houston police intelligence officer and the spokesman who first charged the LEIU with spying on law-abiding citizens. I asked him if he would describe the kinds of noncriminal subjects in the LEIU files. Unfortunately, he could not discuss the specific contents of any of the files seized by the federal court, but his general comments served to put the LEIU in better perspective.

Lieutenant Brannon minimized the importance of the LEIU's special files. He said that the really important information is contained in the full dossiers maintained by each LEIU member agency and made available to every other member agency. "Wouldn't those files be exchanged between police forces, even without the LEIU?" I asked. Not necessarily, Lieutenant Brannon informed me.

Cops can be as suspicious of each other as they are of "civilians." A police intelligence officer who makes a long-distance call to his counterpart in another law-enforcement agency may encounter regional or political mistrust, big city–small town bias, or any of a variety of other obstacles impeding an easy exchange of information. For Lieutenant Brannon, the real value of the LEIU is overcoming this resistance through the regional and national meetings that the group holds annually.

"The LEIU meetings are mostly social affairs, but you build up lasting friendships when you go out and have a few drinks with an old boy," Lieutenant Brannon explained. "Then, when he calls you up, you know who you're talking to, because you looked him in the eye just last week—some guy four states away. It's the closeness of the damn thing that I liked."

Brannon said that expulsion from the LEIU hadn't made much difference to the Houston police. They still retained the LEIU directory listing the name and phone number of every LEIU contact in the more than 225 member agencies. Houston continues to exchange dossiers with the other LEIU members.

Regarding the current Houston spying scandal, Brannon observed, "We spread our wings too far and exceeded what was proper, tapping a few phones and doing a few other things. The damn thing got out of hand here, but I'm reasonably sure they were doing the same thing in every other city. They just didn't get caught at it."

In fact, several other LEIU member agencies did get caught at it during the same period as the Houston revelations. In Michigan the State Police and the Detroit Police Department—both LEIU members—were charged with infiltrating and wiretapping a suburban Detroit consumer group at the request of state legislators who had been criticized by the organization. In New York a State Supreme Court judge charged New York City's Public Security Unit—the current name for the NYPD Red Squad—with carrying out an open, free-wheeling people-watching mission." And in Washington, D.C., Senators Henry Jackson and Charles Percy asked the General Accounting Office to investigate how police departments use federal funds to carry out illegal spying activities in the nation's ten largest cities. (The police departments of seven of the ten cities are LEIU members.) But the most devastating revelations of police spying came out of Baltimore and Chicago—both LEIU members—where snooping scandals rivaled that of Houston.

The Chicago affair began when the Afro-American Patrolmen's League, which was involved in a discrimination suit against the police department, filed a routine request to subpoena whatever files the local intelligence squad held on the league. From the records obtained by the court, it was clear that the police had amassed files on a host of organizations and individuals having no apparent criminal connections. The police department's Subversive Unit—or, as it was generally called, the Red Squad—had compiled dossiers not only on the obvious targets of police suspicion, such as political dissidents, but also on such personalities as former Chicago Bears football star Gale Sayers and local television commentator Len O'Connor. Gaylord Freeman, the chairman of the First National Bank, and Arthur Woods, chairman of Sears, Roebuck, and Company, earned themselves dossiers by donating money to a civil-rights organization.

Dossiers had also been opened on Fr. Theodore Hesburgh, the president of Notre Dame University, *Chicago Daily News* columnist Mike Royko, the late Jackie Robinson, Republican mayoral candidate John Hoellen, and an assortment of state and federal legislators. The Red Squad had files on the Chicago Metropolitan Area Housing Alliance; the Organization for a Better Austin (a section of Chicago); and the Citizen's Action Program, a group dedicated to fighting the proposed Crosstown Expressway. A file had been started on a Chicago doctor because the police had observed his car parked in the same neighborhood where the Illinois Communist party was holding a meeting.

"Not tonight dear, I have a headache."

The Red Squad's gumshoes took a few deductive shortcuts in writing up their reports. If someone's car was parked in the same neighborhood in which a certain group was holding a meeting, that meant he had attended the meeting. If he had attended a group's meetings twice (or if his car was parked nearby twice), then he was a member of the group. Such "facts" were recorded in a dossier and also forwarded to the FBI for inclusion in its files. And the allegation was available for swapping with any of the 225 other LEIU member agencies.

In Baltimore a Maryland State Senate investigating committee probed charges that the Police Department's Inspectional Services Division had spied on politicians, newsmen, and clergymen. They found that the police intelligence squad had also spied on labor unions, colleges and universities, and civic groups concerned with such things as rodent control, highway relocation, and utility rates. In the words of one ISD officer, "If there was a meeting in Baltimore City, we were there."

Baltimore's police commissioner, Donald D. Pomerleau, was not in the least shy about admitting that he had compiled information on practically everybody. In fact, Pomerleau often boasted of the thickness of his dossiers and told the quaking visitor to his office, "I know where you meet, when you are going to meet before you meet, what you do. . . ." In one case Pomerleau summoned an individual to his office, showed him his dossier, and watched with despotic satisfaction as the wretch fell to his knees before him and begged the police commissioner not to release the information. It must have been a high point in the 300-plus-year history of Baltimore.

The Maryland Senate investigating committee found that "ISD had amassed a data bank containing the names of, and information pertaining to, hundreds, perhaps thousands, of citizens of this state, many of whom did nothing more than testify with respect to a particular piece of legislation before the Baltimore City Council or peaceably walk a picket line." The committee noted that "the feeling seemed to prevail in ISD that persons who deviated from the norm, who were outspoken or criticized the status quo, members of organized labor, picketers, and protesters—these people were 'potential threats' and society must be protected against them."

In an interview with the *Chicago Tribune*, a Chicago Red Squad officer declared, "I believe in the American flag, and I want it to stay American and not turn Pink. The way things are run now, democracy is running wild. Everyone is allowed to do anything he wants. I believe the country, the state, and the city come before individual rights."

A Chicago grandmother who was paid twenty-five dollars per month by the Red Squad to infiltrate church and community groups told reporters from the *Chicago Daily News*, "I am a police spy, and I am proud of it. I do police-spy work because, as far as I'm concerned, God and Country

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come first. . . . You guys are so busy worrying about constitutional rights, along with the Communists, that they're going to take us over."

Some might say that such attitudes are typical of the point of view of the police, but there is little about police intelligence officers that is typical of most policemen. Within a police department the intelligence squad is almost as alien as it is within society as a whole. In Baltimore many veteran officers were completely unaware of the existence of the Inspectional Services Division. Fewer than forty officers in the department had any idea of the unit's function, and only a small percentage of those who did had been fully briefed on its operation. In fact, the Baltimore cops were themselves targets of ISD spying when they went out on strike in 1974; undercover officers from the unit photographed policemen as they walked picket lines outside their station houses.

In Chicago, too, the Red Squad's activities were shrouded from the rest of the police department. Recruits selected to serve in the unit bypassed training in the police academy so that former classmates couldn't identify them later. Senior Chicago police officials claimed to a grand jury that they were ignorant of the Red Squad's activities. But the most bizarre example of the chasm between Red Squad officers and the cop on the beat is the case of one undercover officer who infiltrated a Chicago group and eventually became its president. He admitted to the Cook County Grand Jury probing police-spying activities that he had specifically urged other members of the organization to shoot Chicago policemen and had even demonstrated the most strategic way to place snipers in downtown Chicago so that they could blow away the greatest number of his fellow officers.

Conspiracy to commit first-degree murder is the worst, but by no means the only, case of lawbreaking by police intelligence squads perpetrated by the LEIU. The Chicago Red Squad, for example, carried out a six-year program of burglary, vandalism, and assault in collaboration with a hoodlum gang masquerading as a patriotic group and calling itself the "Legion of Justice." The legion was the brainchild of the late right-wing Chicago attorney S. Thomas Sutton, who recruited an unsavory assortment of local thugs with patriotic pretensions to harass peace groups and serve as the unofficial shock troops of the Chicago Red Squad. From 1967 to 1973 the Legion of Justice carried out a series of break-ins, trashings, and assaults on antiwar groups, often under the approving gaze of Chicago police officers parked nearby in their squad cars. In some of the break-ins, especially those in which illegal bugging devices were planted, members of the Red Squad served as lookouts while the legion hoods did the actual burglary.

The most common type of criminality among LEIU intelligence squads is illegal wiretapping, which is almost always done with some degree of cooperation from the local telephone company. A former Baltimore vice-squad officer told the Maryland Senate investigating committee that the intelligence squad routinely installed illegal telephone taps with the aid of an ex-cop who worked for the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company. A phone company spokesman denied the charge. In Houston some of the officers who admitted taking part in illegal wiretapping said that the taps had been placed with the full cooperation of the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company and named some 200 phone-company employees as having helped in the illicit eavesdropping. Southwestern Bell denied the charge, although a Bell spokesman said that he could not rule out the possibility that some of the company's 14,000 employees might have violated company policy and taken part in the wiretapping.

Ties between Southwestern Bell and the Houston law-enforcement establishment are very close. The phone company employs about seventy Houston policemen to moonlight as security guards. Eight company officials held commissions as Special Texas Rangers, with the full arrest and weapons powers of state police officers. And fourteen or fifteen of the company's forty-four-man security force are former special agents of the FBI. The lines separating Southwestern Bell from local, state, and federal law enforcement have become extremely thin.

Where phone-company cooperation cannot be obtained through the police old-boy network, other means are employed. Chicago Red Squad officers reportedly obtained the help of four Illinois Bell linemen in placing illegal taps after the men were caught by the police in "compromising positions." The "compromising positions" included drunkenness and sexual misconduct, and the linemen were threatened with arrest and exposure if they refused to cooperate.

Telephone companies are by no means the only part of the private sector that aids LEIU intelligence squads. A police textbook on the subject advises intelligence officers to cultivate contacts in utility companies, airlines, banks, newspapers, bonding companies, private detective agencies, and credit bureaus. The federal Privacy Protection Study Commission recently heard testimony from such companies as American Express and Sheraton Hotels, in which they admitted that they routinely surrendered information about their clients and guests to law-enforcement officers on a simple oral request, without requiring a court order. However, passage of the 1970 Fair Credit Reporting Act severely restricts the information that a credit agency can release without a subpoena.

Until the April 1971 effectiveness of the Fair Credit Reporting Act, the Baltimore intelligence squad had received the total cooperation of the Credit Bureau of Baltimore, Inc., a local consumer credit agency, in obtaining full access to the personal in-

formation in its files. After passage of the federal credit law, however, the Baltimore cops found that an important source of information had suddenly dried up. Several months after the law had gone into effect, Officer Terry Josephson of the intelligence squad left his $9,000-a-year job with the police department and became vice-president of United Credit Bureaus of America, Inc., one of the largest independent consumer credit agencies in the country, which more than doubled his old salary.

United Credit Bureaus of America has files on most citizens of Maryland, and Josephson had unlimited access to this information. An intelligence-squad officer told the Maryland Senate investigating committee that Josephson supplied some of this knowledge to the police without benefit of court order. Josephson denied that he was serving as an undercover informant for the Baltimore intelligence squad; but shortly after his role was publicized, he resigned his $20,000-plus-a-year job with United Credit Bureaus of America and returned to the police department at his old salary.

In fairness to the LEIU, it should be pointed out that the number of member intelligence squads that recently have actually been caught breaking the law or spying on noncriminal citizens represents less than 5 percent of its membership. Nevertheless, in the opinion of one Houston police official, such practices are much more widespread and the recent revelations are only the tip of the iceberg. In one sense, it is remarkable that any of the intelligence squads at all were caught, given the inherent difficulty of investigating the police, who are also in a unique position to cover up their transgressions. In fact, the probes of the intelligence squads in Houston, Baltimore, and Chicago all encountered the same pattern of police resistance and obstruction.

Baltimore Police Commissioner Pomerleau tried unsuccessfully to halt a State Senate investigation of his department by slapping every member of the investigating committee with a lawsuit. Through a variety of delaying tactics, former Chicago Police Supt. James B. Conlisk hamstrung a Cook County Special Grand Jury investigating his department. Conlisk insisted on consulting with his lawyer in an adjoining room whenever the grand jury asked him a question, including such queries as, "When did you become superintendent of the Chicago Police Department?" and, "Did you take an oath to serve and protect the interest of the citizens of the city of Chicago?" During one tiresome three-hour grand-jury session, Conlisk made thirty-one trips between the hearing room and the anteroom, where his lawyer waited. The grand jury recommended that Conlisk be cited for contempt.

In Houston the Police Officers Association ran a full-page newspaper advertisement to complain about their new chief, Carroll M. Lynn, who had made the initial

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probe into the intelligence squad's illegal wiretapping. Enough pressure was brought to bear upon Chief Lynn to force his resignation, although the investigation, which had been taken over by a federal grand jury, continued.

Police resistance to the probes also went beyond such legal and public-relations maneuvers. In Chicago a state's attorney investigating the police received a report that his own phone had been tapped. A Baltimore newspaper reporter critical of the police was the target of surveillance and other harassment; on three occasions when he returned to his car parked in the police department's parking lot, he found that the tire lugs had been loosened. Police officers called to testify by the State Senate committee investigating the Baltimore intelligence squad said they feared they would lose their jobs if it was learned that they had cooperated with the committee. In Chicago many officers who were called in the grand-jury investigation of the Red Squad received the same anonymous telephone message: "We know you have seen the state's attorney. If you want to stay healthy, you'd better not talk before the grand jury."

During the probe a mysterious fire broke out on the eighth floor of Chicago police headquarters. It seems to have started in one of the filing cabinets containing the Red Squad's files. Other records subpoenaed by the grand jury, such as the Red Squad's electronic-surveillance log, had been "routinely destroyed." The Baltimore intelligence squad "routinely destroyed" many of its files on political dissidents sometime in 1973. According to Houston police intelligence officer Lt. J.O. Brannon, other LEIU members destroyed their files when it seemed as though their political-surveillance activities might be investigated.

"After the government seized our files," he said, "Guess what Los Angeles did? They burned almost every goddamn thing they had. Some of the other cities did the same thing. They called it 'purging the files.' We should have done the same thing, but we didn't know that's what you're supposed to call it."

You might also call it destroying evidence of a felony, unless you were merely grateful that such a collection of scurrilous gossip had been consigned once and for all to the flames. But such a celebration of the destruction of police dossiers could be premature. An intelligence officer might be able to state under oath to a grand jury or senate committee that the police department no longer has a dossier on John Doe, but such testimony is no insurance that a copy of John Doe's dossier isn't locked away in the file cabinet of another LEIU-member intelligence squad in a city 3,000 miles away, or, for that matter, that some 225 copies of the dossier haven't been distributed to every LEIU member agency. And there is also no guarantee that, after the investigators have completed their probe of the intelligence squad and have turned their attention elsewhere, the squad will not reconstruct its destroyed files from duplicate copies stored elsewhere in the LEIU network. Investigators who look at police intelligence-squad lawlessness as a local problem are victims of a shell game. They have never heard of the LEIU, or, if they have, they don't understand what it is.

But whatever the real or potential abuses of the LEIU, it would be a mistake to regard it simply as the sinister apparatus of an incipient police state. The LEIU was formed for a very legitimate purpose, and whatever else it may now be up to, it continues to perform a necessary law-enforcement function—the exchange of information on organized crime.

Organized crime is a national enterprise, but the individual police department's jurisdiction ends at the city limits. In pursuit of an illicit buck, loan sharks, narcotics dealers, hit men, and other assorted hoods regularly cross state lines and international boundaries with impunity, and the police force that tries to deal with them as a local law-enforcement problem is like a watchdog on a short tether. The cops' basic problem is how to get timely and accurate information on the mobile mobsters who may turn up in their town. But providing that kind of information to the local police sounds like the job of the FBI, not some private group like the LEIU. I asked LEIU general chairman Ray Henry why the bureau isn't doing it.

"That's a hell of a good question; I wish I knew the answer," he replied. "The FBI has got so many rules and regulations about disseminating information to local law-enforcement that you get little or nothing from them. Oh, we exchange information with individual FBI agents, but there is no formal arrangement where information is automatically channeled to all interested agencies by the bureau. That will never happen through the FBI, but it happens daily through the LEIU."

Lieutenant Brannon in Houston put it this way: "The FBI is a good organization, but it's useless to us. It prides itself on its files, but do you know where the information in the FBI files comes from? Your local police department. They come over here and have access to everything they want, but when we try to get some information on a suspect from them, it's a different story. They pull the guy's file, then sit there holding it, and say, 'Okay, what do you want to know?' Well, I want to look through the whole file, but they won't allow that. They won't even let us hold it in our hands. It's never going to change because the FBI has this standoffishness. They figure we're a bunch of dumb-dumbs, and we figure they're a bunch of bureaucrats, and it's hard to break down that barrier."

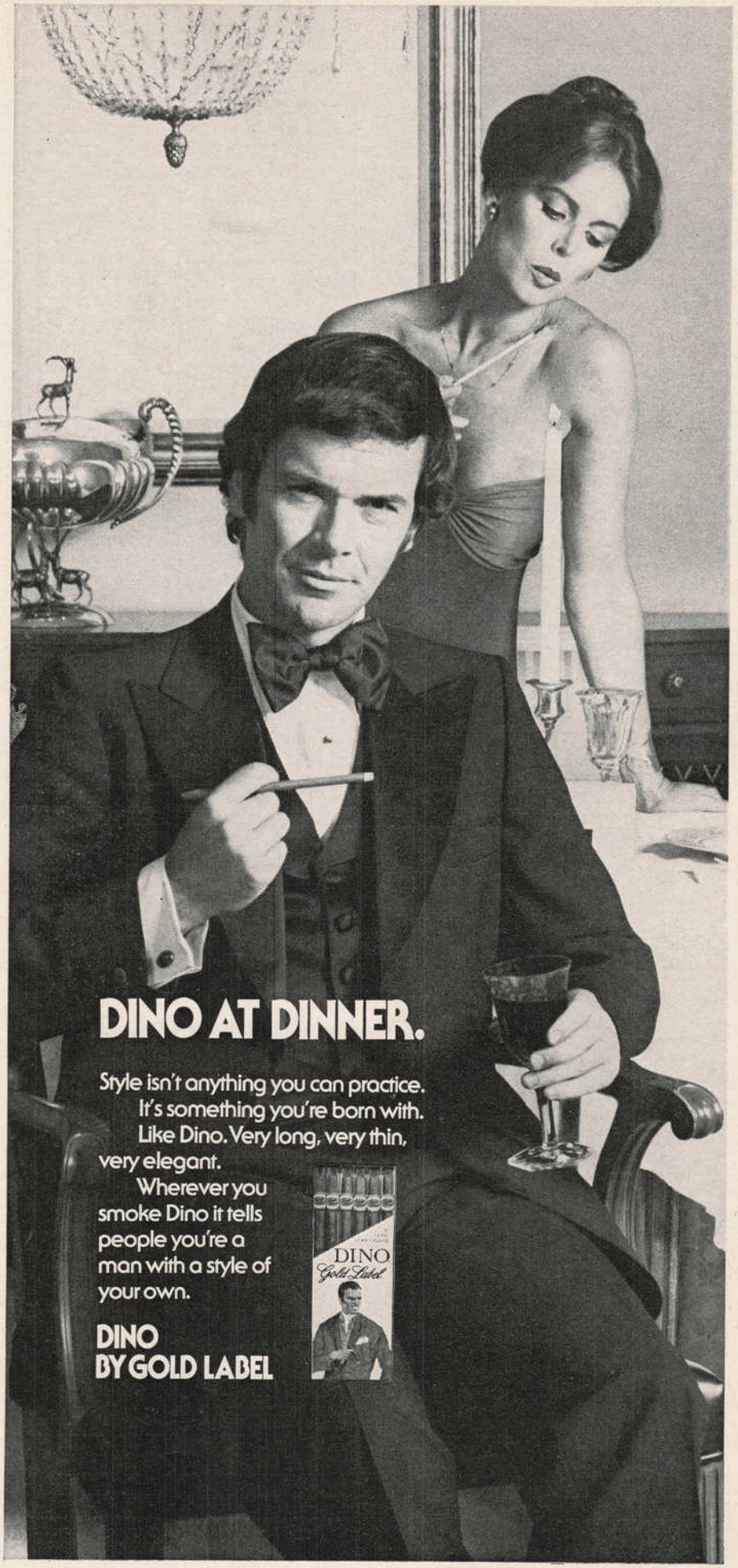
The cops have always said that dealing with the FBI is a one-way street, and many policemen complain that the bureau is uncooperative and less than zealous in fighting the Mob. And after all the recent revelations of FBI abuses of police power, taking away its monopoly on criminal intelligence information may not seem like a completely

bad idea. But the cure could be much worse than the illness; the FBI is, at least in theory, subordinate to the Justice Department and, ultimately, to the public, while the LEIU is a thoroughly private club. In setting up the LEIU, the cops have created the skeleton of a national police force that is also, in essence, a vigilante organization.

Beyond the more obvious hazards to civil rights created by a private national police-intelligence network, there is also the danger that the LEIU can provide a domestic spying apparatus to federal agencies prohibited from setting up their own surveillance machinery within the borders of the United States. U.S. Army Intelligence, which in the recent past has shown a disturbing propensity for spying on Americans, is more than a little chummy with the local cops in many cities. The army trained several Baltimore intelligence-squad officers in techniques of electronic eavesdropping and surreptitious entry at its Fort Holabird spy school in Maryland. In return, the Baltimore cops passed along many of their intelligence reports to the army. In Chicago the Red Squad was in daily contact with the army's 113th Military Intelligence Group during the late 1960s and early 1970s, passing along intelligence reports and receiving a variety of technical assistance. The 113th also provided money, tear-gas bombs, mace, and electronic-surveillance equipment to the Legion of Justice thugs whom the Chicago Red Squad turned loose on local antiwar groups. On at least two occasions, the fruits of the legion's burglaries turned up in army hands. In one case, documents stolen from the defense attorneys in the famous Chicago Seven trial, which grew out of the disturbances at the 1968 Democratic Convention, were turned over to the army by the Legion of Justice hoodlums. For a very familiar reason the Cook County Grand Jury was unable to discover how deeply the 113th was involved with the Chicago Red Squad: the army reported that it had destroyed all its records of the liaison.

How extensive the relationship may be between Army Intelligence and other LEIU member agencies is not clear, but the degree of army involvement with local police forces was indicated recently when the army's Criminal Investigation Command applied for funds (which were ultimately denied) to buy 324 marble paperweights and 50 walnut wall plaques. The items were to be presented to police chiefs across the country who had cooperated with the Army's CIC. It would be remarkable if such cooperation did not at least occasionally include access to the files and other assets of the LEIU.

But Army Intelligence is by no means the only federal agency that might find the LEIU's ready-made dossier network to be of value. Co-opting the local police in foreign countries is standard operating procedure in the CIA's book of tricks. In the past, the agency would select foreign police officers for recruitment when they came to Washington, D.C., to study Ameri-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can police methods at the State Department's International Police Academy. When the recruited officers returned to their jobs in their home countries, they would be on the CIA payroll. CIA watchers familiar with this process were more than a little disturbed to learn that the agency had conducted similar police-training courses for police officers from many police departments within the United States. Of course, such training might have been prompted by the purely altruistic motive of disseminating the advanced police technology developed by the agency for overseas use, but it would be naive to ignore the fact that local police cooperation would be essential to domestic intelligence operations, an area we now know the agency was involved in from the early 1960s. And given the CIA's Operation CHAOS, a program directed at spying on domestic dissidents, it would be doubly naive to suppose the agency has ignored the LEIU network, which links virtually every major Red Squad on the North American Continent.

Douglass Durham, the former Des Moines cop who claims to have worked in an LEIU undercover program, says that he heard of a federal government employee who was involved with LEIU. "He was supposedly working for the Department of Justice, but I heard rumblings that he was from CIA. Nobody really wanted to say what the connection was."

Durham is rather vague about this mystery man and acknowledges that the report is only scuttlebutt. However, there is one interesting piece of circumstantial evidence suggesting some sort of interface between the CIA and the LEIU.

There is only one LEIU member agency in the Washington, D.C., metropolitan area, and only one LEIU member agency in the entire state of Virginia; it is the same agency, the Fairfax County, Va., Police Department. It's a little surprising that the Fairfax County police belong to a network ostensibly dedicated to fighting organized crime, because there is little indication of Mob activity in Fairfax County, a quiet, upper-income, bedroom suburb of the nation's capital. In fact, the only enterprise with any known Mafia connections located anywhere in Fairfax County is the 125-acre wooded tract that is CIA headquarters.

Ties between the CIA and the Fairfax County police are, to say the least, close. The agency has given the Fairfax cops training in electronic surveillance, surreptitious entry, lockpicking, safecracking, and explosives. It has provided equipment and personnel to assist the police department in several of its investigations. The agency hosted a dinner for one retiring Fairfax police captain who had been particularly helpful and presented him with a $150 watch as a token of its appreciation.

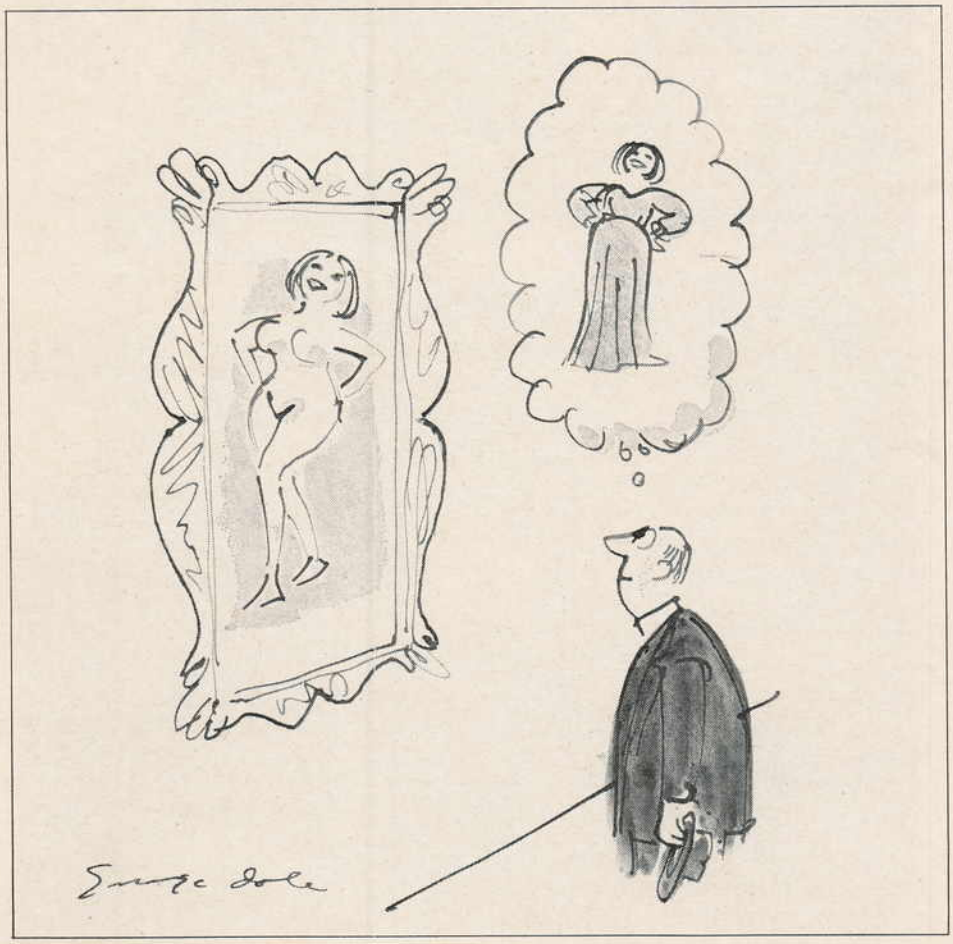
In return for such largesse, the Fairfax police provided the CIA with police badges and identification to be used as cover in domestic investigations. The Fairfax cops have also provided assistance to the agency in staging the "arrest" and interrogation of CIA intelligence-officer trainees in order to determine whether they could resist such pressure prior to being assigned overseas. But the greatest act of fealty to the CIA may have been performed in the early hours of February 19, 1971, when several Fairfax County police officers and CIA agents broke into a photographic studio in Fairfax City, Va. The studio was owned by a Cuban refugee whose fiancé was a former CIA file clerk. The agency was afraid that the woman might have taken classified documents and given them to the Cuban; so an illegal entry was mounted in order to search the studio. To ensure that everything went smoothly, the break-in expedition was led by the chief of the Fairfax County police. If the Fairfax police were willing to aid and abet the CIA in the commission of felonies, it seems reasonable to assume that they would be more than willing to act as a "cut-out" or interface so that information and influence could pass between the CIA and the LEIU. And it's hard to imagine the CIA passing up that kind of opportunity.

Of course, it's just possible that the LEIU has never been exploited by the CIA, Army Intelligence, or any other federal agency. And maybe, despite the lawlessness and political spying of many of its member agencies, the LEIU is nothing more than a group of policemen dedicated to fighting organized crime. But even granting such a generous benefit of the doubt, the LEIU remains one of the most potentially dangerous threats to freedom in America.

We have been able to save ourselves from the police state—at least thus far—because the American form of government is equipped with a system of checks and balances that makes executive agencies ultimately accountable to the people. But there is a powerful dossier subculture in America, a vast old-boy network that ties together intelligence agencies, police departments, credit bureaus, private detective agencies, bonding companies, and the many other collectors and compilers of personal information about private citizens. It is an aggregation of police power beyond the direct control of the democratic process.

The LEIU is a part of this subculture, and it is an especially powerful part because it has form, structure, and efficiency. Perhaps it doesn't spy on ordinary citizens, and perhaps it directs its attention solely toward organized crime, but all that could change with a single meeting of the LEIU's executive board. There is no statutory charter that defines the limits of the LEIU's operations, and so it can be and do whatever its members decide it ought to be and do.

In the meantime, of course, and despite whatever else is on the secret agenda of the LEIU, the organization continues to supplement the FBI's uncertain war on organized crime. Perhaps the LEIU plays a vital role; perhaps it performs an indispensable function in our national holding action against La Cosa Nostra. But somehow there must be a better way. ○



When it comes to buying a 35mm SLR, foresight is less expensive than hindsight.

The time to find out what you need in a 35mm SLR is before you buy it, not after.

Because a camera that meets your needs is a good buy. And a camera that doesn't is a bad buy at any price.

Know thyself. First of all, look ahead to what you'll want to do with the camera. Most manufacturers, including Minolta, offer a tempting array of features. To name a few: interchangeable finders and viewscreens, motorized film winding, self-timers, multiple-exposure capability and automatic exposure control. If you'll be using them, fine. If not, save yourself some money by cutting out the frills. Don't buy more camera than you need. Or less.

Match-needle or electronic auto-exposure? Minolta makes both kinds, so our only concern is that you get what's best for you.

A match-needle camera costs less. To set exposure, you line up two needles in the viewfinder. It's easy, fast and accurate, but you do the work. Minolta's match-needle models, the SR-T 200, the SR-T 201 and the SR-T 202, differ in price, according to their operating features.

Minolta's electronic automatic models are the professional XK, the deluxe XE-7 and the economical XE-5. In these cameras, shutter speeds are controlled electronically with unprecedented precision. Even if the light changes the instant before you shoot, the camera will set itself for correct exposure. Among Minolta electronic SLR's, you get a wide choice of features, including interchangeable viewfinders and focusing screens, shutter speeds to 1/2000th of a second, and multiple-exposure capability.

How much information should the viewfinder display? The more information in the viewfinder, the more you know about the technical details of how the camera is taking the picture. If this means a lot to you, pay the extra cost. If not, save some more money by getting a simpler model.

Minolta XE-7 viewfinder

The important thing about Minolta SLR's is that in every single one, you can compose, focus, set exposure and shoot without ever looking away from the viewfinder. So you won't miss shots of even the fastest-moving subjects.

How does the camera feel and sound? This can tell you a lot about how well thought out the design is. A camera shouldn't take "getting used to." Your fingers should fall naturally and comfortably into place over the controls.

Advance the film wind lever. If a new camera has a "grainy" feeling, how will it feel after a couple of thousand shots?

How about noise? Close machine tolerances and careful damping of moving parts in Minolta cameras give you a noticeably smoother, more solid response when you push the shutter button. And Minolta's automatic SLR's have a newly designed electronic shutter that's a joy to hear because you almost can't hear it.

The lens system. You need a choice of lenses broad enough to meet your present and future needs. Minolta offers almost 40. From a 7.5mm "fisheye" to a 1600mm super-telephoto.

Minolta

The more you know about cameras, the more you'll want a Minolta.

How easy is it to change lenses? You shouldn't miss any shots while changing lenses. So Minolta has developed a patented bayonet mount that locks on in less than a quarter turn, instead of the three or more turns required by a screw mount.

And unlike others, the Minolta bayonet mount doesn't require realignment of f/stops every time you change lenses.

How do you judge craftsmanship? Take a close, careful look at the details. Everything should be tucked in neatly. Finishes should be even and unmarred. No machining marks should be visible, even inside.

Cameras have reputations. Check them out. By all means, ask your friends about Minolta. Since it's the largest-selling imported camera brand in the U.S., chances are someone you know owns one.

If you'd like more information about Minolta 35mm SLR's, write to Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446. In Canada: Anglophoto, Ltd., P.Q.

The difference, dear Watson, is under your nose

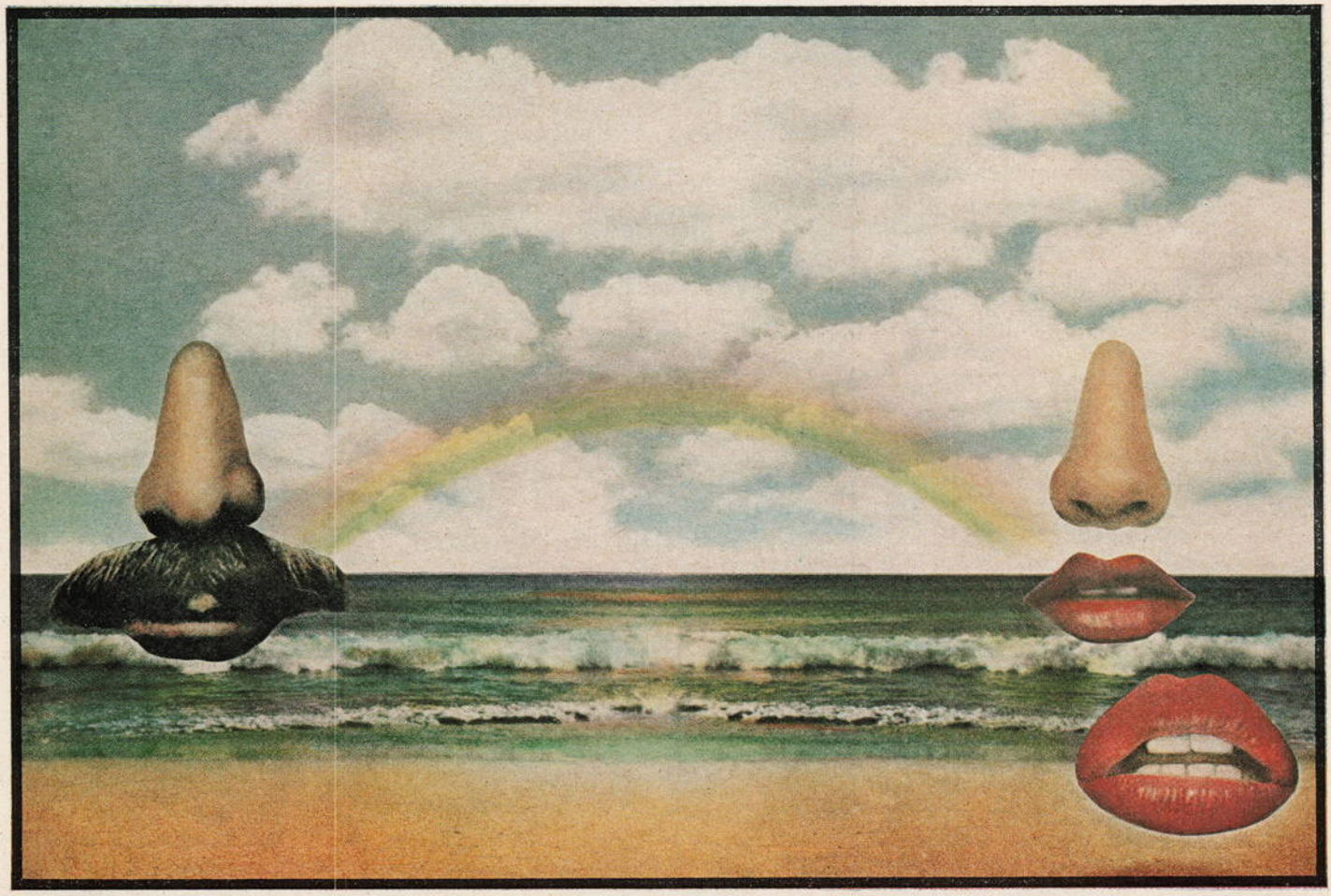
DOLLARS AND SCENTS

BY ED EMMERLING

A decade or so ago, if you suggested to an NFL quarterback that he should go on television and advertise perfume, you'd most likely have been knocked to the floor. Men didn't put that stuff on them, at least not virile men with muscles to prove their manhood. Oh, a cologne might be all right for a Cary Grant type, but mainly it got dabbed on in the movies, not in real life. By the same token, a woman usually found her brand and continued to apply it—often rather too liberally—for the rest of her life. That made gift giving easy for husbands but rather less possible for lovers. It was also boring as all hell.

But times have changed. Just as a liberalization of sexual attitudes brought about a freedom of fashion that has blossomed into a new sophistication, so new ideas of masculinity have permitted men a freedom of cologne that has ripened into an abundance of scent. And just as women changed from classic dresses to more daring design, so women are now likely to have four or five different perfumes on the dresser where only one existed before.

Ironically, this extremely sophisticated and European approach to perfume and cologne may actually have been spurred by marijuana. The influx of incense, used to



Photograph by Richard L. Shaefer

accompany and mask the telltale odor of grass, implanted two ideas in the current generation of consumers: one, that it was sexy to create a total environment and, two, that smell was as important as lighting in make-out technique.

Rather as a taste for cheap wine developed into a wine-drinking market that has caused prices to soar sky-high, so the burning of incense transformed itself into a more varied use of scent. Men who traveled to Europe discovered that part of a Frenchman's irresistible charm was the careful blending of body-and-cologne odors. The enthusiasm was transmitted to American manufacturers, and suddenly, there at halftime, Joe Namath, Mickey Mantle, and Willie Mays were speaking up about how they masked the telltale locker-room smell. Men's scents were well on their way by this time, and they have yet to reach a peak.

One reason for the continued popularity of perfumes and colognes is that humans—like other animals—happen to get turned on through the nose. When animals are ready to mate, they give off special smells called ferromones, which are as clear as body language and twice as powerful. While scientists are not quite certain that humans do the same, there's a good bet that it's true—that we can actually smell someone who's hot. Nobody's been able to bottle a human ferromone, but in the meantime we can scent ourselves into something stunningly attractive.

The fragrance industry is still important, as it has been since the eighteenth century, in the South of France. However, with the growing worldwide demand for the product, France no longer has a monopoly on which odors people like to wear. Fragrance formulas are extremely carefully guarded secrets to this day—so much so that the simple words *perfume* and *fragrance* are all that manufacturers need put on the bottles despite otherwise stringent federal labeling regulations. A chef's secrets are public knowledge compared with what goes on in a perfumer's kitchen. The extreme complexity of this process (up to 200 ingredients often go into a single scent) makes it difficult for competitors to break a formula.

We do know what the basic ingredients tend to be. Most fragrances are based on a complicated blending of maturation of citron (citrus), floral, or other highly scented oils and chemical synthetics with an animal fixative that makes the scent stick to the skin. The fixatives themselves tend to come from parts of animals that would seem anything but attractive: ambergris, as those who have read *Moby Dick* remember, is the lining of the stomach of the whale; castoreum comes from the sexual scent-glands of beavers; other fixatives are found in the genital regions of southern Asian and African civet and the male musk deer. Don't squirm. Just think of it as being a real animal magnetism.

There are problems with essential essences today. They've always been very, very expensive and, like everything else, are getting even more so. They are also, in some cases, either ecologically unsound (to obtain ambergris, you must kill a whale) or politically prohibited (Bulgarian rose is a thing of the past as far as Western perfumers are concerned). The answer has been "modern blends," which are probably the most jealously guarded secret in the industry today.

Modern blends are sophisticated, lighter fragrances concocted in the laboratory—perhaps a re-creation of an already existing scent, more often a fantastical creation that doesn't smell "of" anything except an effervescent mood. No one odor overwhelms; the blend itself is the finished

CONTINUED ON PAGE 241

Here is a handy alphabetical listing of today's most popular fragrances for men, recommended by *Penthouse*, with the secret ingredients explained. With modern blends, your nose knows best. Above all, choose between the products on the basis of what they contain.

Aramis—multi-spicy and peppery blend
Evyan's *The Baron*—modern blend
Black Tie Midnight Musk—musk
Speidel's *Bravura Musk*—musk
Revlon's *Chaz*—multi-blend of citrus notes
Gil Cohen's *Demain* by Formdal—modern blend of multi-citrus essences
Guy Laroche's *Drakkar*—modern blend of multi-green citruses and vetiver undertones
Christian Dior's *Eau Sauvage*—modern blend of many light, citrus essences
English Leather Musk—musk
Givenchy Gentleman—spice base with cinnamon undertone
Geoffrey Beene's *Grey Flannel*—woodsy modern blend of moss, amber, lime, and musk
Guerlain's *Habit Rouge*—blend of hesperides and wood scents
Halston's *Z-14*—modern blend of multi-spices with green-pine undertone
Halston's *1-12*—modern blend of many essences with woodsy base
Shulton's *Herbal Musk*—musk base with herbal undertones
Myrurgia's *Hidalgo*—citrus base with herbal undertones
Lucarelli—sandalwood base with fern and musk undertones
Fabergé's *Macho*—modern blend
Monsieur Houbigant Musk—musk
Mon Triomphe Musk Plus—modern blend of multi-musk essences
Paco Rabanne—modern herbal blend with sandalwood and cedar undertones
Pierre Cardin—modern blend of citrus essences with spice and amber undertones
Alberto-Culver's *Rango*—green-woodsy base
Germaine Monteil's *Realm*—light modern blend with multi-woodsy and spicy undertones
Royal Copenhagen—woodsy base with ambery undertone
Serrano—citrus base
Jovan's *Sex Appeal*—spice base with herbal undertones
Emilio Pucci's *Signor Vivara*—modern blend of multi-spicy notes with sandalwood and musk overtones
Tabac—subtle blend of multi-spice essences
LaCade's *Undercurrents*—musk base
Jess Bell's *Wild Oats*—modern blend of multi-woodsy and earthy essences
Caron's *Yatagan*—blend of essences of patchouli, herbs, citrus, mosses, and spices
YSL—citrus base with lemony undertones

As a gift to the lady in your life, *Penthouse* recommends the following:

Fabergé's *Babe*—floral base with green amber and musk undertones
Anne Klein's *Blazer*—sportive woodsy base with multi-floral essences
Shulton's *Blue Jeans*—light oriental having multi-spice and floral base
Calandre—modern blend of rosemary and spice with vetiver undertones
Karl Lagerfeld's *Chloé*—modern blend of multi-exotic florals with green top notes
Cardin de Pierre Cardin—floral base with spice, herb, and citrus undertones
Revlon's *Charlie*—floral base with amber undertones
English Leather's *Caring, Sharing, Embracing*—three modern-blend mood fragrances
Houbigant's *Essence Rare*—floral base of rose and jasmine
Givenchy III—floral base with woodsy and mossy undertones
Guerlain's *Parure*—blend of essences of cyprus, vetiver, amber, lilac, and plum
Revlon's *Replique*—floral base with incense of jasmine and rose undertones
St. Laurent's *Rive Gauche*—floral base with woodsy undertone
Stephen B—light, sophisticated modern blend
Jovan's *Sex Appeal*—floral base with spice undertones
Diane Von Furstenberg's *Tatiana*—floral base with jasmine and gardenia undertones
Dana's *20 Karats*—floral base with multi-fruit, woodsy, and mossy undertones
Evyan's *White Shoulders*—modern blend of multi-florals

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COGNAC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 174

annoyed—the aroma will literally be boiled off before it can reach you. Any warming-up can be done by holding the bowl of the glass in the palm of your hand, which is why I specified thin glass. If you ask me, this aroma stuff is a little overdone. I have heard it said that the brandies that smell best don't taste the best and vice versa; and I certainly can't remember finding all that much to sniff whenever I've come across high-grade cognac.

Now, I hate anything to do with drinking's being turned into a ritual, and more crap is talked and written about drink than about anything else except art. But it seems no more than common sense to try to get the most out of such a magnificent—and expensive—drink. So, having poured your brandy into the type of glass I've described and hand-warmed it, if need be, you will get the best results by sipping it slowly and lingeringly, swishing it around the glass and taking a sniff now and then; your sense of smell may be better developed than mine. Drink coffee along with it if you must, though sweetening will affect your palate, and anybody who pours his brandy into his coffee is saying either that he finds the brandy poor or that he has no taste. Any mints or other sweetmeats are out. I suppose a real, diehard connoisseur would ban smoking, but there's such a traditional and enjoyable link between brandy and cigars that it seems silly to go that far.

I always drink cognac and armagnac on their own like this, even the lowest grades. There are excellent cocktails and "longer" mixes to be made with brandy, including a hangover palliative called, in some circles, the Corpse Reviver—just brandy and dry ginger ale (without ice, if you can face that). But I would not care to use the real thing for such purposes. I keep by me a supply of cheaper brandy, from parts of France outside Cognac and Armagnac, for use in mixed drinks.

A cognac or armagnac ought to contain nothing but brandy; pure water, to bring the strength or proof down to the required level; and, where necessary—according to some writers but not others—a small amount of caramel as a coloring agent. But occasionally other substances are found creeping in to soften the flavor, like vanilla or sugar. Where does this happen? At the point of bottling? I don't know. At the restaurant or bar? I do know—it can certainly happen there. It was an old trick in certain London restaurants—and it must go on elsewhere, too—to measure out half a pound or so of raisins, put them in a bowl, pour a bottle of cheap, raw brandy over them. One lets it all marinate for twenty-four hours, strains off the liquor (now much blander) into a VSOP cognac bottle, and serves to the unsuspecting, of whom there are plenty. An even simpler scheme is to serve French cooking brandy, which always tastes bland, instead of armagnac;

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French cooking brandy is quite pleasant and certainly intoxicating, but not what you're paying for. I would never order armagnac in a restaurant unless I knew the establishment pretty well.

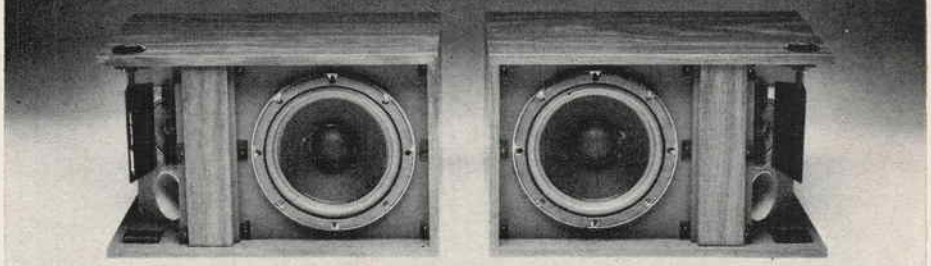
To really test out a brandy, try this. See that your hands are clean, free not so much of honest dirt as of scented soap, toilet water, etc. Then rub a little of the spirit on your skin just below the knuckles and leave it to evaporate. After a few minutes smell the anointed area of skin carefully. The result should be zero. If vanilla or sugar or other additives—including excessive caramel—have been used, it is at this point that you will spot them. If there is the slightest hint of sourness, the brandy may well be perfectly genuine and unadulterated, but the distiller has tumbled down somewhere along the line. Sniffing at the empty glass after drinking will tell you the same things. Look, too, at the sides of the glass to see whether traces of the brandy are still clinging there or whether it has all run off. If it clings, it's good. It's a safe, rough rule with any spirit that the oilier the texture (or, if you prefer, the higher the viscosity), the better the quality.

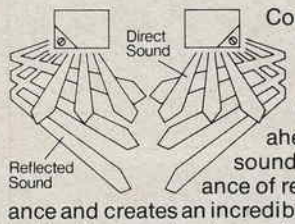
As to which brandies to buy, this depends very much on your pocket and your mood. But names I have noticed and respected include (cognac) Augier Freres Bisquit Dubouché, Courvoisier, Delamain, Hennessy, Hine, Martell, Otard, Rémy Martin, Salignac; and (armagnac) Janneau, Maillac, and Sempé. British cognac drinkers largely seem to agree that Hine is the best of the three-star grades. The best brandy I have ever drunk was a Martell Cordon Bleu. Avoid anything that comes in a funny bottle—this applies to *all* drinks, not just to brandy. (The flask-shaped armagnac bottle is traditional and okay.)

Finally, two pieces of statistics to make you savor, with proper seriousness, your after-dinner cognac or armagnac. First, it takes a quart of wine, plus an immense amount of trouble, to make one small glass of brandy. And second, in the making of cognac, more than a quarter of the spirit is lost by evaporation through the wood of the casks. The makers leave it that way, because any change in the method of production just *might* affect the quality. Do you know of any other trade which would pass up an easy and certain 25 percent expansion for fear that far less than 25 percent of the customers *might* be a little disappointed?

Note: Although cognac is justly considered to be the king of spirits, and is exclusively a product of the French genius for converting the juice of grapes into fine liquors, American brandies have made great strides in the last decade. Of all the brandy consumed in the United States today, 82% is domestic. All our brandies are produced in California. Although there are dozens of brands, the five most popular American brandies are Christian Brothers, Coronet, Paul Masson, Lejon, and Ceremony—each one as light as a summer's day in the Napa Valley.—The Editors

Odd Couple.





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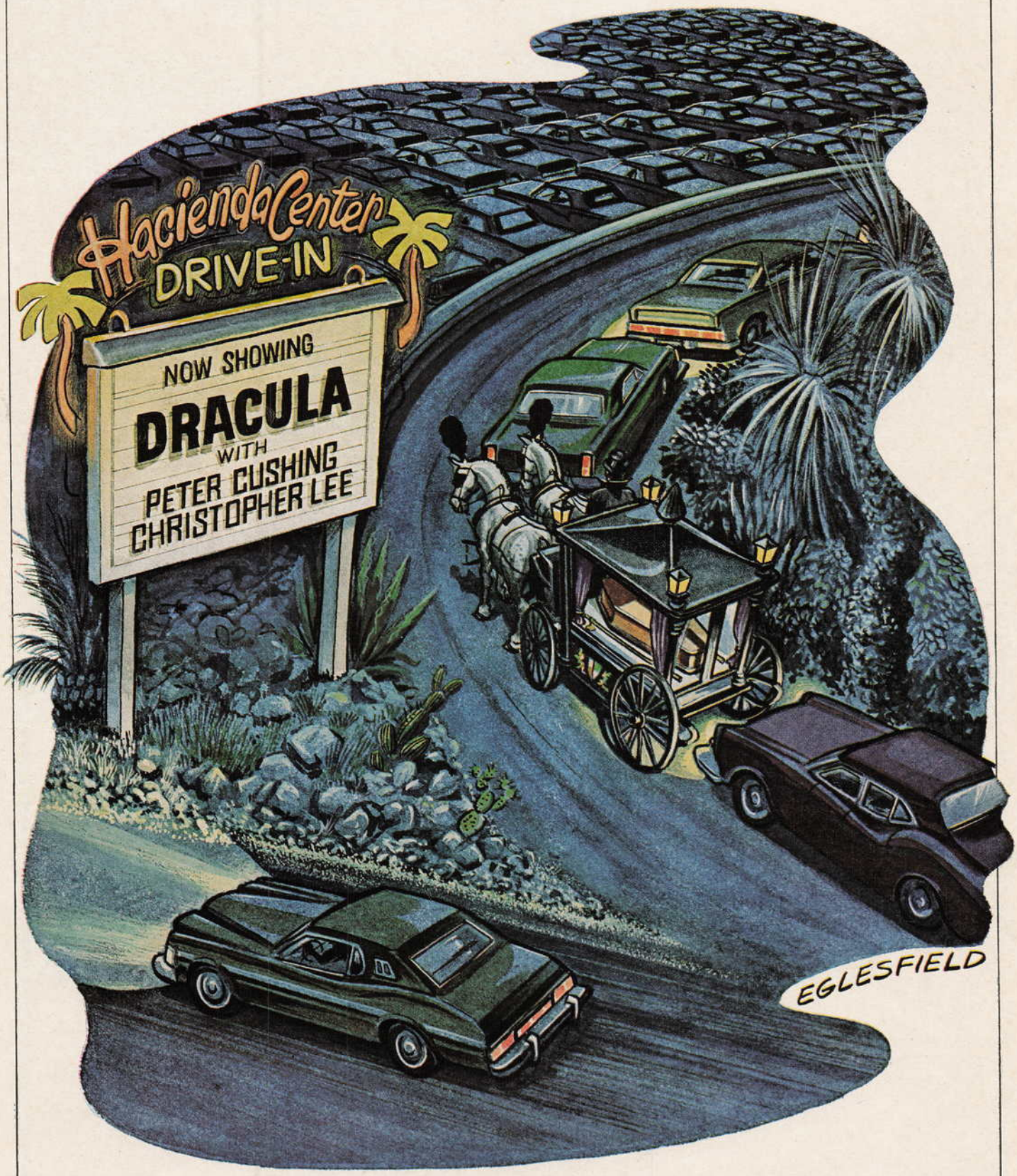
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ADVISE AND DISSENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131

changed vision of what their paternal experience might be—in fact, must be. Our families are breaking up, at great personal cost to all the members, because we have not worked out the ways to share responsibility or to lead lives that give to others without *total* sacrifice of one's own life-style. It's true that these are times of change and transition; but these problems will have to be solved, or else the women's movement will go under.

I look forward to seeing responsible articles in male magazines, articles of interest and concern to involved fathers: what games toddlers play, how to amuse a bedridden child, how to make a gingerbread house at Christmastime. In downgrading the role of child-protector, in making fun of women who spend hours in the playground or the car pool, the women's movement has made it hard for men to see how important, how valuable, how crucial such activities are. The women's movement, having already raised the consciousness of much of America, has now got to help make families. A society composed only of successful women, alone and unloved and unloving of their children, is not the end result that anybody wants.

In the 1940s fathers were away at wars; in the 1950s they worked long hours and commuted back to stranded wives in suburbs. The mounting divorce rates of the 1960s and 1970s have made more and more children strangers to their fathers, who now visit in restaurants, awkwardly reaching across barriers of so much anger and pain.

The women's movement needs to do a lot of work on redefining the meaning of fatherhood. I am worried we may fail just as we begin to close in on the real human problems.

We have to be careful that we don't allow the resentments of the past to make us ridiculous in the present. It seems to me that some of the vindictiveness toward the male population has become intellectually ludicrous and will push both sexes away from the true goal of equality. The Susan Brownmiller book on rape, for example, blames male sexual abuse of women for the entire family structure of civilization. Clearly, rape is not the founding stone upon which human societies are built. This kind of thinking brings feminism to the edge of irrationality, where it will ultimately be rejected.

Feminism now is in the hard, working-through stage. The great speeches have been made; the revolution has taken place and now must be made more solid, less self-conscious, less bitter; and human relationships must begin to look a little happier, to last a little longer. This is going to be the task of our daughters and sons. It will take another fifty years for us to see if what we have accomplished holds, and, if it holds, whether it is good.

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HOW TO DUMP YOUR OLD LADY

BY GERALD NACHMAN

Breaking up is hard to do.—Neil Sedaka

There's no need for it to be so hard, Neil, if everyone would just go about it in the right way.

Breakup scenes don't *have* to be quite so grim and ugly as they're always portrayed in movies, with the girl hurling down her napkin in some swank French restaurant and storming out, followed by a sputtering male who shoves some bills into the palm of a bewildered waiter.

"Louise, wait a minute! Don't go!" he shouts at her as Louise flounces past the tables of various pop-eyed diners, who are appalled by her lack of decorum and the pool of tears in her plate. "Come back, Louise; you don't understand!" the man yells after her. "It's not the end. Let me explain!"

In such classic screen vignettes, we see depicted various vital elements of the breakup that might be vastly improved upon in life, where breaking up tends to be twice as tawdry and melodramatic as it's shown in films.

First of all, the gentleman above has obviously tried to "cushion the blow" by inviting the breakee (as we'll call her) to a snazzy spot for dinner. It is crucial to the person doing the breaking up to commit the nasty deed in public, where murder (or, even worse, weeping) is less likely to occur, as well as to treat the condemned to one heck of a nice last meal. If she chokes on it, that's her fault; you did all *you* could.

If breaking up never goes smoothly in movies, why does anyone expect it will be any easier in the real world? Anybody who decides to split up in public is just asking for it. Rather than letting the girl down easily, the man is simply rubbing things in by treating the poor kid so nicely that she's sure to feel ten times as sad by the time her salad arrives.

As long as you have to dump somebody, you ought to choose the tackiest, least sentimental place possible—Woolworth's lunch counter, say. If you break the bad news there, the girl will decide you're really a creep after all and it won't seem half so hard on her; but if you tell her bye-bye over salmon mousse and white wine at La Côte Basque, she'll realize that—if nothing else—she's losing a pretty terrific meal ticket.

The nice part about Woolworth's lunch counter is that the noise level is so raucous that the general clatter will drown out any unseemly shouting scenes or snuffling sounds. If you take her to a sedate French place, it's so hushed that everyone in the room will immediately notice what's going on over there at the secluded table in the corner and see that something is very wrong with that girl whose shoulders are shaking; in such serene settings you can hear a tear drop.

Ideally, of course, someone should open up a pitch-black restaurant that caters exclusively to couples who need a chic little spot at which to stop rendezvousing.

If a man really wants to be nice about it, of course, he shouldn't take out his ex-to-be anywhere. He should call her up and recite his little farewell speech over the telephone, calmly reading off his list of rational reasons for calling it quits; this minimizes the opportunity for any flashy theatrics.

The major reason for choosing a nice restaurant rather than a dive is that the breaker-upper hopes to "smooth things over"—but for whom? Why, obviously, for himself. He'd like to make it easier on his own conscience and, at the same time, be remembered as a guy with class.

Unhappily, there *is* no such thing as breaking up in style, contrary to all of those characters in Noel Coward plays and Cole Porter songs who have led us all to believe that, back in the thirties or somewhere, people were much more "civilized" about this sort of vile business. One wonders. You recall *Private Lives* and "It Was Just One of Those Things," and you think to yourself: "Boy, they sure knew how to end their love affairs back in the old days."

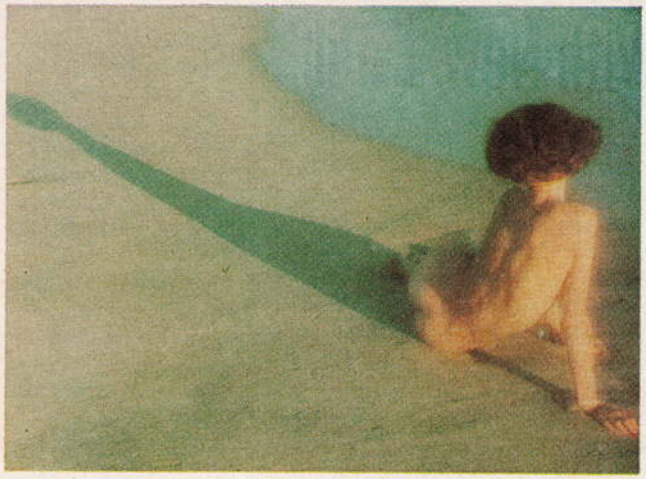
Yet while the breaker-upper plans to be as discreet and sophisticated about everything as possible, the breakee is not much concerned with form and wit and would, in fact, enjoy making the whole thing as tough as possible on the villain of the piece (e.g., you). *That's* why girls in plays and motion pictures always run out of restaurants; they *want* everybody in the place to see what a horrible thing is going on; they *want* to heap scorn and shame on the man, the more the merrier.

In breaking-up parlance, this is known as "causing a scene," which a man will do anything to avoid and a woman will do everything to provoke. "You're causing a scene, Louise," the man whispers harshly, to which Louise replies even more harshly, "Good!"

A wise, experienced breaker-upper will allow the woman her big scene and hope to ride it out, trying to look as unruffled to bystanders as a dish of crème caramel. Most women will be sorely tempted to overplay the moment, going for hisses and boos from nearby tables of onlookers. The waiter, noticing a disturbance in the corner,

Illustration by Lane Yerkes

Images of Woman



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will most likely hurry over and ask, "Is everything all right here?" The woman will undoubtedly snicker as the man says, as nonchalantly as possible, "Just fine, thank you—maybe a little more coffee."

The person doing the breaking up is always obsessed with form and taste, since he's doing such a despicable thing. He wants very much to remain cool and charming and a thoroughly decent fellow during the entire scene. Meanwhile the girl is going crazy right in front of him. When she starts tearing out her hair, the man mumbles something like, "Louise, please can't we be sensible about this?"

Finding the exact sensitive wording and temperate tone is as critical as choosing the proper setting. Try to avoid the sort of tone that dentists take when discussing the need to remove a back molar: now it may hurt a bit at *first*, but in the end you'll be better off without it.

Veteran cads will recognize that as the classic I'm-doing-this-for-your-own-good approach, which doesn't really help any. As the girl sees her entire life flashing before her, the guy is telling her how she'll be better off dead. Usually, this involves building up the girl at the expense of the man, who takes great pains to paint himself as the most wretched human who ever existed, Attila the Hun included, all spoken as earnestly as he can manage:

"Louise, there is no worse, more loathsome creature on the face of the earth than me, and I realize it. Believe me, you'll be twice as happy without me; *any*one else is better than I am. You deserve somebody as nice as you, not a crummy two-faced rat like me. Listen, you're well rid of me."

The idea here is to leave the impression that, while you may be running out on her, you have only Louise's welfare at heart; again, this approach tries to create the impression that, although you may be a louse, you're an *honest* louse.

But, of course, it fails to fool Louise for a second. Instead, what a truly shrewd bounder should say is: "Louise, you disgust and repel me, and I can't bear to be in your presence!" That, you see, will make Louise want to be rid of you and force her to despise you at the same time. Easy?

In brief, rather than make the girl feel good, make her feel as rotten as you can, so awful that she gets angry. The plan is to get her good and mad at you, but don't *ask* her to be mad at you. Let her discover your own worthlessness by herself; gradually, allow your basic low-down, no-good nature to dawn on her.

No matter which tack you take, then, grant the breakee a few moments of real outrage and loathing. It's little enough, after all; so don't slide under the table or call for the check when the outburst happens; sit there and take it like a bad man. Don't, however, be overeager to agree with her character assassination and hope to cover yourself with reverse glory by confessing, "You're absolutely right, Louise: I'm an insensitive brute and unfit to walk the same ground as you." That sounds a bit too

IN THE DECEMBER FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

LIVING OUT YOUR FANTASIES

If you spend hours mulling over what you'd "like" to do in bed, then this article is for you. Find out how you can free your creativity by getting sex out of your mind and into your life.

MARILYN CHAMBERS REVEALS WHY SHE'S GOOD IN BED

"Being good in bed is doing everything the man wants. You must never refuse anything. . . ." Don't miss this extraordinarily candid interview with America's top-rated X-rated movie star.

MARIJUANA: AN APHRODISIAC?

More and more couples are turning to marijuana as an adjunct to sex. Turning on with pot can turn you on—or off. This is must reading for the serious pleasure seeker.

CALL GIRLS TALK ABOUT POLITICIANS

An astounding report on the reasons why politicians need kinky sex—and what kinds of kinky sex they prefer. This not-to-be-missed *Forum* exclusive tells what the powerful men in this country do behind closed doors.

SENSUOUS GIFTS FOR FRIENDS AND OTHER LOVERS

This year give gifts that excite. *Forum* suggests sensual but inexpensive items that enable you to give with love—and affection. Also *Forum* looks at beautiful and erotic books for the bedside table. All are guaranteed to make this year's gift giving an unforgettable treat for the senses.

grand; know where to draw the line at self-annihilation.

If you're determined to break up in public at a classy restaurant, try to time the event between the entrée and dessert. This way you don't ruin everybody's dinner. In fact, if the dessert cart looks *unusually* nice, you might even wish to wait until the second cup of coffee before clearing your throat and addressing the silverware, as follows: "Louise, uh, there's something I—that is, there have been a few things I've wanted to say now and—I mean, for the last few weeks, I've had something on my mind I wanted to get off my chest and——"

Louise, thank God, will know exactly what's up before you've finished the first stanza of your little prelude. She'll recognize a strangely impersonal sound in your voice, like that of a relative informing you that, instead of arriving on the 7:18 plane from Chicago, he'll be coming in at noon.

It's always smart to have your little farewell speech prepared ahead of time, if necessary by using four-by-five-inch index cards on which to jot down salient points. This will help to avoid any embarrassing hemming and hawing during your soliloquy. If possible, try to affect a casual (yet concerned) tone. Say things like, "Well, Louise, we sure had a lot of laughs, eh?" or, "It was a terrific two months, you have to admit!" or, "You know, this is one summer I'll never forget."

The older you get, the more finesse is required for breaking up.

In the fifth grade, if you decided to call it quits, you merely asked for your ID bracelet back: no fuss, no wracking sobs, no lengthy lunches. It was all quite painless.

By high school there was a rough attempt to be dignified about it, but there was always a lot of stammering by the boy ("it's not that . . . I mean, you're a great girl, Sally, but—well, it's just that I . . . no, you . . . er, we . . .") and several hours, if not weeks, of heart-wrenching weeping by the girl.

By the time you got to college, love had become a desperately tragic business, but when the end came, you wanted to be "adult" about it and managed to mimic scenes from novels and movies you had recently read and seen: "Cynthia, you know how much you mean to me and always will . . . No matter what happens from now on, this has been the most joyous and fulfilling experience of my life; just knowing you has meant. . . . It is impossible, Cynthia, to find words to express what these last few months at State have given me, in terms of——"

Now all of this presupposes that breaking up will be a fairly organized ritual; however, there *are* other more callow ways if one has the stomach for them. Going out for cigarettes and not coming back is a favorite of cowards the world over.

This method avoids any long, drawn-out scenes and makes the separation quick, decisive, and definite. Also, there is much less chance of being struck by a flying dinner plate. (One small tip: If you don't smoke, remember to go out for a loaf of

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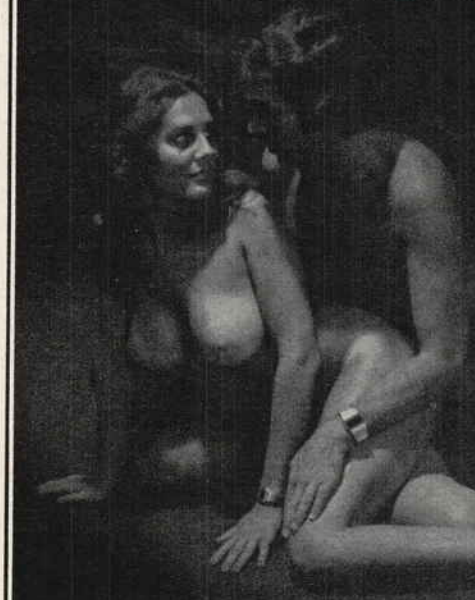

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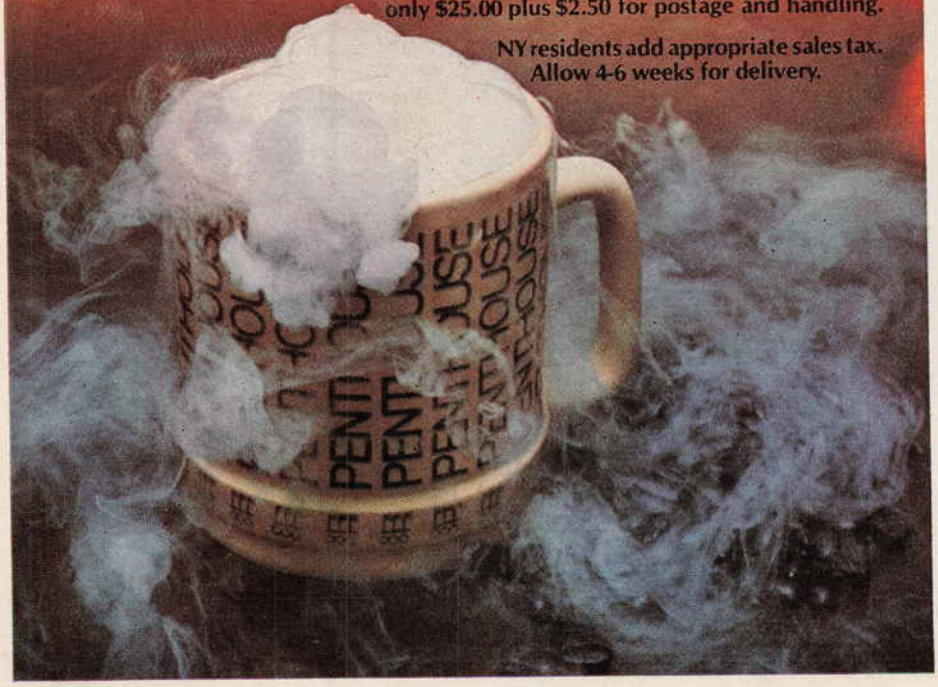

bread instead. A nonsmoker who suddenly announces, "Guess I'll go out for a pack of cigarettes, Louise," is certain to raise suspicions right away.)

One other efficient leave-taking that springs to mind is the fade-out scene in *Five Easy Pieces*, when Jack Nicholson pulls into a service station with his girl friend, the clingy Rayette, and while she's waiting for him hops aboard a truck going in the opposite direction. This is not the way a gentleman does things, but it does do away with hours of discussion.

All "explanations," of course, are useless; so in a way the less said, the better. One might even want to follow the example of the husband who, according to a newspaper item, was driving through a tunnel with his missus and emerged at the other end single; in sudden, bloodless Hitchcock fashion, the lady had vanished.

If you can't actually face the breakee, there is always that ancient device, the "Dear John" letter, which lately seems to have fallen into decline or disrepute or something. All I know is that you're supposed to leave your letter on the mantelpiece, which requires not only split-second timing but also a nice, uncluttered mantelpiece: you must manage (1) to be long gone when the woman gets home and (2) to make sure she looks on the mantel.

Whichever technique you decide to use, once you've broken up there is still the nasty postbreakup scene to contend with —that dark day you glimpse your ex-true love across a crowded room or at a supermarket, and don't know what to say.

What, after all, do you say to an old girl friend, wife, or mistress? In movies, once again, the man always comes over to the woman in a quiet corner, gently places his hand on her shoulder, and says, softly, "It's good to see you again, Louise, and I mean that. I've thought of you many times in the last year. I can see that you and Walter must be very happy. Well, I just want you to know that you have all my best wishes for the future." This is very nice; only it tends to sound a little too much like a greeting card.

Some women, of course, may not respond like they're supposed to ("thanks, Joe, and you look wonderful yourself; I do hope you and Gwen are as happy as Walter and me") and may even pretend they don't know you, or they'll switch to some neutral topic, like the gaucamole.

As the breaker-upper, you should decide beforehand if you plan to show a flicker of emotion when you see the breakee at a party where she's likely to be. It can be awkward to be caught flickering to yourself; people will wonder if you've got something in your eye.

When all is said and undone, it seems to me that by far the best way to break up with someone is to become as big a jerk as humanly possible. Make yourself thoroughly obnoxious to the girl by, say, joining a motorcycle gang, or taking up bowling three times a week, or growing half a mustache and dying your hair orange. If you're lucky, she'll break up with you.

ASTROLOGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

panties, a long rubber housecoat, a rubber nightdress, and tight, rubber stockings to the ensemble. "If it gives him pleasure," she told me, "why shouldn't I?"

If you have a problem or difficulty, be sure to talk it over with your Sagittarian playmate. She's a rational, reasonable creature who can easily be convinced. As a matter of fact, she can be too easily victimized by smooth, persuasive talkers. She tends to be immature and sentimental where men are concerned. Make clear, from the outset, that you will never infringe upon her freedom.

On the other hand, share confidences with her, ask for her advice, take her away on frequent trips. Don't make demands —particularly in the sexual area. If *she* wants to please you, she will.

SAGITTARIUS'S GUIDE TO SEXUAL COMPATIBILITY

SAGITTARIUS AND ARIES You'll get along, but not without friction. And you'll enjoy each other both in and out of the bedroom.

SAGITTARIUS AND TAURUS Taurus wants to run things, and that's not your bag. You need change, variety, and adventure. A short future is clearly indicated.

SAGITTARIUS AND GEMINI You're both venturesome and imaginative. You may have great fun for a while, but then the fireworks fizzle.

SAGITTARIUS AND CANCER Wouldn't you rather be friends? You can't supply the stability Cancer needs, and you can't endure Cancer's jealousy.

SAGITTARIUS AND LEO Leo loves freedom as much as you do, and is also a lover who can uncover deep layers of response in you. You're both open types; no sour milk runs in your veins. God bless.

SAGITTARIUS AND VIRGO Virgo wants a long-term commitment, and you've got to be free to roam. Ever heard of a tense gypsy? You'll become one if you don't go your way soon.

SAGITTARIUS AND LIBRA Libra has the tolerance to put up with you. The only reason you might quarrel is that Libra wants to settle down—and you don't.

SAGITTARIUS AND SCORPIO Dominating Scorpio tries to clip your wings. Your natural inclination will be to fly. And you will—before long.

SAGITTARIUS AND SAGITTARIUS This exciting, chaotic, eventful relationship is too unpredictable to suit either of you. But you'll be good sports when the fun is over.

SAGITTARIUS AND CAPRICORN Your frank, outspoken nature is sure to rile Capricorn's sensibilities. Capricorn's sexual demands can't be satisfied by your flighty, approach to the boudoir. Poor vibes.

SAGITTARIUS AND AQUARIUS You'll probably find out things about sex that would surprise Masters and Johnson. Aquarius is innovative; you love to experiment. There'll be imaginative fun, and you'll probably like each other, too.

SAGITTARIUS AND PISCES Your naturally buoyant spirits will be anchored by Pisces's dependency and timidity. Sexual high jinks keep things going for a while, but this relationship will slowly sink into a quagmire of incompatibility.

PASSIONATE PORTENTS

ARIES (March 21–April 19) You want a quick solution to a problem, but it's better to lay the groundwork for future success. After December 6, you penetrate the motives of someone in a business deal who is trying to deceive you. A rather glamorous relationship begins for you when Venus enters Aquarius after the first week of December. *Sexually Potent Days:* December 1, 9, 16, 19, 28–29.

TAURUS (April 20–May 20) Mars and Neptune are colliding in your chart this month, and the results are sure to be memorable. You have an urge to seek more personal growth. You will learn much about your hidden self. Someone who cares for you will instruct you in new sexual activity that frees your personality in other ways as well. *Sexually Potent Days:* December 3, 12–13, 21, 30–31.

GEMINI (May 21–June 20) Because a business affair has begun to run down, you are feeling blasé and bored, and a diversion is just what's needed to spark you to life again. An exciting romance also develops. Slow down, and listen to the inner voice of caution. Try not to go overboard on spending during this holiday season. *Sexually Potent Days:* December 6, 10, 15–16, 18, 24.

CANCER (June 21–July 22) Someone's provocative attitude excites you, and you are tempted to accept the challenge. But this will alienate you from a person you care for. Take your oldest and best friend into your confidence and you will receive wise counsel that enables you to stay in control of the situation. The holidays find you in a merry mood, ready for excitement and fun. You'll get a big career boost during the week between Christmas and New Year's. *Sexually Potent Days:* December 7–9, 17, 25, 30.

LEO (July 23–August 22) Your craving for adventure brings a fiery encounter with someone from a different culture. The clash of temperaments adds zest to this romantic escapade. You may be tempted to show off in your inimitable style. You must observe, analyze, be patient. *Sexually Potent Days:* December 3, 10–11, 15, 20, 27.

VIRGO (August 23–September 22) Your planetary aspects for this month continue to improve. Don't be concerned about financial matters, for your efforts will shortly pay off. There will be a disappointment in love, unless you dispel suspicions that are clouding the relationship. *Sexually Potent Days:* December 2, 7, 13, 18, 29.

LIBRA (September 23–October 22) This promises to be a busy month, with mixed auguries. A thrilling amour can give you a new outlook on life. The uneasy feeling you

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have of something about to go wrong partially comes true when an unsettling story goes the rounds, but there's a clear track ahead for happiness. Be careful in health matters, and don't yield to a depressing mood. *Sexually Potent Days:* December 9, 12, 15, 21, 31.

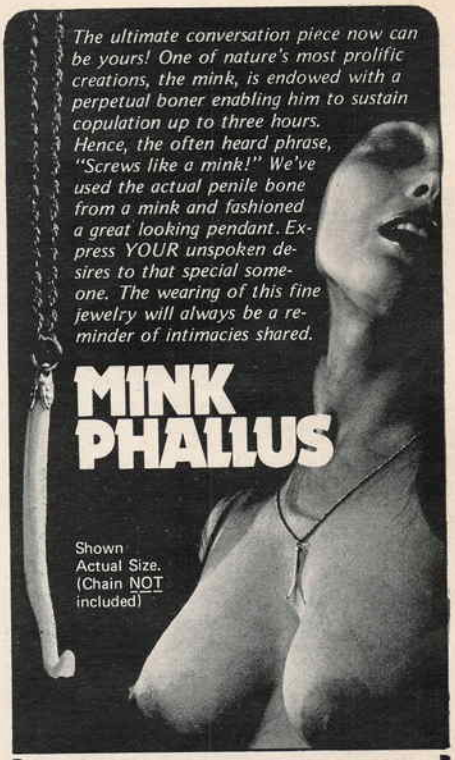
SCORPIO (October 23–November 21) You experience a surge of inspiration at work. A friend in a position of authority proves helpful, and you are offered more important responsibilities. At the beginning of December, your financial situation will be highly favorable. An interesting situation in your private life builds toward a climax. Your suspicions are aroused unjustly—for they are directed at the wrong person. *Sexually Potent Days:* December 1, 8, 12, 17, 25–26.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22–December 21) Wow! This is your birthday month, and you have plenty to celebrate. The stars in their courses wish you well, and you can hardly go wrong in trusting to luck. The tempo of a love affair picks up, you are in a position to shed a bad habit, and after the first week of December your prestige and pocketbook are greatly enhanced. You have so much vitality that people cannot remain indifferent to you. Over the Christmas holiday, Mercury is in your second house (of money), and this is a good time to study your financial situation and make improvements. *Sexually Potent Days:* December 3–4, 10, 15, 19, 26–27.

CAPRICORN (December 22–January 19) Basically, you prefer the straight and narrow. This month, however, you'd like to satisfy a secret lust for adventure, novelty, excitement. Mars in your twelfth house (of secrets) means that these desires can break out and end the long frustration of humdrum routine. If you come eyeball to eyeball with your conscience, don't blink. You have a right to an occasional binge. At Christmas you'll be in a very sentimental, nostalgic mood. *Sexually Potent Days:* December 5, 11, 14, 21, 30.

AQUARIUS (January 20–February 18) Sexually, the temperature rises early this month from temperate to torrid. Enjoy! The demands on you are great, but you have the vitality to cope. After December 16, your level-headed attitude will enable you to judge recent activities in a sober perspective. An invitation to travel also helps you to regain your balance. An unlikely person will offer very sound advice on an important financial matter. At holiday time you are feeling somewhat depleted. Celebrate at home. *Sexually Potent Days:* December 6, 9, 18, 23, 28.

PISCES (February 19–March 20) You're in the catbird seat as far as work is concerned, but you must speak up for what you believe in order to gain recognition. The head-on collision of Mars and Neptune in your tenth house (of career) augurs some significant changes. You will meet at least one person who will play a role in your future. Avoid overindulgence, especially in drinking. An old love will return to brighten your holidays. *Sexually Potent Days:* December 2, 7, 15, 19, 25–26.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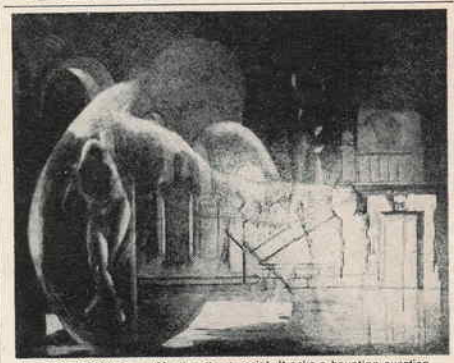

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TRAVEL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

rooms. But I've never seen prettier ones, not even in Paris—each with velvet-canopied bed, perfumed pastel-satin sheets, and lots of abracadabra crystal candelabra. Everything tinkles, rustles, and glitters. The extraction is about fifteen to twenty dollars per hour if you've brought your own partner. But . . .

"Write it correct in the magazine," says a dour-blue bar angel. "Two hundred marks costs a girl in 'Kloophotel.' " The other charladies nod solemnly.

In the same category—modified German or American plan—but somewhat down market are Hotels Pardon, Luxor, and Hacker in the Grosse Freiheit. And you can make a real discovery in this Bicentennial election year: Columbus Hotel (Detlev-Bremmerstrasse 44; 31-30-80); it has excellent mirror work, and twenty-four-hour secretarial services are available in the rooms from forty dollars. But who needs sleep at a time like this?

Certainly not the raucous whores of the Reeperbahn's *three* computer-age cathouses: Palais d'Amour, Grazy Sexy, and Eros Center. Here the tricks are very fast, from twelve to twenty dollars, but one might be satisfied merely to browse the incredible neon-and-fluorescent-lit, muralized (dirty Diego Rivera) "conversation courtyards." These are strictly *verboten* to women not in the trade.

Not so the heinous Herbertstrasse where, particularly from June until September, fascinated hordes of tourists—many are couples, and most are from other areas of Germany—gape with cruel curiosity at the pathetic "wicked" women in the windows. Almost the last street of its kind extant, the bizarre tableau might have been designed by a misogynistic sex maniac who learned scenic design as a trade in a penitentiary workshop. Hamburg's self-righteous city fathers preserve the street as a "historical curiosity" (and it has earned the city millions). Few—even among the knowledgeable, bartering seamen (the tab is twelve to fifteen dollars for anything short of sexual suicide)—know that at the far end of the Herbertstrasse stands the best S.&M. House in Germany. And that is saying a great deal.

"Karen, what's a nice girl from Berlin doing in a place like this?" I ask, eyes sweeping across the twenty rooms and four floors of racks, pulleys, crosses, many, many whips, and two large, very well used torture chambers.

The plump, voluptuous redhead of about thirty-two considers the question.

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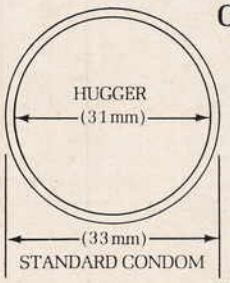

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back; give him something nice in front. It is like sweet and sour sauce. All the pussy in the streets is bratwurst served on paper plates. Here one gets caviar served on solid silver. . . . This does not conflict with my dominant role. The danger in me is not my boots or whips. It lies within me. *The worst thing I can do to a man is to do nothing to him.*"

A monstrous, coal-black Great Dane lopes into the room, knocking over the stuffed vulture and a huge pillory. "Don't worry," coos Karen. "He's as gentle as a lamb. All my girls adore Schnoolie. His real name is Junker, and he is *holy* to us. And he is definitely *not* part of the services!"

(Karen, Christine, Madeline, Gena, etc., but not Schnoolie: Herbertstrasse 14. Advance bookings: 31-22-96 for Germans; 31-49-09 for other nationalities.)

Meanwhile, at nearby Erichstrasse 41, you'll find Gérard, a man who would win "What's My Line?" hands down (or tied). Gérard is a professional masochist. Rosemary and Sasha are professional sadists. Every evening at his Club de Sade, Gérard's leathery, sixty-five-year-old body is chained to a wooden cross set on a small stage. Rosemary lashes him until blood flows into the fifteen-DM drinks of the bored audience. Then Sasha holds a candle to Gérard's pedantic penis. The decor is a pleasant blend of white stucco walls and lacquered, beamed ceilings. One hears there is a similar club in Zurich. However, if you've seen Gérard, you've seen just about everything. Hurry, before they kill him.

Very much alive, with hard-core live shows, is the Grosse Freiheit ("Great Freedom Street"), a flea market of flesh but not a free market. There is always a penetrating performance at Regina (number 2; ask for owner Armine Stichter). And when Herr Olaf performs his extremely theatrical recreation of Jack the Ripper's Last Rights, there is hardly a dry eye in the house: for the Ripper's spectacular climax, he ejaculates all over the horrified loges (it's only hand lotion, spurted from an extremely lifelike prosthetic penis made of rubber).

Colibri (number 34), once the hottest house around and still among the most equitable, now pales by comparison with "hard" houses like Indra (number 11) and the new Eve Club. Not only does Eve offer an outrageous group-sex spectacle (about thirteen dollars, including one drink) but, following a recent Hamburg club trend, beds are available as well, amply stocked with ample young women: "About $100, *inclusif* the champagne, the room *mit Speigel, Ja*, mirrors, and *schön* bathrooms," confides Herr Moschus ("musk deer"), a fifteen-year veteran of St. Pauli.

Just opposite in this off-street courtyard complex—decor à la Deutsche-Disneyland—is Katanga Club, another newcomer, which strives to be the most convivial club in the Grosse Freiheit. Indeed, I observed five big Iranian buyers and five Hamburg shipping executives frugging with six go-go-go! girls on the ample stage prior to retiring—according to Wolfgang,

the engaging young manager—to the "separees with real beds." The charge is about $120.

Somewhat less amiable—to be accurate, the glares of the gentlemen on both sides of the bar may, at first, terrify even the bravest among you—but more economical is "Hotel Contact Bar Paradise Club Hotel," at the center of the courtyard. Cokes are 2.50 DM, beers 4.50; there are ten bedrooms, five baths, and seven girls. American Express and Diner's Club cards help with the 150 DM ($60) tab.

More relaxing and rather charming is the traditional Café Mehrer (Grosse Freiheit 5-7) with its late-1930s dance band and art-nouveau mirrored decor. Horst, son of the founder, is your host. Your hostesses are forty-five young women (running to blonds in deference to the banzais of Japanese businessmen—do they *ever* travel alone?). This is "Dial-a-whore," and if you don't call them, they'll call you. There are phones at every table, and drink and snack prices are moderate. Off-premise consummations cost fifty-two dollars.

Réne Durand and his brilliant Salambo Sex Theater (Grosse Freiheit 39; 31-56-22) are to live shows what Paris's Alain Bernardin and his Crazy Horse Saloon are to striptease. Durand's erotic trademark is hilarious erotic innovation, with touches worthy of Dali and Jacques Tati. Recently bored with his own Felliniesque orgies and sadomasochistic ballets staged à la Busby Berkeley, Durand brought something new to St. Pauli: a straight, extremely chaste, hip musical review, featuring his own beautiful, raven-haired daughter. It was a noble *Hair*, and St. Pauli's mind was indeed blown.

Unless you're crazy, you'll head for the more intimate *upstairs* theater and its little political review, which includes everything you ever wanted to know about sex and politics but were afraid to ask a terrified David Frost to produce: oil sheikhs and United States senators are being palm-fanned, fellated, and fornicated while a failed judge howls from a locked men's room. Someone in a Richard Nixon mask has his "penis" (false but lifelike) chopped off in a mini-guillotine, while the ghost of De Gaulle applauds.

An ingratiating Frenchman, Durand (who once showed me concentration camp numbers on his arm), likes his audiences to mingle. (It's called a *Parchen*-Club or "Pairs Club.") If you see someone you fancy—even the lady you brought—about $40 ensures champagne; a trip to the sumptuous maze of *Privat* boudoirs, whose white-Flokati-carpeted, foam-rubber flooring sinks at least a foot on body contact; and translucent bathtubs with scented oils. If the woman of your choice is provided by the house, she will indeed be choice, and the whole production can run about $120. Otherwise, one can enjoy both shows for a sensible $6 entrance, and a $3.80 drink (no minimum). That's Hamburg. Bawdy or beautiful, but only as expensive as you make it. ○—

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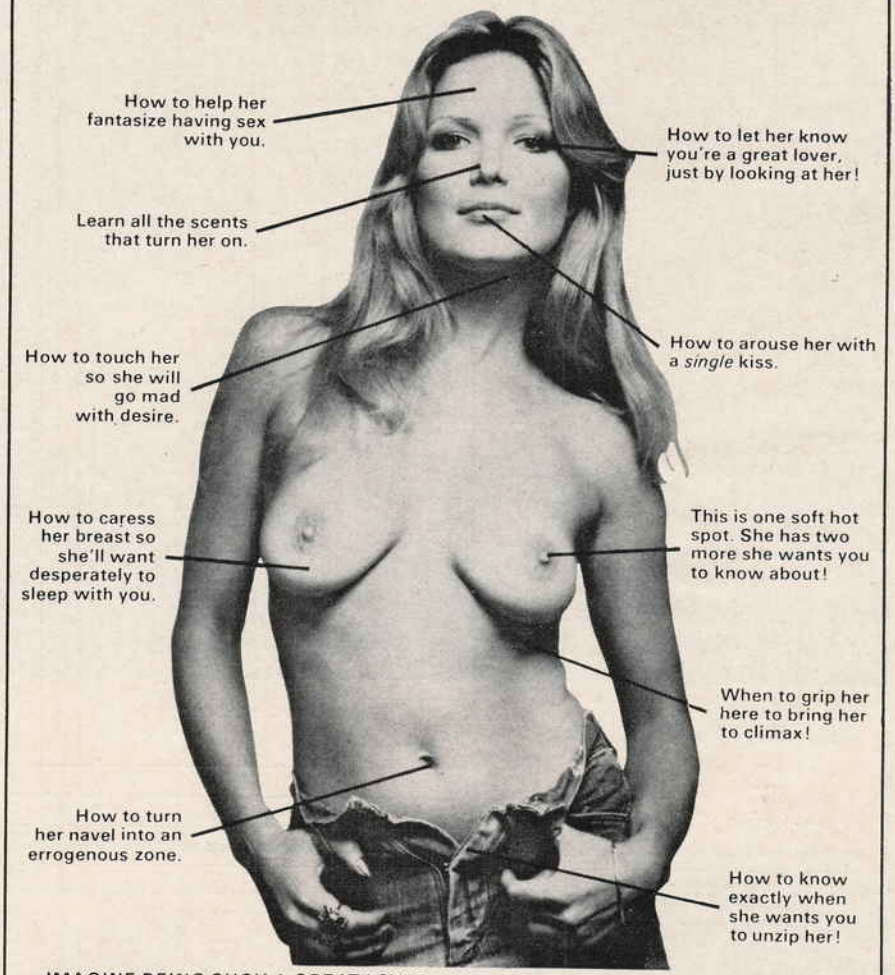
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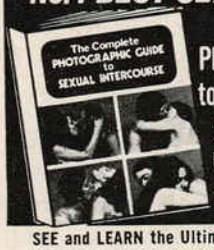

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SCENTS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 209

product. "Modern blends" also tend to be stable, since they are less dependent upon yearly fluctuations in crops.

Whatever the formula—be it traditional or modern—the finishing is always the same: a specially prepared alcohol carries the oils, synthetics, and fixatives.

Nothing in your wardrobe is quite so personal as selecting the proper scent. A perfume or a cologne really does enter into a chemical reaction with your skin—the smell that is finally achieved depends greatly upon the pH level of your skin, that precarious balance of acidity and alkalinity which can vary with tension, diet, and age. Don't ever trust the scent floating in the air; trust it only in combination with your skin or (if it's a gift) with the skin of the person you love. Perfume is an exceptionally intimate present, but it's not something that works as a surprise. Promise her perfume, but give her what she likes; either shop for it together or check her bureau and see what the lowest bottle in the collection happens to be. In order to obtain the best effect, test the fragrance where it should be worn, on a "pulse point" like the inside of the wrist or behind the earlobes.

A final warning about the scent of scents: aerosol propellants have smells of their own. So that great aphrodisiac may not work in the can, or else it won't be exactly the same (some manufacturers readjust to hide the telltale push-can odor). If aerosol you must, make sure that what you test is what you buy.

The life of a fragrance usually averages about a year from the date of manufacture. After bottling, the fragrance continues to mature for six months before reaching its peak. The next six months are fairly constant, and then begins the decline. To slow this process down, keep your fragrances away from sunlight and extreme temperatures (sixty degrees Fahrenheit is best). Also, screw the lids on tightly to keep oxidizing air away. Laboratories often add transparent marbles to keep the liquid level in the bottle high (and the air content low). There's no reason why you can't do the same. That bottle of cologne probably cost more than the last wine you drank; treat it with special care, and you may find that you will be similarly treated by someone special yourself.

Above all else, strive for subtlety and naturalness in a fragrance. (The lighter, "modern blends" are especially good for this.) Understand that external factors influence the way your fragrance "smells"; so be careful to wear a scent which fits your mood. Never buy a perfume (for yourself or for her) by the label; choose it by the way it fits your skin. Perfection on one person is disaster on another. Awareness of this simple fact of life not only keeps the fragrance industry growing but also is a helpful reminder about variety and the odoriferous spice of life.

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

tion was filling my head as his dick started filling my mouth. He pumped his hips wildly, and his sperm lubricated my tongue and teeth. Without swallowing I moved back up his chest and gave him our first kiss. While we were kissing, he kept humping against my leg. Since he seemed to be having a good time, I decided to see if he might not want to compromise on the money. That was the wrong thing to say. He jumped from the bed and went to the dresser.

As he was stuffing the bills into his wallet, I began to fume about the whole thing—paying to get laid. I decided to put this little dude through his paces. While he was in the bathroom, I got my trusty vibrator from my overnighter and lubricated it well. I was just placing it under the pillow when he returned. I flicked the light out, and we began to snuggle again. As we kissed and rolled on the bed, I reminded him in a cute way that he had promised to do what I wanted. As he responded that he remembered, I began to probe his asshole with my finger. By his lack of concentration when my finger was in his hole, I could tell this wasn't pleasing him. At the proper moment I pulled the vibrator from under the pillow and slid it behind him down to my other hand. Then, in a moment of relaxation, I plugged him with it.

His hands both went for the vibrator, but it was too late. As he reached around behind himself, I flattened him on his back and jumped aboard. His hands pushed the vibrator further up his hole, as they were pinned under him. His member stiffened again as he shifted up and down trying to get the vibrator out. I took advantage of the situation and plunged down on his shaft. He kept gasping as I pumped him for all he was worth. After I had climaxed twice, he began to go soft; so I rolled off. He just lay there; so I pulled him toward me and removed the vibrator. Within minutes he fell asleep. Soon after I did also.

I awoke in the middle of the night with a cramp in my hand. I quickly realized I was tied down. I was spread-eagled on my back, and the kid was gone. Then I noticed the curtains. They were all wide open. The maids finally freed me about eight the next morning—about an hour after the first man had passed the window and spotted me. I left Orlando defeated, but the worst was yet to come. The kid gave me the clap.—*S.C., Miami Beach, Fla.*

. . . car pet

After reading several letters from other Forum readers concerning semipublic sex, I'd like to share an experience I recently had with my lover. We had been in a local bar having a few drinks; and, as he is a well-known public figure, we were constantly being interrupted by friends, acquaintances, and total strangers, much to my annoyance. We decided to take a lei-

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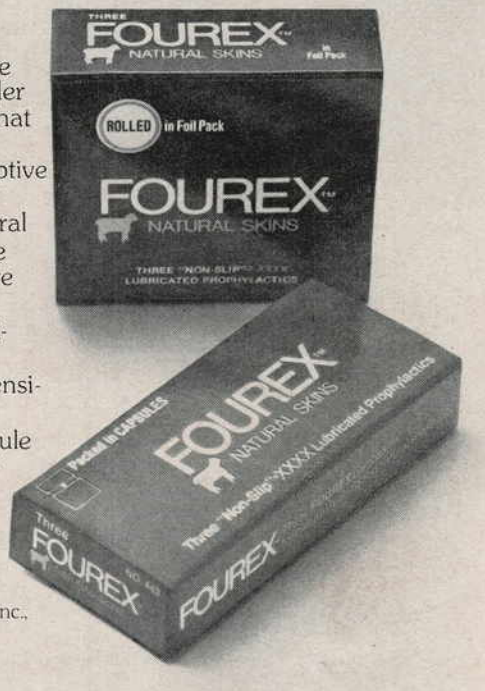

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surely drive around town. As he drove, I unzipped him, took out his cock, and began massaging it. He described exactly what he wanted me to do, and I followed his instructions, getting hotter by the minute. We drove to the beach and parked at a motel. Fortunately, he drives a large American car; so we put the seat back, he drew his pants down around his knees, and I sucked him very tenderly until he couldn't take any more. Then I quickly stripped off my jeans, unbuttoned our shirts so that I could feel his naked skin against my breasts, straddled him, and lowered myself onto his throbbing prick. Our lovemaking was all the more exciting because we knew we could be arrested.

Although the conditions were cramped, it was the most exhilarating experience I've ever had, and I can't wait to do it again. After we both came to crashing orgasms, we got dressed and nonchalantly walked over to the adjoining bar for another drink.—*H.C., Key Biscayne, Fla.*

. . . newly eager beaver

I am writing to extend a big "Thank You" for the enlightenment and help you have given me. I am twenty-two years old, single by choice, and until recently a rather shy virgin.

I am a secretary for a four-member law firm here. Every Wednesday afternoon these four take off to go golfing, and I have the afternoon off also.

A few weeks ago I had to stay at the office alone to do some extra work. When I got done, I took the papers into one man's office to leave them on his desk for him to look over and sign the next morning. On his credenza was the latest issue of your magazine, which I had never read. It intrigued me, and since I was alone, I read it—especially the Forum letters. The couple of letters from people regarding women showing their pussies to men while they rode on buses and the like excited me so much I had to sit there and keep my legs crossed. When I was in school, we used to call that "beaver shooting."

(As I mentioned, I was a virgin, but I had let boys feel me up when I was dating in school, and I was rather adept at masturbating myself—but I had never been fucked.)

I was so excited with the idea that I decided to give the old "beaver shooting" a try every chance I got. I have a fairly good figure (35C–22–34), but my legs are my best asset, as they are very long and slender. Since I have a deep tan from hours of sunbathing, I decided to quit wearing hose to give the guys a better look. I love feminine, frilly, and lacy things; so I always wear a half slip and very skimpy bikini panties.

Anyway, the next day I wore my shortest dress and my sexiest matching slip, bra, and panties outfit. The attorney with the *Penthouse* I had just read the day before called me in for some dictation. I was very careful to raise my skirt as high on my legs as possible when I sat down. When he looked up, I crossed my legs rather slowly

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to give him the best "shot" I could without seeming too obvious as to what I was doing. He is also single and thirty-four years old, and I could tell by the look on his face he was very "impressed" with what he saw. This made me all the happier and made me feel all the sexier. I started doing little things for him like running my hand over the upper portion of my thigh, which was exposed, and crossing my legs again very slowly to give him another good "shot." All without looking up at him.

When we got done, he asked me why I didn't wear short skirts to work oftener, because he thought I had "fantastic" legs. I blushed but regained my composure quickly enough to ask him if they were as nice as those in his *Penthouse* magazine, telling him I had seen it the day before. He said he couldn't tell because those were nude and I wasn't. I took a chance and told him to lock the door, and we'd compare. He locked the door, and I stripped to my panties—the sexiest pair of red string bikini panties I owned. After some playful fondling, he said he would have to go to a massage parlor that afternoon to get relief. I had never given a blowjob before, but I couldn't pass up the chance, as I was so horny standing there with nothing on but my panties. I could have taken on an army at that time. I knelt down on the floor between his legs while he sat in his chair. I unzipped his pants and took the whole thing in one healthy gulp! He only lasted about thirty seconds, but it was good, and he said I was, too. As I was getting dressed again, he said he'd like to have something to remember the occasion. I could think of nothing better; so I lifted up my dress, took off my panties, and gave them to him.

I really get a turn on for myself and my dates when I get in and out of their cars. This is an excellent way to give them a "shot" to get the evening off to a good start. When I slide into the car, I let my dress slide up my legs and give them a good "peek." Then when I slide across the seat to get out, I again let my dress slide up, and they generally get a very good look at that time. I just pretend that I don't notice them looking, and that turns me on all the more—to say nothing about what it does for them.

I really have enjoyed my pastime and have found that it can be done anywhere. I never wear slacks anymore and have found that even at work, when a client is in the waiting room of the office, I can give him a shot and he really enjoys it as much as I do. Work was never that much fun before!

Thanks to *Penthouse* Forum for starting me on a "flashing" and "fucking" good time!—*Name and address withheld*

. . . tickling the ivory

Reading two letters in July's *Penthouse* Forum prompted me to respond to the rarely discussed area of tickling and the erotic value it affords some people.

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opportunity to write about it.

Since childhood I have been physically excited by the thought and act of tickling someone else, and especially in recent years, by the thought of being the one tickled. I often wonder how my feelings originated and how they evolved. I do remember back to nursery school when a female teacher of mine would awaken me from a daily nap by lightly tickling my feet, which I found quite pleasurable. I also recall that at a later age, perhaps ten or so, my parents left me with a young man and woman for a night. The couple had me share their bed, sleeping between them. In the morning they had great fun tickling me until I fell out of bed, laughing. I sometimes wonder if that experience has anything to do with my interest in bisexuality, as it certainly left an impression.

I have for years secretly been stimulated and at times preoccupied by my desires—one of which involves tickling a young man's penis at its tip, thereby exciting him to near frenzy by keeping him on the verge of coming. A friend of mine told me once that he finally revealed to his wife that he had always wanted to be tickled by a feather.

I, too, become (clitorally) stimulated by the *thought* of someone, even a lovely woman, trailing a feather over my shapely body, or running her fingertips across me in the same way. The thought of a man or woman tickling my clitoris with his/her fingers sends warm waves rippling inside my abdomen.

When I was six years old, I was once "caught" tickling a neighbor boy about my age. The mother thought I was aiming for his penis, but I was innocently tickling his upper pelvis. She threateningly said, "You wouldn't want me to tell your mother what you were doing, would you?" I said, "No," not understanding until later what she meant. This same mother's daughter, who had been playing badminton, then came running up to me and said accusingly, "I saw what you were doing!" This was obviously a very uptight family.

At eleven to fifteen years of age, my girl friends and I would delight in fingertip massages. To this day I love to be lightly stroked or tickled in various sensitive zones.

I used to think to myself when watching an accomplished pianist move his/her fingers over the keyboard, "I'll bet he/she is a very good tickler."

A male friend of mine likes to tickle my feet while we have oral sex or sexual intercourse, and it feels heavenly, and I really recommend it as a satisfying trip.

Even hearing the word *tickle*, or reading it, sometimes sends certain sensations throughout my body; but I have also been embarrassed to say the word *tickle*, as I think I have something of a complex about this terribly exciting word—wanting to share my feelings with people who attract me, but not being able to.

Those two letters from your male readers certainly aroused me, but I think their idea

of tickling is a little different from mine, though it's in the same vein.—*J.B., Canoga Park, Calif.*

. . . playing secretary

I am a faithful reader of *Penthouse* and every month I look forward to reading the Forum section of the magazine. I will be honest in saying that some of the stories are hard to believe, but recently an adventure happened to me that changed my mind.

I am a secretary of a small company. This company consists of all guys except myself. A couple of months ago, I started to go out with Bobby, one of the guys from the plant. We had been friends for quite some time, but the story I am about to tell you changed all that.

One day, late in the afternoon, I was getting ready to leave when the intercom started to ring. I picked it up to find Bobby on the other end. Everyone had already left for the day, and when I informed him of this, he said he would be right over. We were sitting talking and started clowning around about what it would be like if he were the boss and I were his secretary. We then went into my boss's office. He sat down in Pete's chair, pulled me down on his lap, and told me to take a letter. We both started to laugh, and then he kissed me. It was the sexiest kiss I had ever experienced. His tongue moved in such an erotic way I could feel my clitoris start to throb and my love juices start to flow. He then stopped kissing me, took me off his lap, pushed all the papers on Pete's desk to one side, and started to undress me. I was in such a state of shock all I could do was say, "You're undressing me." He looked at me, smiled, and proceeded to undress me completely. Once I was undressed, he started to caress my body and suck my nipples with such tenderness that I thought I was going to climax right then and there. He then picked me up, placed me on Pete's desk, spread my legs, and began to lick my hot, dripping-wet pussy.

I completely lost track of all time and space. I even forgot the fact that I was on my boss's desk. Then it happened—the most mind-blowing orgasm I ever had in my life.

It must have taken a good ten minutes before my body was composed enough to get up and get dressed.

We see a lot of each other since then, and all I can say is that we have a fantastic sex life. Bobby is great between the sneets. —*Name and address withheld*

. . . D-mensions

I have read with interest the many letters that have appeared in your magazine about "size." I'd like to add my opinions to the record since I am fascinated by it and feel I am qualified to speak.

I am twenty-six years old, and until about three months ago, I worked as an exotic dancer in a nightclub. I got pregnant and had to quit for a while (I'll go back to work after my child is born). My measurements

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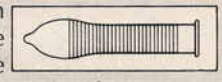

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are (or were, before I got pregnant) 51–23–33—no bullshit! I wore my first 32 AA when I was eleven years old, and by the time I got out of high school, I was stuffing a 44 DD. Now I've got to get them custom-made.

When I first started blossoming, I was very self-conscious and wished I could be a nice 34 B like everybody else. But in the past few years, I have begun to take my sexuality very seriously. And now I am very proud of my breasts. During the summer I walk around town and the park with nothing on but cut-off jeans and a man's vest T-shirt. I know that men are leering at me and women think I'm nothing but a slut, but the point is—I don't care! When I'm running through the park with my breasts bouncing, I feel very sexy, like some kind of earth mother. And if people are uncomfortable with that, it's too fucking bad.

I'd also like to say something about men. The man who is the father of my child has a small penis—about four and one-half inches when erect. But I enjoy him immensely! I can take him in my mouth very comfortably, and his ejaculations are very powerful—and of course he does wonderful things to *me*. But I also know a man who is quite large (about nine and one-half inches when he has an erection), and I also find enjoyment with him. I have trouble fellating him for any great length of time, but straight fucking and anal love are incredibly exciting. I love sitting in his lap, very quietly, feeling the massive length of his rod buried deep between my thighs. I have developed the muscles in my vagina sufficiently so that I can "milk" an orgasm from his penis without him even moving.

So I guess the real subject of my letter has nothing to do with "size." It really has to do with attitudes. To someone with an uninhibited sexual appetite and a well-developed imagination, size makes little difference. I love my enormous breasts, but I have made love to beautiful women who were very small-chested. My child's father makes up in love and technique for what he may lack in size. But I must also admit that a large cock can thrill me, too.—*Name and address withheld*

. . . cold wind in Chicago

Would you believe that it is 7:00 A.M., and instead of screwing my brains out (as I wish I were doing), I am sitting in front of Chicago's "Ray Rayner Show" on the tube? My hubby just turned down another of my sexual advances, and I'm just about ready to go on the prowl for some pumping.

This morning I awoke at five and couldn't sleep. So I read through the August *Penthouse*. Around seven I sneaked upstairs, took off my clothes, and slid into bed with hubby. I'd also sneaked in a twelve-inch ruler so that we could measure his dick after it got good and hard. After five minutes of snuggling, cooing, and rubbing my bush against his buttocks, I whispered, "How about a little morning delight? Let's fool around." (I was pretty horned up because I'd read through your mag, and

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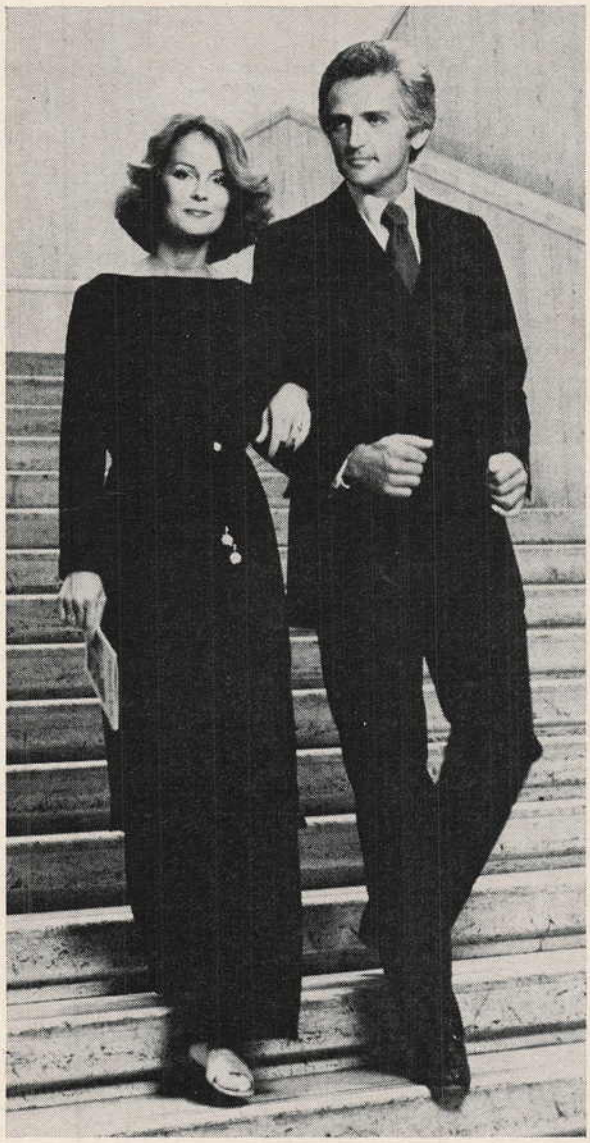

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PIERCING THE CIA SMOKE SCREEN

During the past two years, there have been three major investigations of the CIA, the FBI, and the rest of the American "intelligence community." But, writes Tad Szulc, all three investigations failed to make any fundamental changes in any of the spy agencies. Szulc, whose 1975 *Penthouse* article "Murder by Proxy" was cited for excellence by the Overseas Press Club, reports on several top-secret programs that were never revealed to the public, and he explains why all three investigations failed. His conclusion: "We still cannot be certain who, if anybody, is in charge."

MEXICAN NIGHTMARE

Are you planning a Mexican vacation this winter? Don't make any reservations before you read the nightmarish account of Steve Wilson's Mexican misadventures. While visiting Mexico in 1973, Wilson, a North Carolina drug counselor, was picked up by the *Federales* and—with the complicity of American DEA agents—outrageously framed on a drug charge. Thrown into a hellhole of a prison, Wilson feared for his life daily—until he was able to execute his truly incredible escape. Wilson's ordeal will put a chill into your bones and probably change your holiday plans.

TINTO BRASS—THE MAN WHO'S MAKING *THE* MOVIE

All Rome has been buzzing about *Gore Vidal's Caligula*, now being filmed in the Eternal City. Studded with stars like Malcolm McDowell and Peter O'Toole, the movie is probably the most erotic spectacle that has been staged in Rome since the emperors threw their marathon orgies.The man directing all this sex and gore is a rotund, imperious Italian named Tinto Brass, which is not a household name yet, but just wait till *Caligula* hits the silver screen. *Penthouse* takes you on location, profiling Tinto and offering you a glimpse of the sexiest historical epic ever.

HIT ANOTHER PIECE OF MY HEART

Attention, American Males! Machisma is out to get you. What's machisma? That's what author Craig S. Karpel asked before he got run over by a pack of "hitter chicks," girls who want to get it on and won't take no for an answer. The liberated teenybopper's answer to male dominance is apt to leave you panting, frustrated, and very exposed. Protect yourself with Karpel's firsthand account.

WORKING-CLASS HERO

Ed Sadlowski started out as just another Chicago steelworker, but unhappiness with the "tuxedo" leadership of his union led him to rebel against it. In a frank and brutal interview, Sadlowski tells why he feels that the American worker is not getting a fair deal and what he hopes to do about it.

SCREWING AL GOLDSTEIN

Imagine: a hated New York porno publisher gets a couple of phony requests for his magazine from nonreaders in Kansas and has to spend the rest of his life in jail. It can't happen here? It already has. Harvard Law School's Alan M. Dershowitz recounts how Al Goldstein—who should probably only get his mouth washed out with soap—was set up and shot down by the Nixon-Mitchell Justice Department.

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Wicked Wanda's wackiest, most amazing adventure begins . . . Holiday punches to make you groggy with delight . . . Fiction by John Clellon Holmes . . . And wonderful girls for a new *Penthouse* year.

naturally my crotch was wet.) Well, hubby dear just rolled over, hacked and coughed a few times, and mumbled something like "Go get me a glass of water, and I'll be right with you." Talk about passion.

He did have a hard-on, but his attitude really pissed me off. So, as he rolled on his side and started snoring again, I quietly slipped off to the bathroom, where I resorted to my usual half-assed form of relief. Gently, I slipped a Super Tampax into my cunt and sat on the john to think. (I do my best thinking on the john.) For you men who are reading this—it isn't very comfortable for a chick to be walking around all day with a wet, dilated crotch and no way to satisfy the hot urge.

Okay, guys, I know what you are thinking. I should either go out and drum up some business for myself or masturbate. Big deal. In a small town, it is very difficult to be discreet and go looking for guys. Especially if one has in mind getting in the rack (as I do). And masturbation can be fun once in awhile, but as far as I'm concerned, there is *nothing* like the real thing. The idea of swinging with other couples holds no interest whatsoever for me, and hubby would have a shit fit at just the mention of it anyway. And I really don't care to finger around some other chick.

Usually it's the guy who is always bitching about not getting enough nookey. We get it on about once a week, and it's pretty good. But most of the time, I'm left unsatisfied. We've done it just the plain old-fashioned fucking way and also dozens of other ways. I really like to get kinky, and so does he once in awhile. But I could do it every night. Is it normal for a twenty-five-year-old man to have a low sex drive? His buddies tell him how lucky he is to be married to a great-looking broad like me; so it's not that I'm a dog or anything. And the looks we get when we are in public—looks from guys that seem to say, "Boy, he probably gets it all the time." Shit.—*L.L., address withheld*

Pet of the Year

Laura Doone has my vote for Pet of the Year (November 1976), but where can I get a set of that sexy lingerie for my girl?—*Name withheld, New York, N.Y.*

Penthouse *Pet-of-the-Year lingerie is available through Viva Lingerie Products Division, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Send for your free catalog.*

In response to all you readers who have asked—our September pictorial "Through the Looking Glass" was photographed by Perry Johnson of New York City.—The Editors

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Of all menthols:

Carlton is lowest.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar.
Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

The 10 top selling cigarettes

	tar mg./ cigarette	nicotine mg./ cigarette
Brand P Non-Filter	27	1.7
Brand C Non-Filter	24	1.5
Brand W	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol 100	19	1.2
Brand W 100	18	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand K Menthol	17	1.3
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K	16	1.0

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg./ cigarette	nicotine mg./ cigarette
Brand D	15	1.0
Brand P Box	14	0.8
Brand D Menthol	14	1.0
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand K Milds Menthol	13	0.8
Brand T Menthol	11	0.7
Brand T	11	0.6
Brand V Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V	11	0.7
Carlton Filter	***2**	***0.2**
Carlton Menthol	***1**	***0.1**
Carlton 70	***1**	***0.1**

(lowest of all brands)
*Av per cigarette by FTC method.

Carlton Menthol 1 mg. tar

20 CIGARETTES
Carlton
MENTHOL
AIR-STREAM FILTER
Analyses of the smoke of samples of Carlton Cigarettes are made periodically. Analyses during the most recent test period prior to the manufacture of the cigarettes in this package averaged no more than:
"TAR"* 1 MG. . . PER CIGARETTE
NICOTINE 0.1 MG. . . PER CIGARETTE
*Smoke components commonly but inaccurately called "tar."
Carlton
MENTHOL

Carlton Filter 2 mg. tar

No wonder Carlton is the fastest growing of the top 25 brands.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; Filter: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine; Carlton 70's: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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